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ROME

VOLUME I



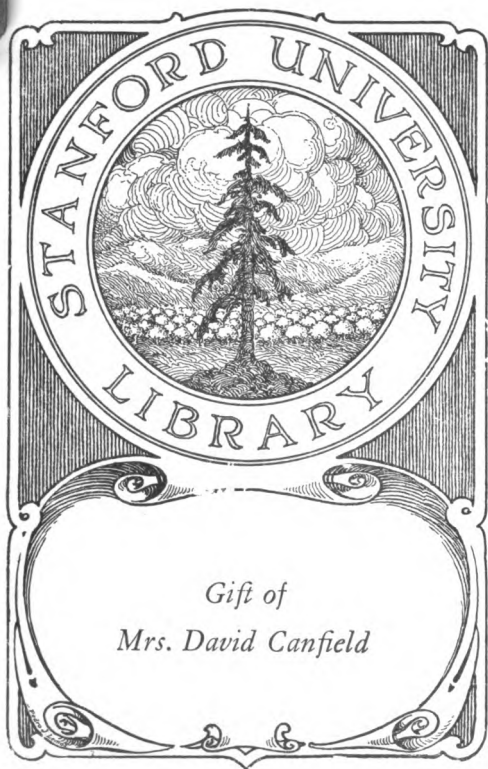
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THE ARCH OF TITUS.

ROBBER

By
Walter Taylor Field

IN TWO VOLUMES

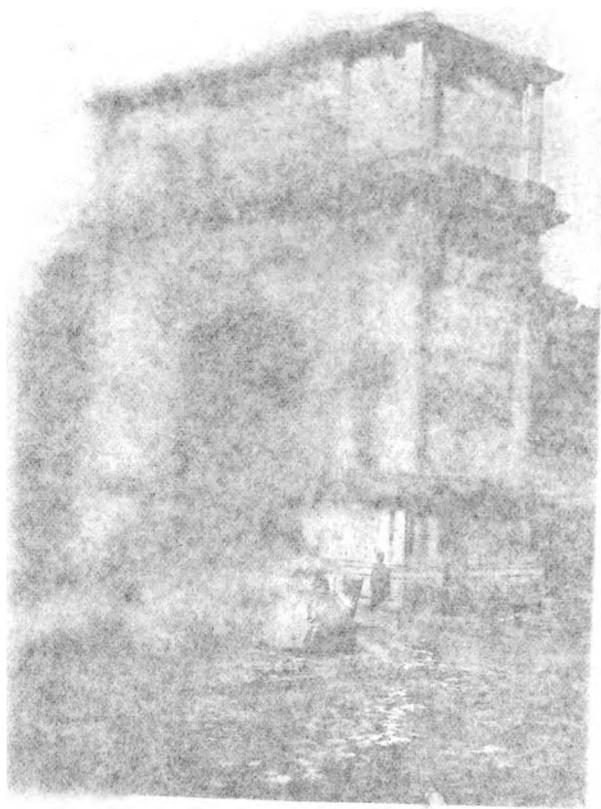
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ROME

By
Walter Taylor Field

IN TWO VOLUMES

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Preface

SO much has been written of Rome that it would seem presumptuous to add another book to the literature upon this subject unless there were in it a distinct purpose not found in other volumes. But though scholars have written exhaustively and poets and litterateurs have written charmingly about the seven-hilled city, the tourist will perhaps find use for a book which is not so technical as the former class, and yet more systematic than the latter, — a volume which will tell him of the really important things to be seen in Rome within the limits of a brief visit, — a something not as barren as a guide-book nor as discursive as an essay, but helpful in showing what is most worthy of appreciation in the monuments, the churches, and the galleries of the most interesting city in the world.

While the pilgrimage described in the following chapters crowds the sightseeing into

Preface

a shorter space of time than is really desirable, the hurried traveller can, if he must, cover the city within the time allotted, and get a quite just and appreciative idea of it. It were far better if he could devote two days instead of one to each of the rambles here described, or, better still, if he could proceed without thought of the time at all, only going so far each day as his strength and inclination might carry him, and taking up his pilgrimage afresh on the succeeding morning at the point where he stopped the night before. It is partly to assist the traveller in his sightseeing, and partly to give to that greater company who may never see the Roman city a glimpse of its charm and its mystery, that these pages are written.

Acknowledgment is made to the distinguished scholar, Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, whose works have been freely consulted in all statements relating to Roman archæology; also to Professors Frank F. Abbott and George C. Howland, of the University of Chicago, for helpful suggestions made during the revision of the manuscript.

W. T. F.

CHICAGO, *June 1, 1904.*

Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
PREFACE	v
I. THE APPROACH TO ROME	i
II. THE PINCIAN HILL AND THE CAMPUS MARTIUS	9
III. ALONG THE TIBER	72
IV. THE CAPITOLINE HILL	103
V. THE FORUM	122
VI. THE PALATINE AND THE ESQUILINE	181
VII. THE QUIRINAL, THE VIMINAL, AND THE VILLA BORGHESE	212
VIII. THE BATHS OF CARACALLA, THE APPIAN WAY, THE COELIAN, AND THE COLOS- SEUM	236
THE EMPERORS OF ROME	277

List of Illustrations

VOLUME I.

	PAGE
THE ARCH OF TITUS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE CAMPAGNA, SHOWING THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT	5
GENERAL VIEW FROM THE PINCIAN HILL	13
THE FOUNTAIN OF MOSES, ON THE PINCIAN HILL	23
MAP OF ROME	facing 28
THE MAUSOLEUM OF HADRIAN	33
THE TOWER OF THE MONKEY	39
THE COLUMN OF MARCUS AURELIUS	43
THE PANTHEON	49
STATUE OF PASQUINO	57
THE FARNESE PALACE	61
THE TEMPLE OF MATER MATUTA	73
SANTA MARIA IN COSMEDIN	77
THE TIBER	83
MAP OF ANCIENT ROME	facing 92
THE PYRAMID OF GAIUS CESTIUS, AND THE OSTIAN GATE	95

	PAGE
THE TOMBS OF KEATS AND SEVERN . . .	99
PIAZZA DEL CAMPIDOGLIO	105
THE TARPEIAN ROCK	109
PLAN OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE FORUM	
facing	122
THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX . . .	127
THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS	133
THE COLOSSEUM, SEEN THROUGH THE ARCH	
OF TITUS	139
THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE	145
THE FORUM, FROM SANTA FRANCESCA ROMANA	149
THE BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE	153
THE BASILICA ÆMILIA	157
THE "BLACK STONE," AND THE ARCH OF SEP-	
TIMIUS SEVERUS	165
THE ROMAN FORUM (A Restoration by Professor	
E. Becchetti)	175
THE HOUSE OF CALIGULA AND THE PALATINE	
HILL	183
THE HOUSE OF TIBERIUS AND THE TEMPLE OF	
CYBELE	187
THE HOUSE OF GELOTIUS	193
THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR.	205
THE FORUM OF TRAJAN	209
THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN AND SANTA MARIA	
DEGLI ANGELI	213
THE QUIRINAL PALACE	221
THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI	227
THE VILLA BORGHESE	231
THE BATHS OF CARACALLA	237
THE COLUMBARIA IN THE VIGNA CODINI . .	243

List of Illustrations

ix

	PAGE
THE TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA . . .	249
THE VIA APPIA NOVA AND THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT	255
THE INTERIOR OF SAN STEFANO ROTONDO .	261
THE INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM . . .	269

Rome

CHAPTER I.

THE APPROACH TO ROME

ROME may be seen in two ways, by the "personally conducted" method and by the slower process of absorption. The former plan is preferred by the average American tourist, who, in haste to get home, and anxious to see the greatest number of things with the least possible expenditure of time, follows the crowd at the heels of an encyclopedic conductor, covers the city in from one to three days, and is off for Florence. When asked for details, he is somewhat in doubt as to whether the Arch of Titus stands in the Baths of Caracalla, or is among the antiquities of the Vatican Museum, but is quite sure that he saw it,

and thinks he climbed to the top of it. He has seen nothing. He has a confused impression of ruins, statues, paintings, churches, and cabmen, — an impression which becomes more misty as the months roll by, until he falls into the habit of speaking of certain of these things because he has spoken of them before. He does not attempt to reach back to the original impression, for that has long vanished.

The second method is far more satisfactory, for to understand Rome one must remain long enough to assimilate what he receives — to spend a morning where the guide-book demands a half-hour, and to take time to idle. One cannot see the “Eternal City” merely with the eyes; he must take it into his heart. Thus appropriated, it weaves a spell about him, and he comes to love it as he loves few spots on earth.

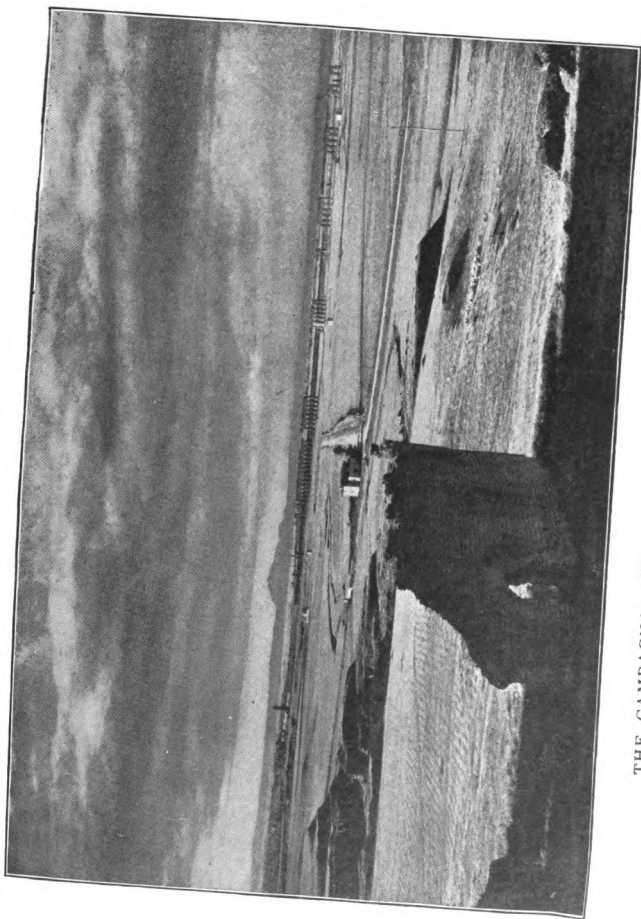
Rome is a city of contrasts and contradictions. At first sight it seems a hopeless mingling of incongruous elements, — modern wine-shops in the shadow of imperial ruins, stately palaces jostled by squalid tenements, statues of Christian saints mounted on pagan columns. But a closer study reveals a historic

order running through all, and discovers the existence of successive strata, by means of which we may read the story of past ages, as the geologist reads the story of the rocks. The surface is this mushroom growth of pretentious modern buildings lining the Via Nazionale and the Via Cavour, standing stiffly upright, and struggling to appear Parisian. Then come the characterless houses of the period preceding the unification, — before Rome awoke from her sleep and put on the life of a modern capital. Next are the Renaissance palaces and, contemporary with them, the older Christian churches. Then appear the towers and battlements which tell of the wild days of the Middle Ages, and farther still, a stratum of imperial remains reaching from the Column of Phocas back to the Mausoleum of Augustus, — with a multitude of Greek statues and Egyptian obelisks, carried hither from other lands by those great triumphal robberies which brought to Rome all that was rare or excellent in the ancient world. Below the imperial ruins are the monuments of the Republic, — the foundation walls of the Tabularium, the platform of the Temple of Concord, and other interesting

ruins. Then comes the great Cloaca, built by the elder Tarquin, and finally the fragments of the wall of Romulus on the Palatine. They are all there. We need only to ignore present associations, and restore to each ruin, so far as possible, its true historic setting.

When one becomes sufficiently acquainted with the city to begin to classify his material, he finds that, aside from the modern life, which may be studied equally well in any of the Italian cities, Rome presents three distinct faces: there is the Rome of the Ancients, found in the ruins and in the museums; there is the Rome of the Popes, saturated with mediæval traditions and monkish legends, and defined by scores of churches stretching from the Vatican to the Lateran; and there is the Rome of the Artists, with its paintings, its statues, and its memories of Michelangelo and Raphael and the other great ones who lived and wrought in the high noon of the Renaissance.

It was in the twilight of an afternoon in early May that, incarcerated in an Italian railway carriage, we jolted along through the Campagna, and drew near to Rome. The train



THE CAMPAGNA, SHOWING THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT

was designated on the time-card as the *accelerato*, which to the Italian means "fast," but to the American means very slow indeed. There was ample opportunity to view the landscape. Long stretches of green, broken here and there by masses of volcanic rock, marshes whence the wild fowl flew up and away as we passed, occasional patches of cultivated ground, with peasants taking advantage of these cooler hours of the day, and making the most of the waning light, — all this was visible, but seldom a human habitation, for malaria is abroad in the Campagna, and the peasants who cultivate the lowlands build their cottages, for the most part, upon the higher levels. The curses pronounced against the Imperial City seem to hover around her still. Death lurks in the stagnant pools, and the plain is desolate.

Looking across this stretch of country toward the Alban Hills, we see a vision which quickens the pulse, and makes us feel that we are indeed on historic ground. A line of broken arches gleams white through the dusk, cutting the plain in two, and pointing away to the highlands, whence of old it carried the water-supply to the Roman city. These frag-

ments of the aqueducts are among the most impressive sights of Rome, both by reason of their immensity and of their setting, for there are no mean surroundings to detract from their dignity, as in the case of nearly every other Roman ruin. The desolate Campagna adds a touch of pathos to their melancholy grandeur as they stand alone dreaming of the past.

We rattle on, a timid lady in the opposite corner of our railway compartment meanwhile holding her handkerchief to her nose in an effort to strain the malarial influences out of the night air, whilst a robust English tourist takes sundry draughts from a flask in his breast-pocket, probably to fortify his system against the same insidious power.

At length lights twinkle through the dusk, dark walls surround us, our train rolls into a great modern railway station, the guard cries "*Roma*," an army of porters and cabmen assail us, and we find ourselves in the Eternal City.

CHAPTER II.

THE PINCIAN HILL AND THE CAMPUS MARTIUS

OUR first morning in Rome dawns bright and beautiful. A soft breeze wafts the fragrance of roses and heliotrope in at the open window, and we look out over an old stone wall into a garden where the sunshine dances on the dark leaves of the laurel, and glints upon the marble parapet of a mansion almost lost in foliage.

After breakfast, going out into the Piazza della Trinità de' Monti at the head of the Spanish Stairs, we look down upon the modern city. It is a panorama of red-tiled roofs, struggling roof-gardens, iron balconies, clothes drying in the sun, plaster walls of pink and saffron with indented patches of red brick, church domes rising on every side, and towering above all other domes, white in the distance

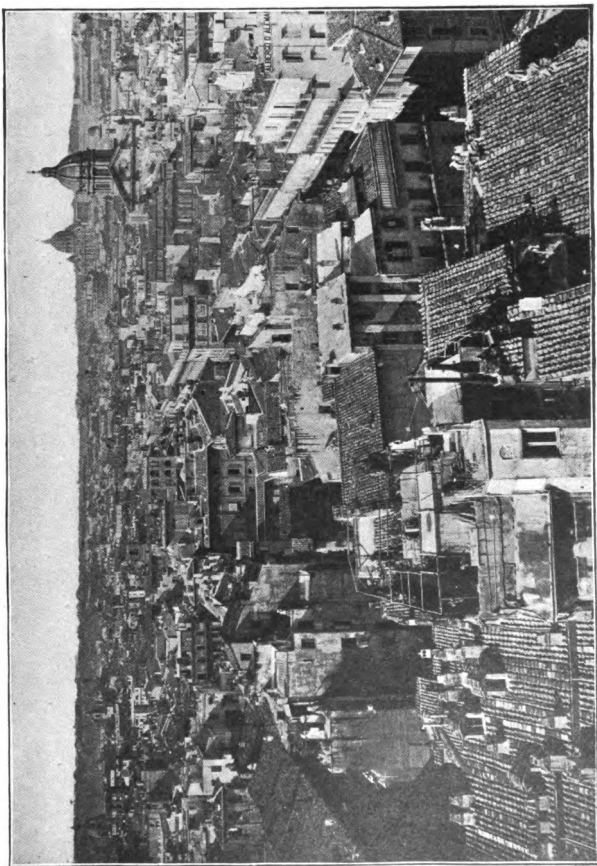
against the deep blue of the Italian sky, the superb outlines of St. Peter's.

Looking down over this varied picture, your attention is, perhaps, suddenly distracted by a voice behind you saying very gently and in quite good English, "Good morning, sir." You turn, and see a little Italian maiden, of some six summers, holding out a tray of flowers. She is dressed in the picturesque costume of the Roman peasantry, with the white napkin folded upon the head, and extending down over the neck and shoulders. "Where do you get your flowers?" you ask. "Good morning, sir," she naively replies. "A good morning to *you*," you reply, "and many of them. You speak English well. Who taught you?" She stands on one bare, brown foot, and rubs the top of it reflectively with the other, while she gazes at a group of sparrows chattering on the parapet. Then she looks up at you again, smiles coquettishly, holds out a flower, and says, "Good morning, sir." You now perceive that her knowledge of English is limited to this phrase, which is as much a part of her stock in trade as are the flowers in her tray. It serves its purpose in the present case. You

take the flower, and drop a coin into the little brown hand. It is not a large coin, but it produces astonishing results. At least a dozen small girls have been silently watching the transaction from within the shadow of the obelisk in the piazza. They now descend upon you in a body. Escape is impossible. They cling to you, thrusting their flowers into the pockets and buttonholes of your coat, if you are a man, — and they usually attack men with more confidence and determination, knowing the weakness of the sex. Meanwhile, all shout in chorus the salutation which they fancy will unlock your store of *centesimi*. After progressing in this manner for perhaps a hundred yards, and affording infinite amusement to the passers-by, you finally capitulate, and meet their demands. They then spy another victim coming down the Via Sistina, and rush upon him in a body, leaving you profusely adorned and embellished, to go about your sightseeing.

You look down once more upon the city. These buildings, which seem to crowd and jostle one another in their effort to find room, are, for the most part, the product of mediæval times. A few are modern, and a very few

date from the empire, but the mass of them came into being after Ancient Rome, beyond the Capitoline, had been destroyed, and the central power transferred from emperors to popes, — from the Palatine to the Vatican, across the Tiber. In ancient times all this was open country, the Campus Martius, — field of Mars, — shut in by the Quirinal and Capitoline hills on the east and southeast, by the Pincian on the northeast, and by the winding Tiber on the south, west, and north. Here, in the early dawn of legendary history, were the grain-fields of the Tarquins. When the people had risen in their might, and driven the last of that hated race across the Tiber, into exile, they thronged out from the city gates, found the harvest already ripe for the sickle, and, scorning to take for themselves what had been the property of the tyrant, they cut down the yellow grain, tossed it into the Tiber, burned the stubble with purifying fire, and reconsecrated the ground to Mars, the war god, from whom the Tarquins had impiously taken 'it. Just across the Tiber, where now stand those stiff, square, boxlike, modern buildings, was the farm of Cincinnatus, and



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE PINCIAN HILL

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 15

there that famous old Roman left his plough standing in the furrow, at the call of the Senate, and took command of the army against the Æquians.

Under the Republic, the Campus Martius became the athletic field of Rome. Here Roman youths were taught to run and wrestle, to hurl the discus, to handle the short, thick sword, and learn the art of war. Here, too, the citizens came out to vote, which they did in wooden booths called "sheepfolds," — a particularly appropriate title in the later days of the Republic, when political bosses drove their followers hither in herds, — bought with a price, — somewhat after the manner of city elections which have occurred elsewhere in the world in these early days of the twentieth century.

On the Pincian, overlooking the Campus Martius, wealthy patricians had their villas. It was not then the Pincian, but the Collis Hortulorum, — the Hill of the Gardens. The spot where we now stand was a part of the Gardens of Lucullus, where toward the end of the Republic the luxurious epicure whose name it bore squandered in revellings the booty

he had seized in Asia when he conquered Mithridates. He was a strange compound — that Lucullus — a mingling of the tragic and the ridiculous. A soldier under Sulla, and later a commander in his own name, he entered upon what seemed to be a great career, and ended it like a comic opera. At the close of his life, his chief claim to greatness lay in the fact that he could get up a better dinner than any other man in Rome. Here, in his villa, he feasted Cicero and Pompey with a feast which has passed into history, and here the most celebrated Romans of his day were glad to while away an afternoon under the shade of the ilexes, drinking his rare old Massic wine, and admiring the gems of Greek sculpture, which stood out in white relief against the dark green laurel hedges.

After Lucullus had left this world of feasting, the villa fell into the hands of Valerius Asiaticus, who held it until the beautiful but atrocious Messalina, wife of the Emperor Claudius, saw and wanted it. For an empress to want anything in those days was equivalent to her getting it. Asiaticus was troublesome, and it became necessary for Messalina to bring

charges against him, which she did through Silius, one of her paramours. Asiaticus was promptly convicted, and after the manner of the nobles of his time, when he had bathed and supped and critically inspected his funeral pyre, he opened his veins, and the villa belonged to the emperor, for Messalina's use.

Do you feel that this is enough of bloodshed? When you go back to your hotel, take out your Merivale, and read what followed. Claudius is away in Ostia and Messalina at her suburban villa, with Silius, is abandoning herself to disgraceful orgies. But news of it reaches the emperor's ears, and he returns. Silius and his associates are put to death, and Messalina returns here to her Pincian villa to despatch letters of supplication to her husband. I will read you the rest, for, though not a pleasant picture, it is an instructive commentary on those times:

“ The emperor still paltered with the treason. He had retired to his palace; he had bathed, anointed, and lain down to supper; and, warmed with wine and generous cheer, he had actually despatched a message to the *poor creature*, as he called her, bidding her come

the next day and plead her cause before him. But her enemy Narcissus, knowing how easy might be the passage from compassion to love, glided from the chamber, and boldly ordered a tribune and some centurions to go and slay his victim. 'Such,' he said, 'was the emperor's command;' and his word was obeyed without hesitation. Under the direction of the freed-man Euodus, the armed men sought the out-cast in her gardens, where she lay prostrate on the ground, by the side of her mother Lepida. While their fortunes flourished, dissensions had existed between the two; but now, in her last distress, the mother had refused to desert her child, and only strove to nerve her resolution to a voluntary death. 'Life,' she urged, 'is over; nought remains but to look for a decent exit from it.' . . . Suddenly the doors were burst open, the tribune and his swordsmen appeared before her, and Euodus assailed her, dumb-stricken as she lay, with contumelious and brutal reproaches. Roused at last to the consciousness of her desperate condition, she took a weapon from one of the men's hands, and pressed it trembling against her throat and bosom. Still she

wanted resolution to give the thrust, and it was by a blow of the tribune's falchion that the horrid deed was finally accomplished. The death of Asiaticus was avenged on the very spot; the hot blood of the wanton smoked on the pavement of his gardens, and stained with a deeper hue the variegated marbles of Lucullus."

Tradition has it that this Church of Santa Trinità de' Monti, with its adjoining convent where high-born nuns now teach young Roman girls to read and write and compose Latin verses, stands on the spot where Asiaticus suffered and where Messalina paid the penalty of her crime. This cannot be proved, but it is safe to say that the scene of the tragedy was at least not more than a stone's throw distant from where we are now standing.

We will pass the church this morning, but may return some evening at the Ave Maria, and hear the singing of the nuns, for in the dim stillness of the twilight, amid the fragrance of incense and the shadows of the dark old church, the music generally finds a place in one's heart, though it is doubtful whether at

any other time and place it would be regarded as at all remarkable.

We now stroll north, or slightly west of north, — for nothing in Rome is laid out squarely with the points of the compass, — and follow the shaded *Passeggiata del Pincio* along the crest of the Pincian Hill. Some prefer this promenade in the later hours of the afternoon, when gay equipages, charming ladies, military music, wealth, fashion, and pleasure are all abroad, — but it is quite as attractive in the early morning. Then the crowds are not here, but the flowers and the fountains are; the dew lies on the grass, and the city which unfolds itself below looks fresh and clean, — an illusion which, alas! will soon be dispelled as we go down into its narrow streets.

We soon reach the Villa Medici, with its casino, built in the middle of the sixteenth century from material stolen, for the most part, from the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The Medici family came into possession of the estate, greatly extended the limits of the casino, and gave it the name by which it is still known. Galileo was kept here for a time in semi-con-

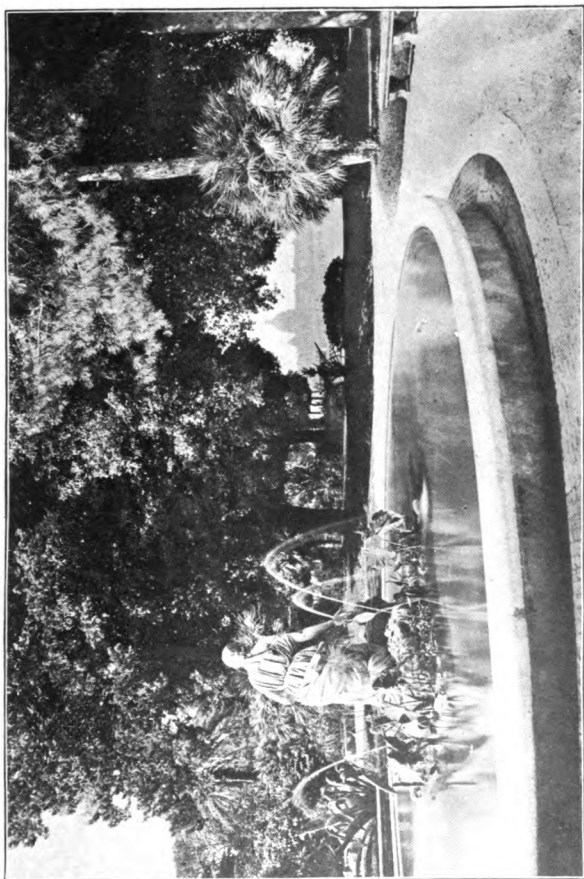
Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 21

finement after his absurd trial for upsetting the universe. The last interesting event in its history occurred when the first Napoleon seized it, together with such other Roman property as pleased his fancy, and bestowed it upon the French Academy, in whose possession it still remains. If it is a Wednesday or a Saturday, we may enter the gardens, and, passing over the ridge of the hill, secure a magnificent view, away from the city, over the Aurelian wall and the beautiful Villa Borghese and the wide Campagna beyond, toward Tivoli and the Sabine Hills.

If we may not visit the garden, we may stroll farther, and enter the Pincian gardens, which lie just to the north. Here is a public park, where the aristocracy of the city come to drive and loiter, and with them also the people. Let us sit down on a bench under these fine old ilexes, and again take our bearings.

Imagine yourself, then, back in the second century of the Christian era. Antoninus is now emperor. Rome is at the height of her power, and is enjoying that peace which comes from conquering all that can oppose her. The spot where you are now sitting is a quiet nook

in the gardens of Manius Acilius Glabrio, consul. Behind you rise the palace walls, and, back, upon the summit of the hill, stands a great nymphæum with fourteen fountains, from which gush streams of water, dancing in the sunlight and tumbling in cascades over the terraces, down into a marble basin at your feet. Huge umbrella pines cast their solemn reflections in the pool, and mottle the green-sward with a darker hue, while a score of rare Greek busts, on fluted marble pedestals, stand out in bold relief against masses of trimly kept bay. Acilius Glabrio is one of the noblest of Roman nobles, with a lineage stretching back to the days when his ancestor, Acilius Glabrio, also a consul, defeated Antiochus the Great in one of the battles of the Asiatic War, whilst later another of the same name commanded the forces against Mithridates, and as *prætor urbanus* presided at the trial of Verres, when Cicero made his famous plea for civic purity. The Acilian Gardens are among the most beautiful in Rome, but Acilius himself is no voluptuary, as Lucullus was. Having attained high honours and acquired great wealth, he has not been spoiled by them, but has turned from



THE FOUNTAIN OF MOSES, ON THE PINCIAN HILL

the sensuality into which the worship of the pagan gods has fallen, and has embraced the faith of the lowly Man of Galilee, becoming one of the first Christians of high social rank and patrician blood, whose name we find recorded upon the ancient monuments of the church. The proof is a vault in the Catacombs of Priscilla, and a stone inscribed with the names of his son and daughter. As to his villa here on the Pincian, fragments of the walls of reservoirs may still be seen, and under the casino in the Pincian Gardens is a great double cistern, which marked the centre of the Acilian Palace, and in which now the gardeners keep their tools. But the splendour and the stress of those times are long past. This fountain, in which a marble Pharaoh's daughter is finding the little Moses, has displaced the ancient Nymphæum of Acilius. Its symbolism, though unconscious, is none the less significant. The God of this Hebrew child has overthrown the old Roman deities, and the Acilian family who dwelt here in the dawn of the Christian era were among the first Romans to acknowledge him.

Here in the Pincian Gardens we reach the

northern limit of the present city, and look down into the Piazza del Popolo, a wide, elliptical space, with an Egyptian obelisk in its centre, with fountains and foliage, beggars and *contadini*, carriages and market-carts. This great central obelisk, one of many to be found in Rome, was discovered by the first of the Roman emperors standing before the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. When Octavius had conquered Egypt, and brought about the destruction of Antony and Cleopatra, he brought the mighty shaft to Rome to grace his triumph, and set it upon the *spina* of the Circus Maximus. It has looked down upon three great civilizations. Inscribed with the names of Seti the First and his son Rameses, it stood for ages by the Nile, pointing solemnly upward to the Egyptian sky. Moses may have stood beneath it, and the captive Israelites passed within its shadow. Again in the Roman Circus it saw the chariot-races, heard the shouts of the victors, and looked down upon other captives than the Israelites, — this time the strange new sect called Christians. But the Circus passed away, and the obelisk went down with all the other pomps and shows

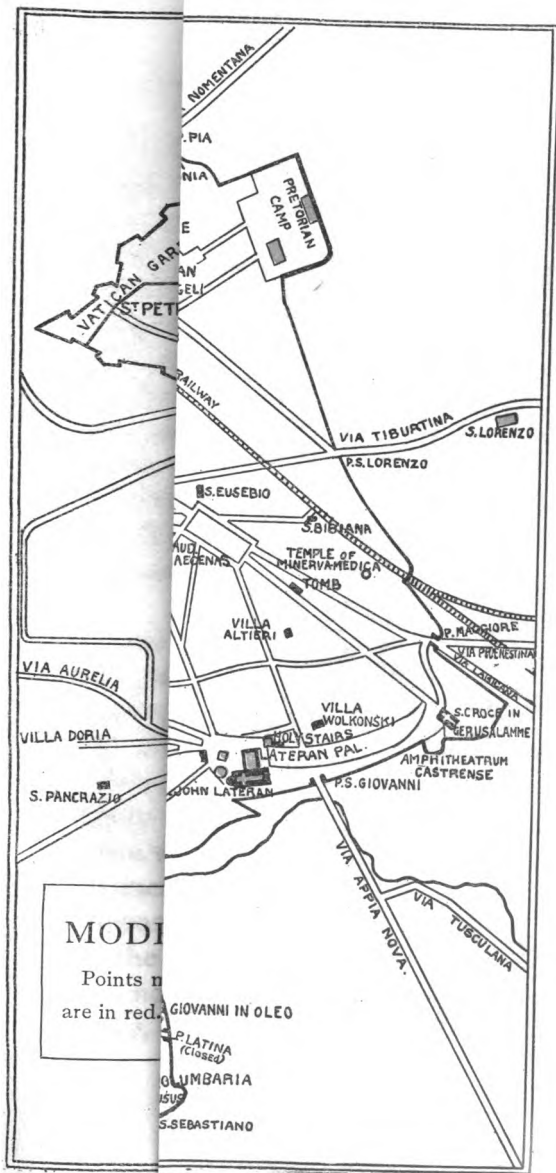
Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 27

of pagan Rome. A thousand years elapsed, and, too great to be destroyed, it was reset where it now stands, by the Christian popes, and surmounted by the symbol of the cross. What other monument in the world has covered such a span of years and seen so much of history?

There, at the northern gate of the city, where the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo now stands, was once the tomb of Nero. Over it grew a great walnut-tree, and in its branches multitudes of crows were wont to caw and chatter, unmindful of the travellers who passed in and out through the gate below. In the closing days of the eleventh century, Pope Paschal the Second had a dream, which told him that these evil-omened birds were demons, waiting upon the detested spirit of the Roman emperor, who came out at night and wandered on the Pincian, attended by the unclean brood. To lay Nero's uneasy ghost, the Pope tore down the remnants of the tomb, scattered his ashes, and built upon the spot a church to the Blessed Virgin, with money collected from the common people, hence "del Popolo," — of the people, — a name which has since been given

to the piazza and the gate as well. But the demon crows, driven from Nero's walnut-tree, moved higher up the Pincian, and it is supposed that Nero's ghost still wanders here, for the crows are yet in evidence, and why should they remain if their master spirit has departed?

The Piazza del Popolo, as I have said, stands at the northern extremity of the city. From this point radiate the principal streets of that portion of modern Rome included in the Campus Martius. The Corso, with its handsome shops and fashionable shoppers, follows the line of the old Via Flaminia to the Capitoline Hill, beyond which lie the Forum and the Colosseum. The Via Ripetta and the Via Tor di Nona follow the Tiber, and lead to the Castle of St. Angelo and to St. Peter's. The Via del Babuino, at the base of the Pincian, and the Passeggiata, upon the brow of the hill, run almost parallel until reaching the Spanish Stairs, thence are continued, above, by the Via Sistina and the Via delle Quattro Fontane over the Quirinal, Viminal, and Esquiline Hills, past Santa Maria Maggiore, and into the new quarter of the city, which is built



Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 29

upon the site of the ancient gardens of Mæcenas and of Lamia.

We may now descend to the Piazza, and enter the Corso, passing between the twin churches of Cardinal Gastaldi, erected, it is supposed, upon the site of the tomb of Sulla. Let us shut our eyes to the modern shop windows, where are displayed suits from London, and jewelry from Paris, and try to imagine ourselves in the first century of the Christian era, when this street was the Flaminian Way, with the public playgrounds spreading out on either side and the city gates before us.

The Campus Martius, as has been already said, was first a grain-field and next a training-ground for the Roman soldier. Later, under the Empire, it became a playground for the people. There were gardens surrounded by shady colonnades and beautified by fountains; there were theatres and athletic fields, and race-courses, and temples to the gods, — who were supposed to be as fond as men of the sports of the arena. There were even tombs, which did not detract from the cheerfulness of the scene, but insured for their occupants a sort

of connection with the delights of the world which they had left behind. Here upon our right stood the Mausoleum of Augustus, and just beyond was his great sun-dial, made by an obelisk casting its shadow upon the marble floor of the piazza. Beyond the obelisk rose the gilded dome of the Pantheon, and, to the left, the *Sæpta Julia*, or voting-booths of the tribes, surrounded by a pillared colonnade a mile in length, — an improvement upon the wooden “sheepfolds” of the Republic. Adjoining this was the *Diribitorium*, where the votes were counted, and the *Villa Publica*, at once a park and an official lounging-place. Then came the *Flaminian Circus*, — the scene of many a chariot-race and gladiatorial fight, — and around it the club-houses of the charioteers, — the Reds, the Blues, the Whites, and the Greens. Then came the Theatres of *Marcellus*, of *Pompey*, and of *Balbus*; the *Odeum*, with seats for ten thousand spectators; the *Stadium of Domitian*, another of the great arenas of imperial Rome; the porticoes of *Octavia*, of *Pompey*, and of the *Argonauts*, where the populace might walk, protected alike from the summer sun and the winter

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 31

blasts of the Tramontana; the Temples of Neptune, of Isis and Serapis, of Hercules, and of a host of other divinities to whom these shows were not displeasing; and lastly, the luxurious Baths of Agrippa.

We have spoken of the Mausoleum of Augustus upon our right. Let us leave the Corso, and, turning into a narrow street, visit the site of this important monument. It was once a gigantic mound of earth, encircled with a girdle of gleaming white marble, and crowned with a grove of cypresses, in the midst of which rose a heroic statue of the emperor.

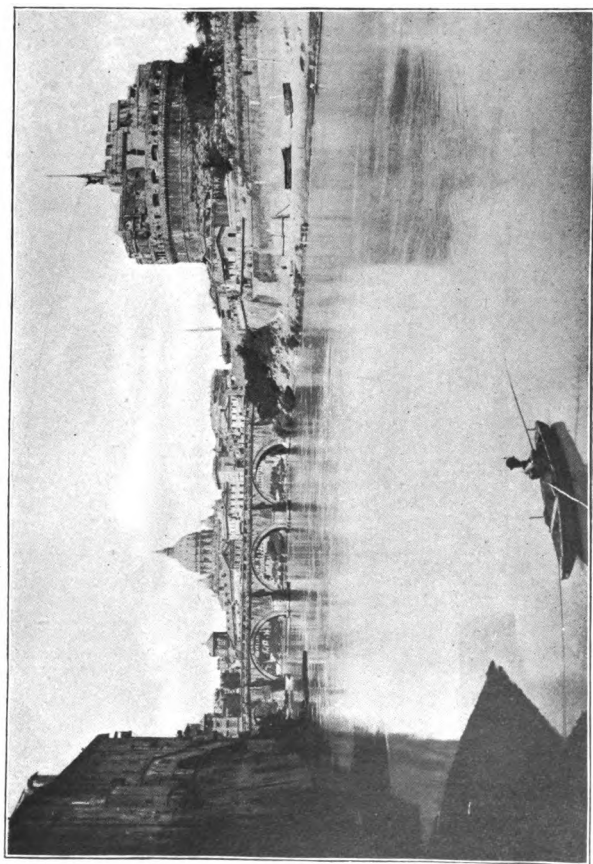
It contained the ashes not only of Augustus, but also of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and others of the Julian family. But Alaric plundered it, and Robert Guiscard harried it with his Norman marauders when he entered Rome, bearing fire and sword to "defend" the city against the German emperor, Henry IV. Then it became a fortress of the Colonna, and in 1167, when the Count of Tusculum and his German allies had conquered and destroyed all of it that was destructible, the thick, circular walls were used for a bull-ring. In the last century they enclosed a theatre where Sal-

vini and Ristori won their early triumphs. Now the ruin is covered with a cheap metal roof, and used as a circus, — a typical example of the degradation which Rome allows her noble monuments to suffer.

Just beyond the Mausoleum we cross the Via Ripetta, and find ourselves upon the bank of the historic “yellow Tiber,” at the Ponte Ripetta. It is a muddy stream, and at times not positively fragrant. The elder Romans, who took their morning plunge in its waters, would seem to have gained little in the way of cleanliness, for the yellow clay was probably as sticky then as now. One is reminded of Coleridge’s little skit upon the Rhine:

“The River Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?”

To appreciate the Tiber one must look at it not as mud, but as colour. Seen thus, it takes on a new face. The rich ochre tint, with the blue Roman sky above it, the red roofs and mellow, time-stained walls of the opposite buildings, form a colour scheme that charms



THE MAUSOLEUM OF HADRIAN

the artist, and attracts even the unimaginative tourist. The Tiber has, however, been disgraced with all the other ancient institutions of Rome. The barges with silken awnings, which once floated here, the galleys and the triremes, have given place to a few steam-launches and river tugs, and to an overplus of flat-boats, which carry stone and mud.

Just across the river, Cincinnatus ploughed his fields. Blocks of distressingly modern houses now occupy the site, but in Rome there are many things that we must not see if we expect the imagination to do anything for us.

Returning now to the Via Ripetta, which runs parallel with the river, we proceed until we see another good opportunity to approach the shore, and here at a bend in the stream we look down and see the Mausoleum of Hadrian, a tomb similar to that of Augustus, but far better preserved. Perhaps you have known it as the Castle of St. Angelo. When Hadrian had occupied it for several hundred years, and had really taken his full measure of satisfaction in it, it became a mediæval fortress. State prisoners languished in its dungeons. Cellini, the sculptor, was shut up here for a time be-

cause he could not keep his temper in the august papal presence. Unhappy popes took refuge here, and at last Victor Emmanuel's soldiers found it a most excellent barrack, and enjoyed it, perhaps, quite as much as ever Hadrian did. Its name, St. Angelo, or the Castle of the Angel, comes from a legend that, during the plague in the pontificate of Gregory the Great, the Archangel Michael came in response to prayer, and stood upon the summit of the citadel, sheathing his sword as a sign that the ravages of the disease should be stayed.

A short walk now takes us to the Bridge of St. Angelo, where we may cross the river, and inspect the mausoleum more closely. The bridge itself is a work of Hadrian, and is now decorated by statues of Sts. Peter and Paul and of ten angels, set up by one of the modern popes. The mausoleum had originally a square basement of considerable height, upon which rested the round superstructure. We may enter the building, and may explore the corridors and crypts of this family tomb, which held not only the remains of Hadrian, but also of Antoninus Pius and Faustina, his wife; of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, their gifted son;

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 37

of various brothers, sisters, and poor relations, who never wore the imperial purple; also of Verus and of Commodus. We shall find little else of antiquarian interest beyond the Tiber, and may as well recross the bridge. The Trastevere quarter, or Transtiber, as the Romans called it, was divided into two portions; the upper, lying upon the slopes of the Janiculan and Vatican Hills, was devoted to a series of parks and gardens, in one of which was Nero's circus, now covered by St. Peter's Church; the lower, along the riverside, constituted the slums of ancient Rome, a resort of sailors, wharfmen, and characters of doubtful reputation.

Leaving St. Peter's for a later visit, when we shall make our tour of Ecclesiastical Rome, we recross the Bridge of St. Angelo, and, turning back toward the Corso, pass on the way a sort of mediæval watch-tower, which looms up quite grandly on a little opening upon our left. It is called the Tower of the Monkey, on account of the rather doubtful story that a monkey once snatched a child from the street, and climbed with it to the summit of the tower, but came down again with his burden, upon

hearing the child's parents register a vow to establish a shrine to the Virgin if the child were spared. The confirmation of this story is shown you in the shrine upon the face of the building, where a little lamp still burns each night from twilight until dawn. The interest of the tower, however, lies not in the monkey story, but in the fact that Hawthorne made it the residence of his gentle heroine of "The Marble Faun," and ever since that time it has been known as Hilda's Tower.

Continuing eastward, we soon see, rising on our left, the Palace of the Monte Citorio, a work of Bernini, — now occupied by the Chamber of Deputies of the Italian government. It is built upon the site of the Temple of Marcus Aurelius, before which stretched a forum similar to that of Trajan, extending into what is now the Piazza Colonna. We shall go thither in a moment, and see the Column of Aurelius, but we must stop on our way before this old obelisk, which was the index finger of Augustus's famous sun-dial. Like the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo, it was brought by Augustus from Heliopolis, and dates from the reign of the Egyptian king,



THE TOWER OF THE MONKEY

Psammetik the First, more than six hundred years before Christ. The characters upon it are singularly clear and crisp, and have proved of exceeding value to scholars, from the light they throw on Egyptian history.

A little more than nineteen centuries ago, this shaft, already venerable, stood in the centre of a wide pavement of white marble, midway between this spot and the Mausoleum of Augustus. The Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina now marks its site. Around the edge of the great marble dial were inlaid figures and celestial signs of gilt bronze, marking the hours, — and the summer sun, falling upon it, told the gay youths who loitered there that it was time to dine, or to meet their appointments at the Circus. For at least eight centuries it stood there, — possibly longer. Then it went down, and was buried under the mediæval city. A barber, digging in his garden, in the sixteenth century, came upon it, and reported the find to Pope Julius the Second. Julius was slow; he had a war on his hands. As for the barber, his leeks must be planted; he could not wait. So the hole was filled up, and the obelisk forgotten for

nearly three centuries more, when it was finally raised, patched together as we now see it, with pieces of granite from the column of Antoninus Pius, and set up here in Monte Citorio.

We now step into the Piazza Colonna, which adjoins Monte Citorio on the east, and where stands the Column of Marcus Aurelius. This column rises somewhat more than 130 feet above the piazza, and is a close copy of the Column of Trajan, which we shall visit later. We may ascend it by an interior staircase, if we wish, but this climbing is wearisome business, and we here have an opportunity to refrain from it without losing anything. Let us then content ourselves with examining as well as we can from the piazza the sculptured deeds of the emperor, which we find upon the spiral frieze that winds itself about the column. Originally, Marcus Aurelius himself, in bronze, stood upon the summit, but when the Roman Church came into power he was removed, and St. Paul took his place. The idea of making the Christian apostle to the Gentiles crown an emperor's triumphal column seems a trifle incongruous, but it is



THE COLUMN OF MARCUS AURELIUS

no more so than many other things that we see in Rome.

The name Colonna, as applied to this piazza, and also to the *regio*, or ward, in which it lies, has no connection with the famous Colonna family whose name is perpetuated in other mediæval monuments of Rome. It is simply "the Square of the Column," referring, of course, to the Column of Marcus Aurelius. The Colonna family derived their name from quite another column, which figured on their escutcheon, and which stood in the market-place of a little town in their ancestral estates among the hills near Tusculum.

It is now nearly noon, and, being again on the Corso, which here forms one side of the Piazza Colonna, we find not far distant a modest café, where we lunch in an open doorway, and observe the efforts of a huckster to dispose of a tray of gingerbread cows, which he insists, in a very loud tone of voice, are "*buona, eccellente, squisita*." As the noon hour passes, the street becomes deserted, and when we arise at length to continue our pilgrimage, there is neither man, woman, nor dog, as far as the

eye can reach. Rome is taking her noontide siesta, and the wheels of traffic are stopped.

It was at this hour of my first day in Rome that I stepped into a hatter's on the Via Condotti to see what I might find to replace certain winter headgear brought down from the north. The door was invitingly open, and the merchant's stock was well displayed, but the merchant himself was not to be found. After calling loudly and repeatedly, and getting no response, I heard a peculiar snorting in a back room, and, passing through another open door, found the proprietor leaning back in a chair, with his head inclined at a sharp angle to his body, eyes closed, and legs widely extended, fast asleep. Seeing that he was dead to the world, I examined his stock carefully, and, finding nothing desirable, went out, leaving a number of hats so disposed as to remind him, when he returned to business, of Saul's experience in the cave of En Gedi, if he was at all familiar with the Scriptures. I repeat the story, not because it is at all remarkable, but because it illustrates a peculiar characteristic of Roman business life. The average Roman

rarely kills himself with overwork or worry, and the noon hour is sacred to repose.

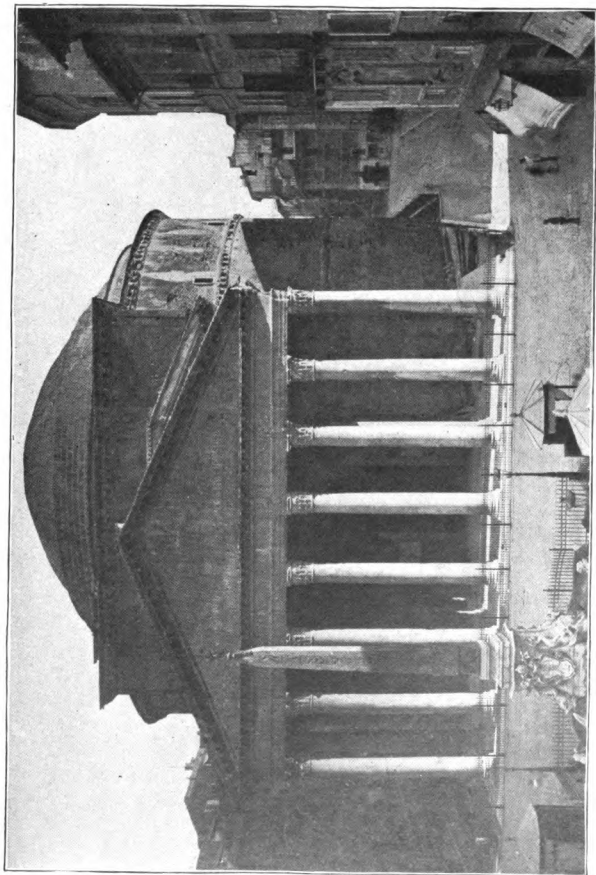
Turning westward again, we pass through the narrow Via di Pietra into the Piazza di Pietra, where we find the remains of the Temple of Neptune, and are taken back at once to the first century before Christ, when Agrippa, to commemorate his naval victories at Mysæ and at Actium, erected here a group of buildings surrounded by a colonnade. In the centre stood this temple, dedicated to the god of the sea, — a temple which, after varied experiences of fire and flood and rapine, is represented to-day by eleven almost perfect Corinthian columns supporting a broken entablature, part of which has been restored. Like many other noble ruins, it has been walled in with brick, and made to answer a useful purpose, serving now as the Roman Chamber of Commerce.

We leave with regret this beautiful remnant of the Augustan age, and, passing through another short and narrow street, come out into the Piazza della Rotonda, where we are face to face with one of the greatest and best preserved of all the monuments of ancient Rome,

—the Pantheon. This work was long attributed to Agrippa, and was claimed by some to have been originally a portion of his baths, but the best modern scholars unite in believing that it was never anything but a temple, and in awarding the honour of its construction to the great builder, Hadrian, who probably erected it to take the place of an older structure of Agrippa's. Its name indicates its dedication to the worship of "all the gods" (*πᾶν θεῶν*). It has given rise to much discussion among archæologists, and has been called the Sphinx of the Campus Martius.

Without going into a further discussion of its date and purpose, let us enter through the grove of columns which support the portico. The great dome is above us with its central eye, through which the sun looks down by day and the stars by night. Across the dome it is nearly 150 feet; and some thirty feet across this circular window toward the sky.

The Pantheon was a new conception in architecture. It was the first dome, the parent of the Santa Sofia at Constantinople, of the Duomo at Florence, of the great St. Peter's, which now looks down upon it from across



THE PANTHEON

the Tiber, of the Panthéon at Paris, of St. Paul's at London, of the Capitol at Washington, and of numberless court-houses and city halls from Russia to Brazil. But as it was the first, so also is it the greatest. Not like modern domes, a shell of iron girders covered with slate or tiles, but built of solid masonry, and depending for its support wholly upon the principle of the arch, — an experiment in architecture, but an experiment so successful that it has withstood the attacks of invading foes, of iconoclastic popes, and of consuming time, and remains intact to-day, when almost every other building contemporary with it is in ruins.

The Pantheon has had a history. It is the oldest building in the world which has seen continuous use, and its usefulness has extended over a period of nearly two thousand years. When Christianity took the place of paganism at Rome, it was transferred from the service of "all the gods" to that of "all the saints," and filled with the bones of the martyrs from the catacombs. This reconsecration was the occasion of adding a new festival, "All Saints'

Day," to the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church.

Without, the walls of the Pantheon were covered with marble, and its roof was bright with gilded tiles. Within, it was ceiled with plates of bronze, and faced with marble slabs of varied colours. Beautiful caryatids supported the architrave, and a mosaic floor reflected the sunlight which streamed down through the opening above. But it has been stripped of all this decoration. One of the Barberini popes converted the bronze ceiling into the canopy that stands in the centre of St. Peter's, and what was left was moulded into a few score cannons, with which to shoot down heretics and heathen. His sacrilege is piously recorded in the following inscription, which we may still read upon the wall:

"Urban VIII, that the useless and almost forgotten decorations might become ornaments of the apostles' tomb in the Vatican temple and engines of public safety in the fortress of S. Angelo, moulded the ancient relics of the bronze roof into columns and cannons, in the twelfth year of his pontificate."

This suggests the witticism of Pasquino,

who, mourning over the loss of these and other ancient relics, suggested that the destruction which had been left undone by the barbarians had been accomplished by the Barberini. ("Quod non fecerunt *barbari*, fecerunt *Barberini*.") Whitewash now covers the walls and ceiling of the Pantheon, and the only suggestion of the old magnificence is in the columns of beautiful yellow marble with white marble bases and capitals. A few bits of porphyry and verde antique cling also to the walls, making more pitiful the contrast with the lime, the cheap ecclesiastical paintings, and the tawdry decorations of the shrines.

But in spite of its mutilation and abuse, the Pantheon stands there with an air of conscious dignity, scorning the loss of these external trappings, proud of its past, superior to its present,—a noble in rags, but noble still. Raphael sleeps there, Annibale Carracci, Victor Emmanuel, the late King Humbert, and a score of artists, poets, and statesmen. The martyrs sleep there. They sleep well, and do not see the whitewashed walls. If thought and feeling could ever come back to that sacred dust, there might well come also satisfaction

in having for a sepulchre a monument which so closely links the ages, and which has stood so long superior alike to the wrath and to the greed of men.

This circular form of building, of which the Pantheon is so perfect an example, was peculiar to the Romans, and appears also, as we have seen, in the mausolea of Augustus and of Hadrian. We shall also see it in the Tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way, and in the beautiful little Temple of Mater Matuta in the Forum Boarium. For the present, however, we must confine ourselves to the buildings of the Campus Martius.

Behind the Pantheon are certain ruins, supposed to have belonged to the Baths of Agrippa. A large vaulted hall is shown, probably the frigidarium, containing niches and the remains of a beautiful frieze. Fragments of ruin are also to be seen on the Via dell' Arco della Ciambella, but the whole plan of the baths is as yet so conjectural, and the ruins so far concealed by modern houses, that in this cursory ramble it is hardly worth while to investigate them. The same is true of certain fragments of ancient masonry in a neighbour-

ing alley behind the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, belonging probably to the Temple of Minerva Campensis, over which the modern church was erected, and from which it takes its name.

Turning westward, and picking our way through an intricate maze of streets and lanes, we soon emerge into the Piazza Navona before an Egyptian obelisk, which once stood in the Circus of Maxentius, but which now looks down upon a cool, tinkling fountain. The base of the obelisk is the work of Bernini, and represents — reclining about a mass of rock — symbolic figures of the four “greatest rivers of the world,” — the Nile, the Danube, the Ganges, and the La Plata. Modern geographers would scarcely make this selection, but the geography of the seventeenth century was more or less vague, and this was the best that could be done at that time. The Nile, it will be observed, is veiling his head, — to shut out, Bernini said, the hideous sight of the façade of St. Agnes’ Church, just opposite, which was designed by his rival, Borromini. Bernini was something of a wit, if not much of a sculptor. He is said to have explained, also, that

the terror expressed in the face of the Danube was caused by fear that the tower of St. Agnes might fall upon it.

This Piazza Navona, sometimes known as the Circo Agonale, is laid out upon the lines of the old Stadium of Domitian, the houses which line the modern piazza having been built upon the foundations of the ancient banks of seats, where thirty thousand Romans of old were wont to witness chariot-races and gladiatorial shows. No ruins are visible above ground, and not having time or a *permesso* to explore the surrounding cellars, we move on.

As we leave the Piazza Navona, we may look down a little lane at its southern extremity, and note the location of the shop where one Pasquino, in the fifteenth century, made doublets and epigrams for the Roman youth. Pasquino, though a tailor by trade, was a wit by nature. His bright sayings, called after his name, *pasquinades*, were inscribed upon the base of a mutilated statue which stood just opposite his shop, and which we may still see there at the corner of the Braschi Palace. A statue of Marforio, the river god, there at the foot of the Capitol, was made to



STATUE OF PASQUINO

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 59

reply to the witticisms of Pasquino's statue, and as the conversation was carried on during the night, each morning brought great numbers of the populace to discover what oracular utterances these rival pieces of sculpture had produced while honest citizens had been asleep.

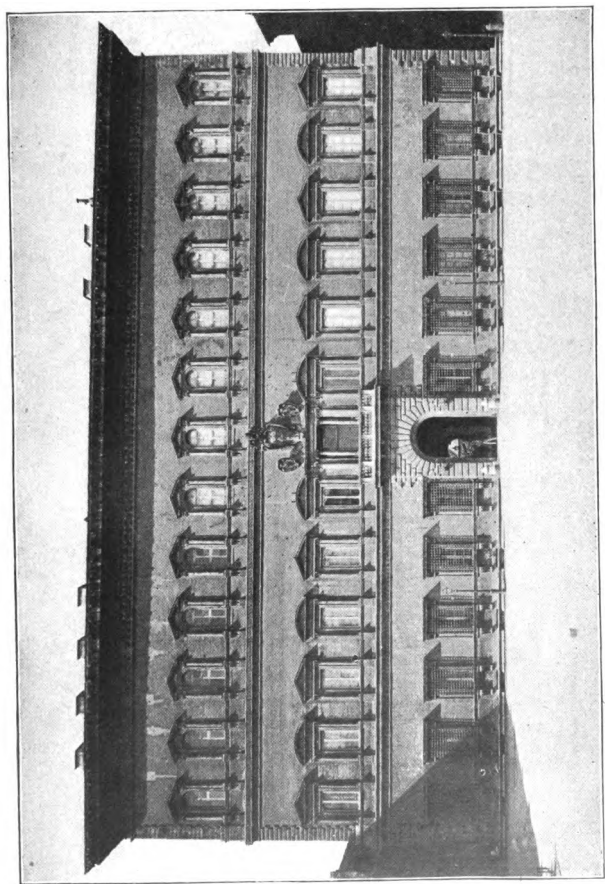
Pasquino, like other mortal men, soon went to his reward, but his spirit haunted the neighbourhood of the battered statue for several centuries, and dictated satirical remarks against church, state, and society. When the miserly Pope Innocent the Tenth was on his death-bed, his sister-in-law, Olimpia Maldachini, remained with him, ministering to his needs. But she, too, had the lust for gold, and finding two small chests of money under his pallet, she was tempted, and helped herself, not waiting for the Pope's demise. News of her action spread abroad, and on Pasquino's statue appeared this Latin play upon her name: "*Olim pia; nunc impia*" (once pious; now impious).

When Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Italy, and robbed the cities of their choicest art treasures, Marforio asked one day if the French were *all* robbers. Pasquino's statue

replied the next morning, "Not all, but a good part of them" ("Non tutti, ma *buona parte*."). A pun is never translatable, but in Italian this is not bad.

We now pass the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, built upon the ruins of Pompey's Senate House, where the first Cæsar fell, pierced by the daggers of the conspirators. A few steps farther on, a row of modern houses stands upon the foundation-wall of Pompey's Theatre. A little beyond, we enter the Spada Palace, and in the vestibule of one of the courts behold the Statue of Pompey, which stood in Pompey's Senate House, and at the foot of which, says Plutarch, Cæsar fell, dyeing the marble with his blood. The stains are not now visible, but the presence of the statue takes us back into another world, and makes us feel the reality of history as we have never felt it before. To touch the stone which witnessed Cæsar's death is almost like being face to face with Cæsar.

The Spada Palace has other treasures which belong to the realm of art rather than of history, and which we must to-day pass by. The palace itself is worth noting as an excellent



THE FARNESE PALACE

specimen of mediæval architecture, but a few steps away is a much better one, the Farnese, which we must stop for a moment to admire.

The Farnese was built in the sixteenth century, by Paul III., out of stone and marble filched from the Colosseum, and though we may not approve of the robbery, we are forced to admit that good use was made of the material. The palace is massive, dignified, imposing, — an almost perfect specimen of the best architecture of the Italian Renaissance. We may enter its court and walk within its corridors, but as we have no *permesso* and little time, we will not enter the building itself, which is now occupied by the French embassy, and is carefully guarded from the attacks of tourists.

We are in a region of mediæval palaces. Just across the river, on the slopes of the Janiculum, are the Corsini and the Farnesina, with their well-kept gardens and their galleries of paintings; a few squares to the northeast is the Cancelleria, with its columns from the portico of Pompey's Theatre and its travertine from the Colosseum; we have already passed the Spada, and in a few minutes are before the Cenci.

This shabby relic of departed grandeur is rendered forever infamous by the tragedy of incest and murder which occurred within its walls during the dark days of the Middle Ages. Shelley has told the story in his drama of "The Cenci," and Guido Reni was supposed to have painted the wronged and desperate daughter in the celebrated canvas known as the "Beatrice Cenci," though it has now been proved that Beatrice was put to death some sixteen years before Guido ever saw Rome. The name Cenci means, in the Italian, "rags," and the Palazzo Cenci, or "Palace of Rags," is a most appropriate title for this decaying structure, which always has a line of clothing fluttering from its windows to exhale the mildew, or recover from the wash.

These old palaces remind us of another Rome, whose history we have not yet touched upon, — the Rome of the Barons, which came into being when the Empire had passed away, and which continued well into the Renaissance. It is, however, only another name for the Rome of the Popes, for the daily question in mediæval times was whether pope or baron was the master. Terrible characters we have to

deal with in those days, and their story is intensely dramatic. We shall speak of a few of them again in connection with our rambles in Papal Rome.

We are now on the edge of what was once the Ghetto, that quarter of the Roman city in which the Jewish colony was confined for centuries within a half-acre of shabby buildings, despised and shunned, but patiently displaying second-hand bargains and plying their trade. The history of this Hebrew colony is pitiful enough. Made the plaything of brutal emperors and still more brutal popes, driven out of the city again and again, and afterward penned up like animals in this Ghetto, with gates across the streets through which they were forbidden to pass after nightfall, upon pain of death, compelled during the Carnival season to run races naked in the Corso with ropes around their necks, driven each Sunday with whips into a Christian church that they might hear their ancient religion insulted, forced continually to wear the badge of their humiliation, — the men a yellow hat, the women a yellow veil, — forbidden all intercourse with Christians, shut out from all trades

except the buying and selling of second-hand articles, exorbitantly taxed, and refused the means of earning money with which to pay their taxes, — they have had a sorry time indeed, and, although enjoying brief glimpses of sunshine under certain of the popes, they have not, on the whole, been treated like human beings until during the last century.

The Roman Ghetto is now a thing of the past. In the early nineties it became such a hotbed of disease and contagion that the government determined to destroy it. At present much of it is a ruinous waste which will some day, if the royal treasury admits, be transformed into a city park. It is much more sanitary than of old, but to one who has seen it as it was in the pride of its dirt and picturesque decay, there will come a feeling of regret, which reason and philosophy cannot entirely put to rest.

There is still, however, about the Portico of Octavia a suggestion of the old Hebraic environment. Let us go thither, and we shall find before us an antique pediment and columns supported by a later arch of masonry. This has long been, like the Cenci Palace, a favourite

place for the drying of clothes, — and all sorts of raiment swell and flap in the breeze, from the iron fence beneath the arch, and from the windows of the adjoining houses. Can you shut your eyes and your nostrils for a moment, and imagine what this was in the first century? If you can, the splendid Portico of Octavia will rise before you, with its colonnades, its temples, its libraries, its curia, its seventy-five bronze statues by Lysippos, and its Cupid of Praxiteles. Over us stretch silken awnings, around us we hear the plashing of the fountains and the hum of conversation as the luxurious Romans walk and talk and idle here. Do you smell the faint perfumes which are thrown into the air through a hundred little jets along the colonnade? No, odours quite other than those assail our nostrils and arouse us to the present. The Portico of Octavia is now only history.

A hundred yards or so away, another magnificent ruin breaks upon our sight. It is the Theatre of Marcellus, beautiful with its antique columns, and filthy with its dirt. Mean little shops grovel beneath the Doric capitals of the lower story; brick walls, pierced here

and there with grated windows, fill the great arches, where once a cleaner, if not a nobler, race of Romans were wont to assemble. It stands there like a proud but disgraced patrician, its head in the sky, and its feet in the mire. Julius Cæsar designed it, Augustus carried out the plan, and gave to the completed structure the name of his beloved son-in-law, Marcellus. It was dedicated a few years before the birth of Christ, and the opening ceremonies included the butchery of six hundred wild beasts from the Libyan deserts. It furnished the suggestion for the exterior architecture of the Colosseum nearly a century later. During the Middle Ages it became a castle and a fortress for the princely families of the Pierleoni, the Savelli, and the Orsini, and is to-day still in the hands of the last named family, who reserve its great chambers for their palace, and rent these squalid little holes in the wall to a very humble class of tradesmen. The columns of the lower story are buried fifteen feet in dirt and débris. We can really get but little idea of their magnificent proportions until some modern Hercules turns a river or a hose

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 69

upon them, and washes away the accumulation of twenty centuries of dishonour.

Passing around the curved front of this impressive ruin, we emerge into the Piazza Montanara, which we find crowded with peasants from the Campagna. To-day happens to be a *fiesta*, or holiday. There are not quite as many *feste* in Rome as there are days in the year, but it is almost impossible to visit the city and fail of seeing one. The peasants have come here to gossip and to make small purchases. Yonder is a lusty fellow with a sack upon his shoulder which he brings full of onions, but which he will carry back to his little farm in the Campagna with perhaps a package of flour in it, a piece of cloth for a dress for Pippa, and a cake with red cherries upon it for Giuseppe. This last named luxury costs him twenty *centesimi* (or about four cents) in good copper, but he does not care for expense. A boy of some fifteen summers is hurrying away, hugging in his arms a long, mysterious parcel which probably also represents days of hard labour. The *contadine* gossip over their fruit-stands, and the men talk together about the high price of barley, the prospects of rain, or

the prize that Giovanni drew last week in the lottery.

Here on the pavement near the corner of the piazza at a little wooden table sits a letter-writer, and beside him a comely *contadina* dictating in his ear, with an occasional blush and sidelong glance to see whether any of the surrounding crowd may by any possibility overhear her. The letter is to her lover in the Maremma, and when she gets the answer she will bring it to this old man to read for her. Many a secret is dropped into his ear, but he is a discreet person and never tells. He knows that his business would be ruined if he did, and that his customers would go to another old gentleman, not nearly so great a scholar as he, be it said, who keeps a stand under a blue cotton umbrella over in Trastevere.

Such is the modern Piazza Montanara, a square which was once the Forum Holitorium, or vegetable market of ancient Rome. It has changed its dress, but not its vocation. Cabbages and leeks were sold there twenty centuries ago, as they are to-day; but then the square was larger and surrounded by a portico and stately buildings, — the Theatre of Mar-

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 71

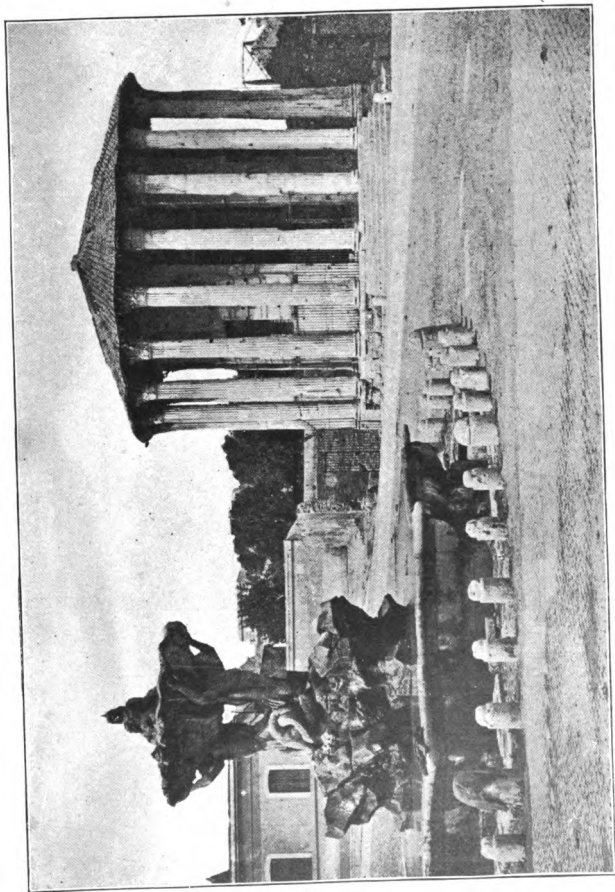
cellus, which we have just passed, the Portico of Minucia, the Temples of Apollo, of Janus, of Juno Sospita, of Hope, and of Piety; to-day it has about it only a line of ill-kept shops. Its former grandeur has forever departed.

CHAPTER III.

ALONG THE TIBER

AFTER a good night's rest and the usual Continental breakfast of coffee and rolls, to which you have probably by this time accustomed yourself, and upon which you can now do a half-day's sightseeing, we return to the Piazza Montanara which we left last night on completing our survey of the Campus Martius. We will now follow the course of the Tiber south of the point where it approaches the Capitoline Hill, and will pass into the commercial quarter of ancient Rome, which lined the river from the vegetable market to the Ostian Gate.

Not far from the vegetable market we enter what was in olden times the cattle market, or Forum Boarium, and find before us that little round temple which is so variously named and



THE TEMPLE OF MATER MATUTA

so beautiful by whatever designation. With its red-tiled roof and its circle of nineteen creamy Corinthian columns, mellowed by as many centuries, it has become a favourite study for artists, and you will find in the Roman shop windows frequent representations of it. It was long called the Temple of Vesta, and later the Round Temple of Hercules. Lanciani and other recent authorities have identified it as the Temple of Mater Matuta, an old Italic goddess of the dawn, whose shrine is mentioned by Livy as being here in the cattle market. It was built probably during the Augustan era, upon the foundations of an earlier temple which dated from the time of Servius.

Before this temple stands one of the Roman fountains, about which may usually be seen cattle from the Campagna standing where, two thousand years ago and more, their ancestors were bought, sold, and exchanged for Roman wares to furnish the peasant cottages beyond Alba Longa and Præneste. These fountains are one of the marked characteristics of the Roman city. We see them in almost every public square, — in the great circle before St.

Peter's, in the Piazza del Popolo, in the Piazza di Spagna at the foot of the Spanish Stairs, in the Piazza della Rotonda opposite the Pantheon, in the Barberini and the Navona and the Farnese, — wherever one goes there is the sound of running water and the glad vision of mounds and columns of spray catching and reflecting the sunlight in a thousand rainbow tints, and breathing coolness and health over the blistering stones of the piazza. From mossy grottoes, from the shells of Tritons, from the mouths of lions and dolphins, issue the streams whose murmur soothes the stranger to rest at night, and awakens him in the morning from dreams of summer showers. At these fountains gather man, bird, and beast, — peasants from the Campagna, with their long-horned cattle, statuesque Roman girls, with their water-jars, ragged street urchins, cooing doves, and disconsolate dogs. Occasionally in an open courtyard you may see a crowd of women gathered about a huge stone basin, each scrubbing and beating her linen on the smooth stones and chattering the gossip of the neighbourhood.

Just across the piazza from the little round



SANTA MARIA IN COSMEDIN

temple stands the Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, built in the ruins of an ancient temple which, a legend tells us, Aulus Postumius, the dictator, vowed to Ceres, Bacchus, and Proserpina, in the fifth century B. C., when his provisions were running low during the war with the Latins. It is said to have been built a few years later by Spurius Cassius, and restored by Augustus. If we wish, we may see in the crypt under the church, and also in the courtyard of the sacristy, fragments of the original temple wall. The Corn Exchange of ancient Rome and offices of the Prefect of Public Supplies also occupied part of the space covered by this church, and many of the old pillars have entered into the construction of the modern building.

Within the portico of Santa Maria in Cosmedin is the curious Bocca della Verità, — Mouth of Truth, — which has given the modern name to the piazza and the street that leads to it. It is a grotesque mask, probably first used as a gargoye for some ancient building. Into this mouth, during the Middle Ages, persons suspected of crimes were obliged to place the right hand while testifying. If they should

err by a hair's breadth from the truth, it was declared that the stone jaws would immediately close down upon the hand and amputate it with neatness and despatch. So great was the fear of this catastrophe that witnesses invariably told the truth, and it is not recorded that the jaws were ever required to perform their function.

Coming out again into the piazza and passing just beyond the little round temple of many names, we see what is left of another temple, also variously designated according to the taste and erudition of the beholder, but perhaps most generally known as the Temple of Fortuna Virilis. It is older than the little round temple, — older, in fact, than any other temple in Rome, and probably dates from the reign of Servius Tullius, 557 years before Christ. The building material is stone, — the native stone of Italy, such as was used before the introduction of marble for building purposes. It was injured by fire, restored, and coated with stucco.

Beyond, we catch a glimpse of the so-called House of Rienzi, or House of Pilate. It is not probable that either Pilate or Rienzi ever

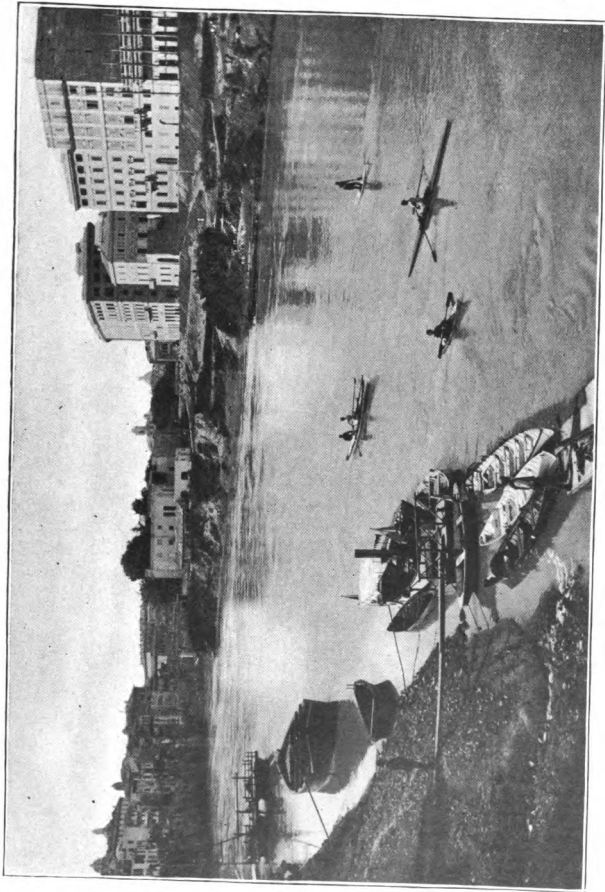
inhabited it, as it seems to have been built from the remains of one of the mediæval towers that were so common in Rome during the troublous times which preceded modern history, — probably the property of the terrible Crescenzi family.

Only a hundred yards or so up the stream stands the ancient Æmilian Bridge, or Ponte Rotto. A single span of the original structure is all that now remains. Below is the modern Ponte Emilio, or Ponte Palatino, which has taken the place of the ancient structure as the southern route to Trastevere. Standing upon this bridge in midstream and looking up the river, we get an excellent view of the island which we are told came into being when the people ravaged the grain-fields of the Tarquins in the Campus Martius after the expulsion, and threw the harvest into the Tiber. Plutarch tells us that the floating sheaves lodged here upon the shallows, accumulated sediment, and finally assumed the proportions of an islet. The story is probably apocryphal, but as the island is of alluvial origin, and as no one has been able to prove that the Tarquins' corn is not at the bottom of it, we may feel justified

in accepting the legend until some iconoclast happens along with a sledge-hammer argument and shatters it.

At some time during the period of the Empire — it is almost impossible to say just when — a certain fanciful builder was seized with the idea of converting this island into the semblance of a great stone ship, with an Egyptian obelisk for a mainmast, and of erecting upon the island — or the ship, if you please — a temple to Æsculapius. What connection Æsculapius is supposed to have had with maritime affairs is not clear, but the temple was erected, and fragments of the stone facing and sculptures of the ship may still be seen here and there close to the water's edge.

From our point of vantage on the Ponte Rotto we may turn from the island and look in the opposite direction, down-stream, toward the Aventine Hill, where once stood the old Sublician Bridge, celebrated in fable as having been kept by Horatius and his two comrades "in the brave days of old." This primitive structure was of wood, fastened with wooden pins, a form of construction which justifies,



THE TIBER

if indeed it did not give rise to, the legend of the destruction of the bridge, when —

“ . . . with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream ;
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.”¹

It will well repay us to cross here to the Trastevere shore for the sake of the view which we get of the little round Temple of Mater Matuta, or Vesta, or however it may be called. Its red tiles glisten in the sun against the white background of plastered walls and houses, while a mass of dark green foliage in a little garden just before it forms a most attractive setting. Nor is the yellow Tiber at our feet an unpictorial foreground. The mouth of the sewer which yawns at us just opposite, though it may not enhance the beauty of the picture, is of vast interest, for it is supposed to be the outlet of the Cloaca Maxima of the Tarquins. We shall speak of this great engineering work

¹ Macaulay : “ Horatius.”

again in connection with the remains of it in the Forum.

Before recrossing the bridge we must examine a piece of ruin a few streets back from the river, — almost the only interesting antique remnant that remains in Trastevere. It is a part of the guard-house of the Seventh Battalion of Police, and was in the heart of the slums of ancient Rome. On the walls are nearly a hundred rudely scratched autographs, which show that the ancients were as fond as the moderns of this cheap sort of immortality. One policeman, after a night of hard work attempting to keep order in this tenderloin district of the ancient city, writes, "I am tired; let some one else take my place" (*Lassus sum; successorum date!*). Another congratulates himself by saying, "All safe" (*Omnia tuta*), with the addition of his name and the date.

We leave the mosaic-paved court of this ancient police-station, with its fountain and its chapel, and recross the Ponte Rotto. As we return to the other side of the river, we are attracted by a square, towerlike ruin which lifts itself above the surrounding buildings a

few streets distant. Investigation proves it to be the Arch of Janus, a clumsy structure of the fourth century, built probably as a shelter, or arcade, for the tradesmen and money-changers of the cattle market. Each of the four piers supporting the quadriform arch is indented with niches for statues, and a door leads up into a gloomy chamber above.

Far more attractive than the Arch of Janus is this little Arch of the Silversmiths just opposite. It is really no arch at all, consisting simply of a square lintel supported by two rectangular piers, one of which has been built into the adjoining Church of San Giorgio in Velabro. The sculptures are interesting, and an inscription tells us that the structure was erected in honour of Septimius Severus and his family, — Caracalla, Geta, and Julia Domna, — “by the silversmiths and cattle-dealers who transact business in this place.” The association of trades in this inscription strikes one as somewhat incongruous, but it indicates that we are now on the border-line between the cattle market and the quarter devoted to the jewellers — for each trade had its own particular quarter in the imperial city.

We are now almost at the base of the Palatine Hill, and but a stone's throw from the northwestern end of the Circus Maximus, the greatest of the race-courses of ancient Rome. It was three and a half stadia, or somewhat more than three-eighths of a mile in length, and about four hundred feet in width. A legend says that Tarquin laid out the course and surrounded it with seats, but, however that may be, the Circus did not reach its full glory until the age of Augustus, when it was enclosed by a three-storied portico, in front of which ran a canal some ten feet wide, to separate the audience from the contestants. The semicircular end at which the turning was made was toward the Cœlian Hill: the start and finish took place at this end, near where we now stand.

Can you imagine the excitement of a Roman crowd in the Circus Maximus when the chariot-race was on? Can you see the brilliant scene, the awning of Tyrian purple, the richly caparisoned steeds, the gala dress of the multitude, the glint of the sunshine on the helmets of the guards? Can you see the signal to the charioteers? Can you feel the mad rush, as

the horses, four to each chariot, abreast, with muscles tense, nostrils dilated, eyes red and swelling, plunge madly down the course, — and behind each four a chariot of gold and ivory, upon the swaying floor of which stands the charioteer, decked with the colours of his order, holding the reins in one hand and with the other throwing the lash in snakelike convolutions above his steeds? Now the Blue is ahead! Now the White! Can you see them as they turn the goal? Ah, that is the crucial point! Wheels clash, horses become unmanageable, — a charioteer is down! Over him roll the chariots that follow fast behind. A crash, a cry, — and out from the struggling, writhing mass a single chariot emerges, and flies down the return course to the finish, amid such a babel of shouting as would make a modern Derby seem cold-blooded indeed.

Where now are the Circus Maximus and the crowds that filled it? On its site is a gas-house and a garden in which we see an old man leisurely scratching the ground with a rusty hoe. After all, he is doing a more useful, and certainly a far less dangerous, work

than his predecessors of the Whites and the Blues.

We will not attempt to visit to-day the Palatine Hill and the Forum, which lie before us, but, returning to the Piazza Bocca della Verità, we will rather continue our stroll southward down the thoroughfare which follows the river. All along this shore were the wharves and warehouses where once the produce of the world was handled. Corn from Africa, oil from Andalusia, wine from the northern Adriatic, rare fabrics and spices from the East, — each commodity was unloaded from the ships at its own particular wharf, and stored in an adjoining warehouse. The modern street which we are now following offers in its various names a hint of this allotment of the wharfage. For a short distance it is known as the Via della Salaria; here were the salt wharves, — for the Romans consumed vast quantities of salt, making it in the marshes near the mouth of the Tiber, and bringing it up the river in flatboats. Farther on, the street becomes the Via Marmorata. This we know was one of the centres of the marble trade, where were received the building stone and

precious marbles which came from all quarters of the known world to enrich the palaces of Roman emperors and nobles. Then there were warehouses for brick and lead, grain, oil, and wine. The lower portion of this district, below the Aventine, was surrounded by a wide portico, and known as the Emporium, a word that has entered into our English speech as a synonym for the mart of trade.

Back from the river at this point is an elevation somewhat more than a hundred feet in height, — the Monte Testaccio, or “mountain of pottery,” — composed of fragments of terra-cotta covered loosely with accumulated soil. Its history is interesting. Shipments of wine, oil, and even grain were made in the olden time in terra-cotta jars (*amphoræ*), some of which were of great size. The porters of those days were not more careful than their modern counterparts, and it happened that many of the jars were broken. The harbour regulations required that the fragments should not be thrown into the river, but into an enclosure made for the purpose, and the result is this crockery mountain, a monument to the destructiveness of the ancient roustabout, and

a source of emulation to modern housemaids and expressmen. It is conceived to be an excellent place for the storage of wine, and you will find it honeycombed with wine-cellars and *osterie*, where the Romans come to drink and gossip of an afternoon.

From the Monte Testaccio, we will go over toward the opposite slope of the Aventine, where we shall find a well-preserved fragment of the Wall of Servius Tullius, which has stood more than twenty-five hundred years with no trace of mortar or cement. It is built of a yellowish tufa, the blocks being two feet in height, perfectly squared, and laid in alternate courses, lengthwise and crosswise. The section which we now see gives evidence of restorations in the upper courses, which probably date from the time of Camillus.

The Wall of Servius was the second fortification which surrounded the Roman city, — the first being the Wall of Romulus about the Palatine. The Servian Wall encircled the seven hills, and was built against the side of the cliffs, about two-thirds of the distance from the plain below. Where it crossed the table-land behind the spurs of the Quirinal,

ANCIENT ROME

WALL of ROMULUS
SERVIAN WALL
AURELIAN WALL

Via

Via Tiburtina

Via Praenestina Vetus

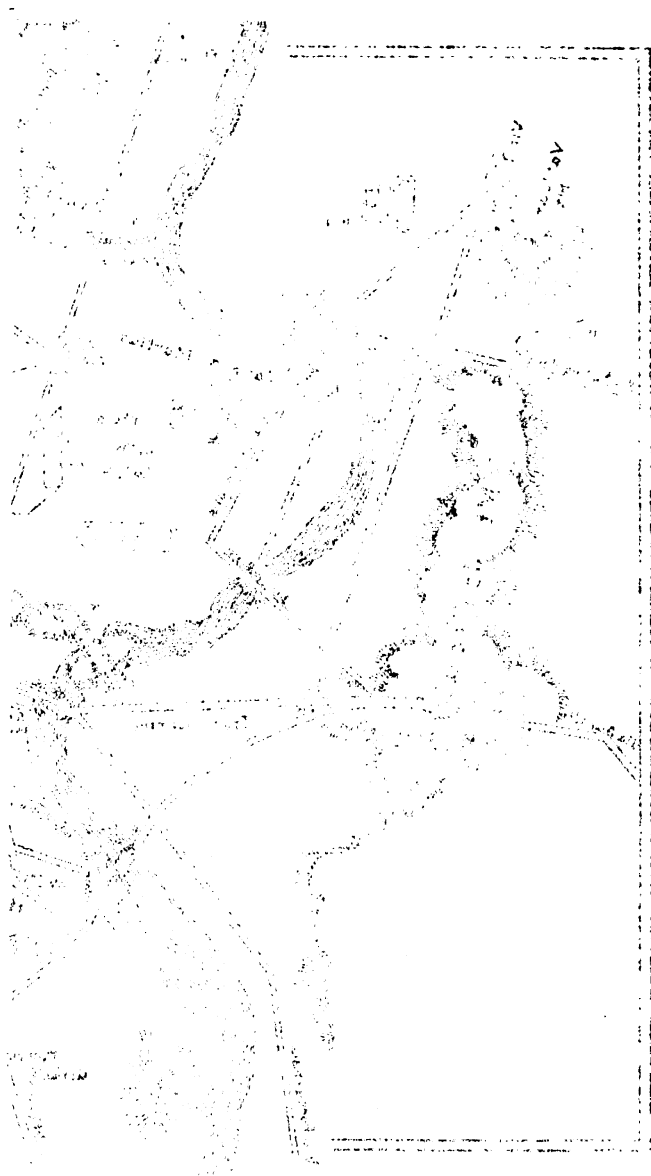
Via Praenestina

Via Labicana

Via

Asinaria

1. Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.
2. The Citadel (Arx).
3. Temple of Juno Moneta.
4. Tabularium.
5. Rostra.
6. Temple of Concord.
7. Temple of Vespasian.
8. Portico of the Twelve Gods.
9. Temple of Saturn.
10. Basilica Julia.
11. Temple of Castor and Pollux.
12. House of the Vestals.
13. Arch of Titus.
14. Arch of Constantine.
15. Temple of Venus and Rome.
16. Basilica of Constantine.
17. Temple of the Sacred City.
18. Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.
19. Basilica Æmilia.
20. Senate House.
21. Tullianum (Carcer).
22. Arch of Septimius Severus.
23. Forum Julium.
24. Forum of Augustus.
25. Forum Transitorium.
26. House of Tiberius.
27. House of Caligula.
28. House of Germanicus.
29. House of Domitian.
30. House of Gelotius (Pædagogium).
31. House of Augustus.
32. Stadium.
33. House of Septimius Severus.
34. Palatine Forum.
35. Gardens of Adonis.

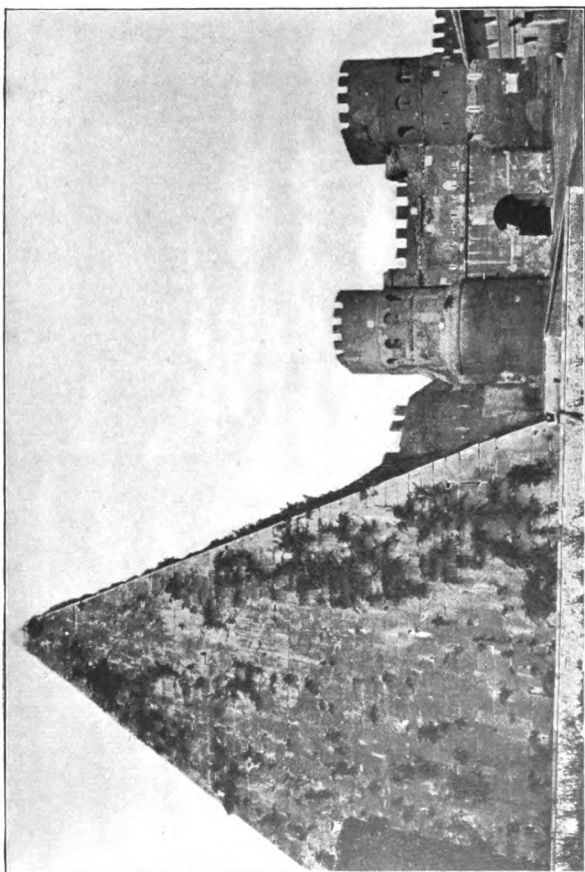


Viminal, and Esquiline, it was raised upon an *agger*, or embankment, faced by a ditch. During the prosperous days of the Republic and of the early Empire the wall was overrun by buildings, and almost forgotten. As the Roman power declined, however, and inroads by the barbarians became imminent, Aurelian, in the third century, thought it necessary to protect the city by a new and more extended fortification, which followed the city limits of that time, and was between eleven and twelve miles long. This Aurelian Wall was restored by Honorius and supplemented in the ninth century by the Wall of Leo IV., which surrounded St. Peter's and connected it with the city. Eight centuries later, Urban VIII. enclosed with still another wall all Trastevere to the ridge of the Janiculum.

We are now but a short distance from the Porta San Paolo, or Ostian Gate, which pierces the Aurelian Wall on the road to Ostia. Let us make our way thither, and, passing outside, examine a portion of this third great line of defence, thrown up as the last effort of a waning power to protect itself against its foes. The top is a battlemented terrace, with towers

at intervals of about a hundred feet. In each of the towers a flight of stairs connects the terrace with a corridor built in the thickness of the wall below. We cannot obtain access to the interior of the wall at this point, but elsewhere — notably in the Vigna Casali, at the eastern end of the city — it may be seen, and is well worth a visit. In some portions of the wall there seem to have been two parallel corridors, one at the outer side, and one at the inner, the outer passage pierced with narrow embrasures overlooking the Campagna; the inner, somewhat more open, toward the city. As the wall was thirteen feet thick, there was ample room for these two corridors and a heavy mass of masonry between. The structure has been kept in comparatively good repair until recent years, but the government, having no further use for it, is now allowing it to fall into ruin.

Just outside the Gate of San Paolo stands the Pyramid of Gaius Cestius, built some twenty years before Christ as a tomb for one of the wealthy Roman nobles. It is constructed upon the Egyptian model, and, though much smaller, — measuring about 115 feet in height,



THE PYRAMID OF GAIVS CESTIVS, AND THE OSTIAN GATE

with a base of less than a hundred feet, — it gives a good idea of the appearance of the great pyramids of the Nile before the facing which covered their sides had disappeared. This monument to Cestius has within it a burial-chamber which is entered from inside the wall, for Aurelian made the pyramid a part of his line of city fortifications, and to this fact we probably owe its preservation during the time when popes and nobles were pulling down every available monument for building stone.

Just off the highway, inside the wall and under the shadow of the pyramid, is one of the loveliest and saddest spots in Rome, the little Protestant Cemetery, filled with the graves of wanderers who have died here, far from home and native land. The names upon the stones are of all nationalities, and the inscriptions are peculiarly touching. The interest of the traveller, however, centres at the graves of Keats and Shelley, who, with their friend Severn, lie buried here. In deference to Keats's own request, no name appears upon the simple stone that marks his grave, but, instead, the melancholy designation which he

dictated during his last illness. The whole inscription reads :

" This Grave
contains all that was Mortal
of a
YOUNG ENGLISH POET
who
on his Death Bed
in the Bitterness of his Heart
at the Malicious Power of his Enemies
Desired
these Words to be engraved on his Tomb Stone,
' HERE LIES ONE
WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER '
Feb. 24th, 1821."

Upon Severn's tombstone are the words :
" Joseph Severn, devoted friend and death-bed companion of JOHN KEATS," followed by a catalogue of Severn's public honours and virtues. In this inscription, the name " John Keats " occupies a line by itself, and is very prominent, — so prominent, indeed, that certain careless but effusive travellers, looking for Keats's resting-place and seeing this name, have been known to become confused, and shed tears over the wrong grave.

Shelley's drowned body was burned on the shore of the Mediterranean, near Lerici, where



THE TOMBS OF KEATS AND SEVERN

it had been thrown up by the waves. The heart, however, was unconsumed, and with the ashes was brought here and interred near Keats. Upon the flat stone which lies imbedded in a mass of English ivy, above these fragments of mortality, we read, "Percy Bysshe Shelley — Cor Cordium," followed by that peculiarly appropriate stanza from "The Tempest," in which Ariel sings:

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Shelley, during his life in Rome, loved to frequent this little cemetery, and once wrote, "It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

We have now extended our saunterings from the northern to the southern gate of the city. The sun is low in the west, and it is time for us to turn backward. Will you disdain the aid of a street-car in this city of classic memories? Perhaps I should say "tram," for the English designation of it has passed bodily into the Italian vernacular. If then you do not object, let us take the tram at the Os-

tian Gate, and ride back over the ground we have traversed, along the Via Marmorata and della Salara, through the cattle market, past the ruins of temples and storehouses, to the Piazza Montanara, whose crowds of peasants are not so great as when we saw them yesterday. Here, by your leave, we will take another sacrilegious vehicle unknown to the Cæsars, — a commonplace omnibus, — and, seating ourselves between a Franciscan brother and picturesque matron in a red shawl, will rattle over the stones and find ourselves at last in the Piazza di Spagna, at the foot of the Spanish Stairs. This is the rendezvous of English and American residents. Here are your banks and hotels, the hospitable bookseller Piale, and the ubiquitous Cook, protector of tourists. When you reach this haven you feel as much at home as you are ever likely to feel in a foreign city. Let us ascend the great stone staircase, and near the top we shall find our hotel, where we straightway forget the commerce which the Romans carried on some twenty centuries ago and apply ourselves to the more pressing business of a dinner and a night's repose.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPITOLINE HILL

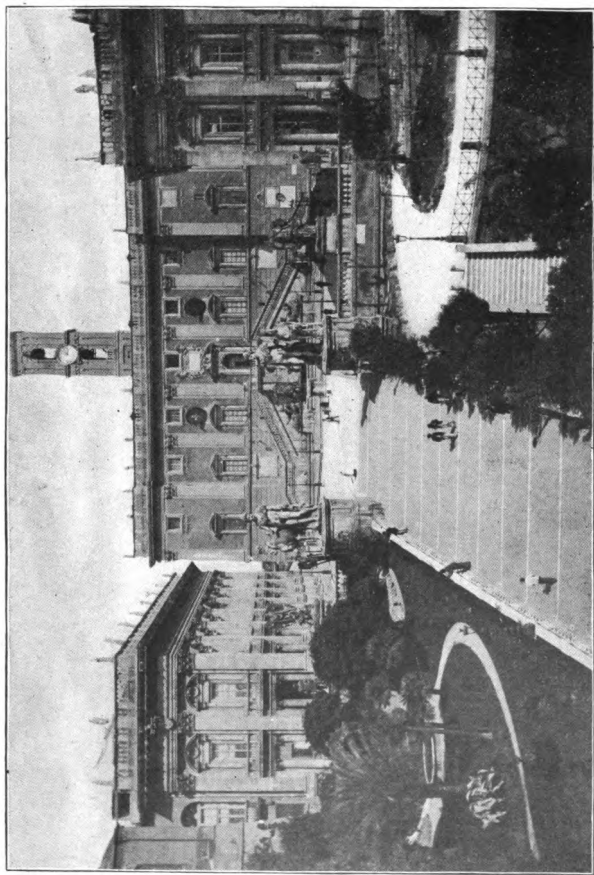
EVERY traveller to Rome feels an impulse to go straight to the Forum. We have restrained this feeling long enough to get a general idea of the topography of the city and to follow the course of the Tiber from the northern to the southern wall. This has well prepared us for a day in and about the birth-place of Roman law, among the most important historic memorials that this most historic city in the world can offer us.

Descending once more the Spanish Stairs, and taking a short walk down the Via Condotti, we come out upon the Corso, where, if you wish to save your strength, we will step into a passing omnibus and roll down this street of shops, passing on the way a half-dozen or so of churches and the huge Doria

Palace, which glooms upon our left. We disembark in the busy Piazza Venezia, at the corner of which stands the palace of the same name, and a few minutes later find ourselves at the foot of the long, sloping stairs which lead up to the Capitoline Hill.

A modern statue of Rienzi stands in a little parkway on our left, not far from the spot where the "last of the tribunes" fell, — but farther up, on a balustrade at the top of the hill, we see a row of antique sculptures which make Rienzi's story seem like contemporary history. Those colossal figures of Castor and Pollux at the top of the stairway date back to the early days of the Empire, whilst the mythical story which they celebrate stretches still backward into the dawn of legendary history, more than five centuries before the Christian era.

The stairs lead us to an open square, the Piazza del Campidoglio, surrounded by Renaissance buildings and adorned in the centre with a bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The statue stands there like a thing of life, — the horse fiery and impetuous, the rider calm, serene, — a fitting monument to the imperial



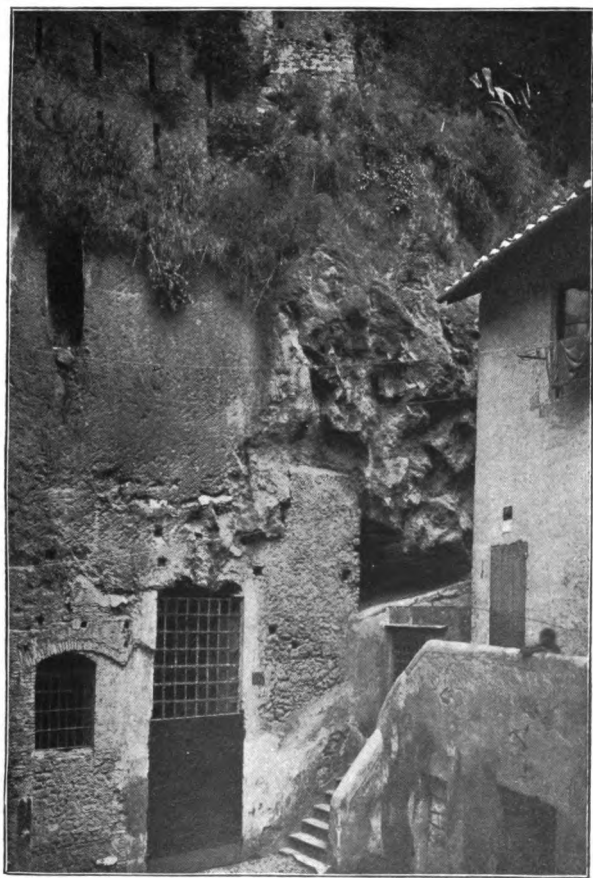
PIAZZA DEL CAMPIDOGLIO

philosopher who preached the curbing of the animal passions, saying, "Do not disturb thyself. Does any one do thee wrong? Pity him. He wrongs himself rather than thee. Be calm."

It was a strangely incongruous as well as a fearful sight when, eight centuries after Marcus Aurelius, the afternoon sun, gilding the dark façade of the Lateran Palace, shone on the murdered figure of Peter the Prefect, hung by his hair to the head of this noble bronze steed, which then stood before the Lateran. Otto the Great had hung the body there, as, wrathful and relentless, he swept down from the north, to crush the people and avenge the Pope. Peter the Prefect was seized as the people's representative, stripped of his clothing, seated backward on an ass, and made to ride through the city with an earthen pot over his head, while the soldiers beat him and finally slew him, hanging his mangled body at the Pope's door, upon the first convenient object that presented itself, — which happened to be this bronze of Aurelius.

The Capitoline Hill of ancient times was what is known in New England as a "saddle-

back." It had two summits. Upon the eminence to the right, or southwest of us, as we stand facing the statue of Aurelius, rose the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; to the left or northeast, somewhat higher, stood the Arx, or citadel. Warring archæologists will give you different plans of the hill, but this is the one adopted by the best modern authorities. The Capitoline was first called the Hill of Saturn, and upon it, in a grove almost on the spot where we are now standing, Romulus is reputed to have established an altar, the Asylum, where outlaws might make expiation for their crimes and thence be received blameless into the little city on the Palatine. The name has become to-day a part of our English speech. A legend tells us that during the period of the kings, Tarpeia, daughter of the commandant of the Arx, betrayed the defences of the hill into the hands of the Sabines. She was murdered for her pains by the soldiers she had admitted, and her infamy was perpetuated in the name, Tarpeian Rock, applied to a cliff upon the Capitoline from which thereafter all traitors, as well as common malefactors, were hurled down to their reward. The guide-books



THE TARPEIAN ROCK

point out to you a spot on the southern side of the hill which is said to be this Tarpeian Rock. Byron visited it and described it in "Childe Harold":

"The promontory whence the traitor's leap
Cured all ambition."

Hawthorne also introduces it in his story of the "Marble Faun." But it is very doubtful whether the thing which the poet and the novelist saw was the Tarpeian Rock at all. Lanciani and other recent archæologists believe that this historic spot was at the other summit of the hill, and until we know definitely it will perhaps be unwise to waste much sentiment upon it. The Tarpeian Rock of the guide-books is neither high nor imposing. A vigorous, athletic traitor could leap from it and suffer no great inconvenience.

I have said that the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was upon a platform to our right. But there were several successive temples of that name erected here. The first was a low and heavy building, of pure Etruscan architecture, which, tradition says, was designed by

the elder Tarquin, and built by the younger, some five centuries B. C. A legend tells us that when the foundations were being laid the builders unearthed a human head, — whereupon they immediately consulted the oracle, and learned that the spot where this head was discovered should one day become the head of the world. The name Capitulinus (*caput*, a head) was accordingly given to the temple and to the hill itself. Four times was the Temple of Jupiter destroyed, and three times rebuilt; the last and most splendid restoration having been made by Domitian and ruined by the Vandals of Genseric, who were attracted by the brilliance of its gilt tiles. A lofty flight of stairs led to it from where we stand — and up these stairs the Cæsars climbed upon their knees to do homage to the national deity of Rome.

The Arx, upon the other height, contained the Temple of Juno Moneta, — Juno the adviser, — in which, on account of its secure and impregnable situation, the national mint was established. Another interesting word-development is here found, — our English “money,”

"monetary," "mint," from this old Roman coinage-room in *Juno Moneta*.

Facing us, and separating the Capitoline Hill from the Forum, stood the *Tabularium*, in which the records of the state were filed away, engraved on tablets of bronze. On the side of the Capitoline it rose to the height of an ordinary building; on the side of the Forum, below, its height was increased by the elevation of the hill.

The present aspect of the Capitoline is very different from that of *Cæsar's* time. The temples which rose on either hand, and the frowning battlements of the citadel, have left behind nothing but a few foundation-stones, scarcely more than enough to puzzle the traveller, — not enough to tell him of the architectural beauty which they once supported. Where the great marble staircase led the way to the Temple of Jupiter upon our right, is now the Museum of the *Conservatori*; where the approach to the citadel rose upon our left, now stands the dingy Church of *Ara Cœli* and the Capitoline Museum; where the *Tabularium* lifted its walls and arches just before us, is the Municipal Building with its offices,

resting upon the old foundations, which, honeycombed with vaults and passages, reach down to the Forum, as strong and firm to-day as when they were laid there in the consulship of Quintus Catulus in the first century B. C.

The two museums and the superstructure of the Municipal Building are Renaissance creations, designed by Michelangelo. They are neither better nor worse, architecturally, than many other Italian palaces, and are interesting not for their architecture, but for what they contain, the museums being filled with gems of antique sculpture and architectural fragments gathered from all quarters of the Roman city and Campagna, torn from their proper setting, it is true, and losing thus somewhat of their significance, yet eloquent of the greatness of those builders and sculptors of old who taught us nearly all that we know to-day of art and architectural design.

We must step into these museums and see a few of the great works which they contain. In the court of the Capitoline is Marforio, the river god, who used to bandy jokes with Pasquino; and near him the two Egyptian lions of black basalt, which formerly guarded

the foot of the steps leading to the Capitol, and by one of which Rienzi fell.

If pressed for time, we will pass the rooms on the ground floor, which are filled with sarcophagi, inscriptions, and statues, and will at once ascend the staircase by the side of which we find the fragments of the *Forma Urbis*, or "Marble Plan," a diagram of ancient Rome carved upon slabs of marble which originally covered a portion of the outside wall of the Temple of the Sacred City. It affords the most important clew which we possess to the topography of the Rome of imperial times.

At the head of the stairway we enter a hall in which are two noble works of sculpture, the Dying Gaul and the Faun of Praxiteles. Study carefully these statues, for we shall refer to them again when we take up the history of art as exemplified in the Roman galleries (vol. ii., 157). The so-called Antinoüs, the head of Bacchus, and several other sculptures in the same room are also worthy of your thoughtful notice. In the adjoining chamber we find the Faun with the Bunch of Grapes, of rosso antico, discovered in the Villa of Hadrian at Tivoli; in the room beyond, a fine pair of cen-

taurs wrought in dark marble, also a Jupiter, a Hercules, an Æsculapius, and a number of other beautiful works.

Still farther on, we enter the Hall of the Philosophers, and beyond that the Hall of the Emperors, each lined with nearly a hundred portrait busts, furnishing a rare commentary upon Roman character and Roman history. These two rooms give us a clearer conception of the sort of men who governed the ancient world, and of that other class who gave to it its intellectual greatness, than could be gained by reading pages of biography.

From the Hall of the Emperors we pass into a corridor also lined with busts and statues, among the best of which are a beautiful youthful head of Marcus Aurelius, an infant Hercules strangling a serpent, a satyr playing on a flute, and an exceedingly realistic old woman in a high state of intoxication. Upon the corridor open two rooms, the first of which contains the mosaic Doves found in the ruins of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, and described by Pliny; the second has as its chief attraction the beautiful Venus of the Capitol, probably a copy of a work by Praxiteles. It

was originally in the Subura, and was built into a wall for safe-keeping, — a fact to which we owe its preservation during a period when works of this class were handled rather roughly by the early Christians.

Descending into the court and crossing the piazza, we enter now the Palace of the Conservators, and find another collection of antiques quite as interesting if not as famous as that of the Capitoline Museum. The entrance court contains among other things fragments of two colossal statues of Apollo, a colossal head, — probably Domitian, — and a pedestal from the Mausoleum of Augustus with an inscription which shows us that it originally supported the cinerary urn of Agrippina the elder, mother of Caligula. During the Middle Ages it was hollowed out and used as a measure for corn. Here also is a restoration by Michelangelo of the historic Columna Rostrata which stood in the Forum to commemorate the naval victories of Duilius.

Ascending a staircase lined with antique inscriptions and reliefs, — some of them from the Arch of Marcus Aurelius, which was destroyed by one of the mediæval popes, — we

enter a series of halls frescoed with scenes in Roman history, by d'Arpino, Volterra, Annibale Carracci, and other painters of less repute. These halls contain statues of popes and generals, some of them nobly executed and others not at all worth your notice. In the fourth room are the *Fasti Consulares*, a series of inscriptions upon marble, which once lined the interior of the *Regia*, or House of the High Priest. These inscriptions formed a series of official records giving the names of public officers from the earliest times to the beginning of the empire. They are to the scholar one of the most important memorials of ancient Rome, being to Roman history what the "Marble Plan" is to Roman topography. In the midst of the *Fasti* is a restoration by Michelangelo of the *Regia*, as it is supposed to have appeared when these marble inscriptions covered the walls of its central chamber.

Returning now toward the staircase through a corridor, and turning to the right, we enter the rooms devoted to the new collection, comprising the antiques which have been found since 1870. Here are more recently discovered *Fasti*, and a long corridor of busts; then two

rooms of bronzes and coins; then a great octagonal chamber containing the statues recently found in the Gardens of Mæcenas on the Esquiline. Here are many beautiful and interesting works of art, — an exquisitely draped Polyhymnia, a dancing Mænad in relief, and here, too, a bust of Commodus as Hercules, when that insane emperor was masquerading like a boy and murdering like a fiend. Here is the monument of that precocious boy, G. Sulpicius Maximus, who died at the age of eleven and a half years from overwork during the composition of certain Greek verses which won him a prize but cost him his life. The verses which killed him are inscribed upon the stone.

Next we enter a room devoted to urns and various ornaments of terra-cotta, then a room of bronzes containing the famous Bronze Wolf of the Capitol. This is supposed by some to be the figure which was set up by the ædiles Ogulnii in 297 B. C., but the identification is very questionable. The infants Romulus and Remus, who are deriving nourishment from the bronze animal, were added in early modern times, and do not add at all

to the dignity or artistic value of the statue. In the same room with the Wolf are several other interesting sculptures, the best of which is the boy extracting a thorn from his foot, sometimes called the Shepherd Martius, and familiar to us through casts and photographs.

Before leaving the museum, we may, if you wish, ascend another flight of stairs and pass through the Picture Gallery, which consists of eight rooms well filled with paintings dating from Francia to Poussin. There is nothing really remarkable in the collection, however, and we shall see in the other galleries of Rome better works of nearly all the artists here represented.

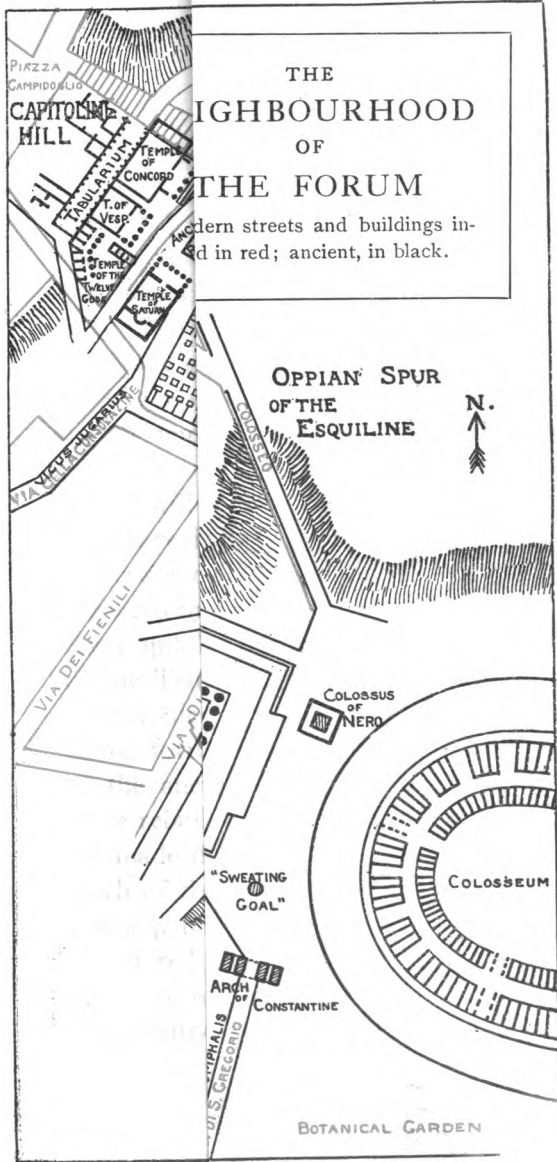
Let us now descend to the piazza and turn to the Municipal Building. This has a tower which we may ascend upon paying a half-lira to a sombre-visaged guard at the door, and from the summit we get our first view of the "Cradle of Roman Liberty." It were better for us if we could come to this scene without preconceived notions — if we could come without imagining how it would look, only remembering that great deeds have been wrought here and that the ground is holy. But no, — we

have been nourished in our childhood with pictures of the Arch of Titus overgrown with shrubbery and clinging vines; of the three fluted columns of the Temple of Vespasian lifting their heads in melancholy grandeur from heaps of broken frieze and ruined capitals. True, the arch is there; so, too, are the columns of the Temple of Vespasian and of Saturn and of Castor and Pollux, and the Arch of Septimius, and the Column of Phocas, but a painted wooden fence surrounds the Forum; the pick and shovel of the excavator have made a chaos of pits, crumbling walls, and rubbish heaps; red-trouserred soldiers patrol the Sacred Way and keep the marbles of the Basilica Julia from finding their way into the pockets of the too enthusiastic tourist. Yonder is a little modern sentry-box where you pay your lira, and go down to inspect the curiosities. It is a museum, interesting to the antiquary, but disappointing at first sight to one who has about him any trace of sentiment.

CHAPTER V.

THE FORUM

THE Forum of the legendary age was a swampy lowland upon which traders from the little Roman city on the Palatine came down and built a group of huts. Here they carried on a business of sale and barter with the Sabines from the Quirinal and with other neighbouring tribes. After the war with the Sabines, Romulus and Tatius are said to have met here and concluded their treaty of alliance and consolidation, naming the spot where it was ratified the Comitium (from *coire*, to assemble). Tullus Hostilius, the third king of the united people, raised a rude stone building upon one side of this Comitium as a meeting-place for the senators, and called the structure after his own name, the Curia Hostilia. The Tarquins drained the region by diverting into the Cloaca Maxima an unruly little river which





meandered here across the bog, and the Forum assumed its present shape, the open space measuring some 530 feet in length by 150 feet in width at the northwestern or Capitoline end, and 120 feet in width at the southeastern end. The shops and stalls which surrounded it gradually gave way to the more noble buildings of the republic, and later to the magnificent marble temples and assembly-halls of the empire.

We will make a circuit of the Forum, and pass in review the most interesting of the ruins which surround us. Turning first, then, toward the western corner, where we came down from the Capitoline, we mount the lofty platform of the Temple of Saturn, which here lifts its eight Ionic pillars high above the surrounding ruins, forming one of the imposing features of the ancient place. This temple has been twice rebuilt. The last restoration was probably made during the fourth century, and, like much of the other architecture of that period, was a patchwork affair. Some of the pillars are of red granite and some of gray. Their bases are not all alike. The sculptured frieze is evidently stolen from some other building.

But the temples which preceded it were doubtless of a purer order. The first of them was built here almost five centuries before Christ, when the Capitoline was still the Hill of Saturn and the Roman republic was in its infancy.

Just beyond the Temple of Saturn the Vicus Jugarius led west to the vegetable market, and beyond this street rose the majestic outlines of the great Basilica Julia, or Court of the Emperor, — now only a restored pavement with sundry fragments of pillars stretching in parallel lines along its surface. This was the largest and perhaps the finest of the buildings in this quarter. It was begun by Julius Cæsar and finished by Augustus upon the ruins of the old Basilica Sempronia of Gracchus. It was occupied by the high Court of Appeals under the emperors. Pliny the Younger describes an important trial held here, at which eighty judges sat upon the bench, while the most noted lawyers of the realm stood on either side arrayed for the prosecution and defence, and the great hall and galleries were scarcely able to contain the crowd which thronged them.

Beyond the Basilica Julia, the Street of the

Tuscans (*Vicus Tuscus*) led from the Forum around the Palatine to the Circus Maximus. Cicero, in his oration against Verres, says that this street was paved so badly that Verres himself, who was the contractor for the job, would never walk upon it.

While standing here we cannot fail to take note of the isolated column which rises before us in the middle of the Forum. It is the

“ . . . nameless column with the buried base ”

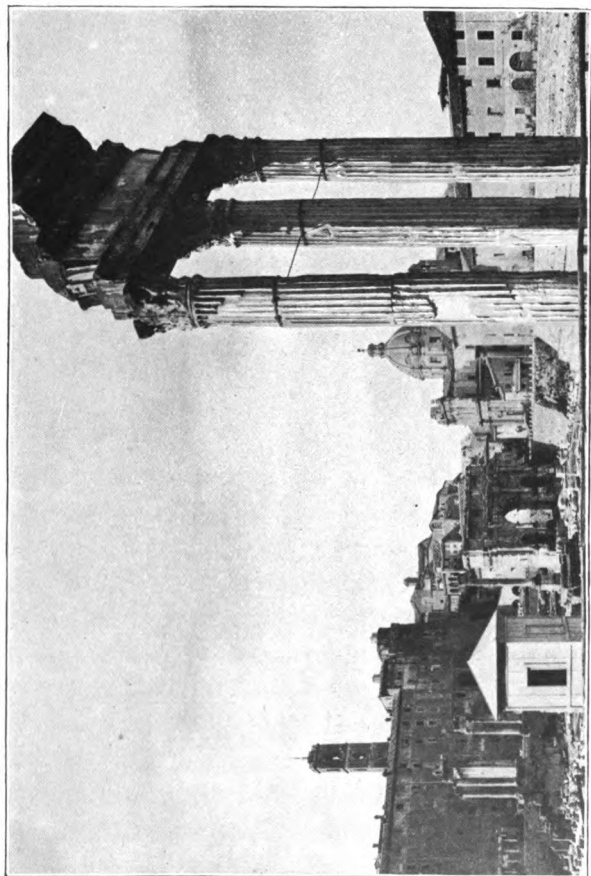
which Byron celebrates, though now no longer buried, and no longer nameless, since it has been excavated and an inscription found which reads: “ Zmaragdus has placed a gilt statue of his emperor upon the top of this lofty column.” The emperor referred to was Phocas, and the date 608 A. D., proving this to have been the last monument of any sort raised in the Forum before its abandonment during the Middle Ages. It is too good a column to have been made at that period, and was doubtless taken from some ruined temple.

Returning to the buildings upon the south side of the Forum, we see beyond the Basilica Julia, and just across the Street of the Tus-

cans, the three beautiful Corinthian columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, with their bit of ruined frieze still clinging to them. They are part of a restoration made in the decade before the birth of Christ. The original temple was then five centuries old, having been erected in the early days of the republic, to commemorate the fabulous visit of the twin gods and to render an acknowledgment of the help which they were supposed to have vouchsafed the Romans at the battle of Lake Regillus. When the victory had been won, the legend tells us, these celestial visitors hastened to Rome, announcing the tidings as they rode, and before departing stopped to water their steeds at the Pool of Juturna here in the Forum, just beside the little round Temple of Vesta.

“ When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta’s fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta’s door ;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.”¹

¹ Macaulay : “ The Battle of Lake Regillus.”



THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX

Cicero, in the oration against Verres, brings to light another bit of jobbery connected with the care of this Temple of Castor and Pollux, which might well have occurred under a modern city government in the enlightened twentieth century A. D. It seems that a certain L. Rabonius had been employed to take care of the temple and to see that it was kept in repair. Verres, then prætor of the city, was greatly incensed that so little money was being spent for the maintenance of an important public building, and arranged with Rabonius to take down a number of pillars and put them up again at an expense of 560,000 sesterces, which was to be divided between Rabonius and Verres. Such incidents as this seem to blot out the centuries that separate us from the past.

We have now reached the southern limit of the Forum as it appeared at the time of the emperors. The Forum of the republican period extended about two hundred feet farther, but this space—nearly one-third of the entire length of the Forum—was cut off by the construction of the Temple-tomb of Julius Cæsar, raised by Augustus upon the spot where Cæsar's body was cremated. In front

of it was the Rostra Julia, made in imitation of the older rostra at the other end of the Forum, and used by the emperors when they desired to address the people.

At this end of the Forum there stood in the days of republican Rome a line of booths or stalls, one of which, tradition tells us, was occupied by the butcher shop where Virginius slew his daughter. The guides go so far as to point out a bit of masonry which they insist are the remains of the identical stall.

“Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with
horn and hide,

Close to yon low, dark archway, where in a crimson
flood

Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of
blood.

Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it in his gown.

And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began
to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, ‘Farewell,
sweet child! Farewell!’”¹

Instead of completing at once the circuit of the Forum, we shall proceed to cover the

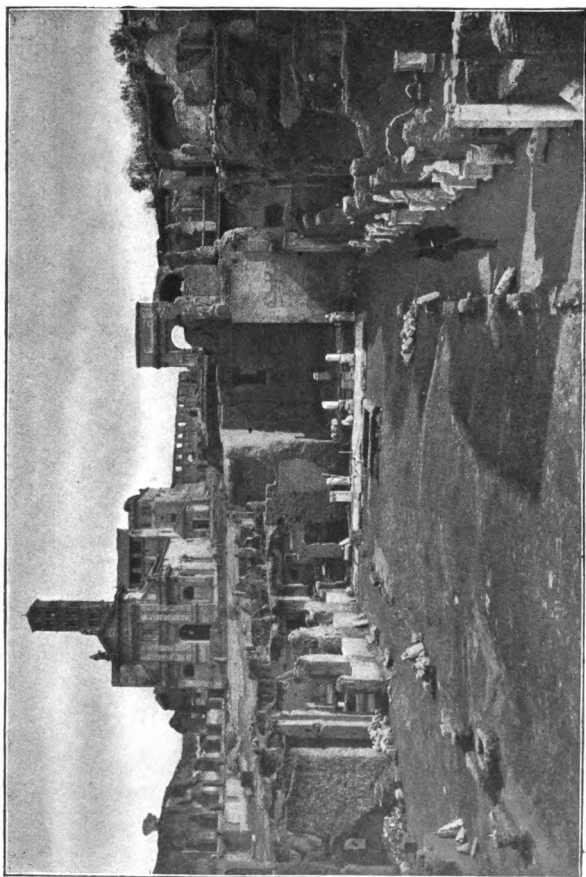
¹ Macaulay: “Virginia.”

entire rectangle formed by the excavations, continuing our walk as far to the southeast as the Colosseum. First, then, beyond the Temple of Castor and Pollux lay in ancient times the Pool of Juturna, or Curtian Lake, fed by a spring upon the side of the Palatine, and its overflow drained by a channel into the Cloaca Maxima, — a channel which in later times became covered and lost to view, but which by its erosion of the soil occasionally made its presence known in a somewhat startling manner. As late as 1715 an observer writes, “I remember to have seen in my early youth the ground open and sink into a chasm fifty cubits deep near the Three Columns, and a mass of water rush at the bottom of it.” One of these manifestations probably furnished the basis for the legend of Marcus Curtius, who, when the Romans were in great distress because of a portentous chasm which had opened in the Forum, — a chasm which the oracle had declared could be closed only by the sacrifice of a Roman youth, — mounted his horse and plunged into the gulf, yielding up his life and thus propitiating the gods, who immediately closed the abyss.

The new excavations which have been made since 1899, under the intelligent direction of Signore Boni, and which are still being pursued, have disclosed the Fountain of Juturna, walled in with masonry and lined with slabs of marble. Stone steps lead down into the rectangular basin, at the bottom of which lies the pool, still fed by its ever-living spring. Beyond this pool is a well with an inscription which tells us that it was consecrated to the nymph by Marcus Barbatus Pollio, and before it is a small altar, attesting its religious character. Beyond the well we find another little shrine, its front decorated with two marble columns, upon which rests an architrave.

The most recent of the discoveries in this neighbourhood is an opening in the pavement lined with twelve large stones, roughly sculptured, and, near at hand, an altar with a pit containing the remains of sacrifices. It is believed that this was the altar dedicated to Marcus Curtius, and that the stone-lined opening may have been fitted up at a later date and preserved as the mouth of the chasm into which he leaped.

The new excavations on this side of the



THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS

Forum have also unearthed the splendid remains of a church, which is identified by an inscription as that of Santa Maria Antiqua, established in an inner hall of the Temple of Augustus, and dedicated in the fourth century to the worship of the Virgin, as a sort of offset to the Temple of Vesta which stood just across the Nova Via.

But we are already wandering up the slope of the Palatine, and must leave that venerable neighbourhood for another ramble. Returning, then, toward the Forum and crossing the Nova Via, just mentioned, we come upon the House of the Vestals. This was the dwelling-place of the six priestesses who took care of the sacred relics and who kept the holy fire burning. Not being allowed to go abroad and be seen of men, they were given a large and airy dwelling, where they might have room and exercise. This central space in which we stand was the atrium, an open court surrounded by a two-story colonnade, or cloister, from which opened the various apartments, — those on the lower floor used probably for official purposes, and those above for bedrooms. The pavement beneath our feet and the outer

walls upon our right are double, containing spaces through which hot air was made to circulate, — for the Romans of the time of Hadrian, by whom this house was built, used furnaces to temper the chilly January winds, while their successors, at the beginning of this twentieth century A. D., sit in their cheerless palaces, and shiver until the sun comes out. The traveller who is unfortunate enough to visit Rome in winter is always impressed with the persistent way in which the people refuse to recognize the cold, and is lost in chilly admiration for the fortitude with which they refuse artificial heat upon a rainy day, and wait for the sunshine. The Vestal Virgins certainly enjoyed more “modern conveniences” nineteen centuries ago than do the Roman girls of to-day.

Amid these ruins were found a great number of honorary pedestals with inscriptions referring to the Vestals. Nearly thirty such inscriptions have been discovered here, besides several in other parts of the city. One of the most interesting is that referring to a Vestal of distinguished piety and virtue, whose name was erased from the pedestal because of some

great offence. Perhaps she broke her vows, or became converted to Christianity. We do not know. The inscription only tells us that, because of her purity, modesty, and remarkable knowledge of ritualistic and religious matters, the high priests erected to her this monument in the magistracy of Macrinus Sossianus, — but where her name once appeared is now a blank. “Ob meritum castitatis, pudicitiae, atque in sacris religionibusque doctrinae mirabilis ——— virgini Vestali maximae, Pontifices viri clarissimi, pro magistro Macrinio Sossiano viro clarissimo, pro meritis.” Prudentius mentions a distinguished convert to the Christian faith from among the company of the Vestal Virgins, and it is quite possible that this honoured woman was the one.

The ruined house with its beautiful fragments of frieze and capital and column, with its grave and silent statues of the Vestals ranged about it as if watching to see that we preserve inviolate the sanctity of their abode, makes us wish to linger, but we realize that the day is waning and that we have yet other ruins to explore.

The original Temple of Vesta is supposed

to have been built just to the north of this spot by Numa a few years after the founding of the city, and it was probably little more than a hut of clay and wood covered with a thatch of straw. The sacred fire was established here, and kept ever burning by the Vestal Virgins, though the temple was several times rebuilt around it. The last temple was of white marble, circular in design, and very beautiful. Nothing now remains of it except a shapeless mass of masonry which probably formed its foundations.

We need not stop to examine this ruin nor the Regia, the house of the high priest, which once lifted its exquisite white marble façade upon our left, still north of the Temple of Vesta. The Regia remained almost intact until the sixteenth century, and was sketched at that time by artists, but the rapacity of the papal builders of those times converted it into stone with which to build St. Peter's, and what could not be used for stone was burned to make lime. Nothing now remains of it save its crumbling foundations, and the celebrated inscriptions known as the Fasti Con-



THE COLOSSEUM, SEEN THROUGH THE ARCH OF TITUS

sulares, which we have seen in the Museum of the Conservators.

Turning now toward the Arch of Titus, which looms above the surrounding mass of ruins to the eastward, we observe between it and the House of the Vestals a partly excavated space which was occupied by the Arcade of the Pearl Dealers (*Porticus Margaritaria*), a building erected in the second century A. D., and devoted to the shops of goldsmiths, jewellers, perfumers, and florists. It was about the size of the House of the Vestals or the Basilica Julia, and was, hence, one of the largest buildings in the neighbourhood of the Forum. That portion of it which has been brought to light yields little return to the antiquary, for, like the Regia, it was almost razed to the ground by the spoilers of early modern times.

We have now reached the Arch of Titus, and, climbing out from the excavations to the level of the modern soil, we see, beyond the Arch, the Colosseum and the pink mass of brick and mortar which marks the site of the Temple of Venus and Rome. This Arch of Titus was built to commemorate the conquest

of Jerusalem, and is decorated with appropriate sculptures. On one side we see the emperor in his chariot drawn by four horses, slightly the worse for wear, but still in vigorous action; on the other side, the seven-branched candlestick and other holy Jewish relics, borne away to Rome by the conquerors in triumphal procession. This sacred candlestick had a checkered career after its seizure in the holy city. Brought to Rome and placed in the Temple of Peace, it was captured nearly four centuries afterward by the Vandals and taken to Carthage; then recaptured within another century by Belisarius and sent to Constantinople; then, as is supposed by some, restored to Rome, and finally lost in the Tiber, where the Jewish legend tells us it is still lying imbedded in the yellow clay, some time to be restored to its holy office, — when the Jews regain their lost estate and come into the possession of their kingdom.

It is not strange that the Jews whom Titus brought to Rome, driven as they were each morning from their filthy quarters in the Ghetto, past this monument which celebrated their degradation, to their daily task upon the

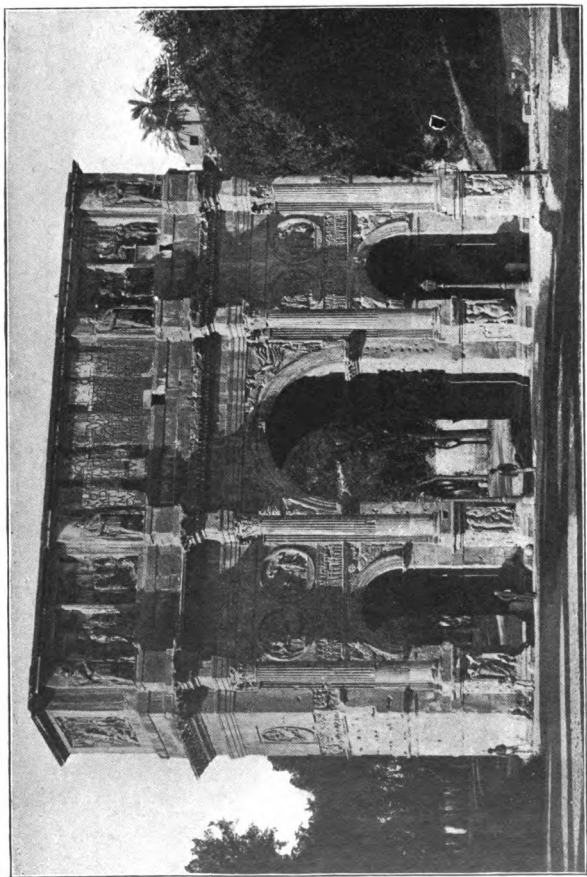
building of the Colosseum, — came to detest the arch so cordially that not one of them would pass beneath it except upon compulsion. Nor was their dislike made less when it was decreed by the Church that, upon the elevation of a Pope, the Jewish residents in Rome should decorate with tapestries and sumptuous hangings, at their own expense, this hated monument, beneath which the papal procession passed in its circuit of the city.

As we look back at the Arch of Titus, boldly outlined against the ruin-strewn slopes of the Palatine, we recall that just beside it stood the Temple of Jupiter Stator, which tradition says was vowed by Romulus to the Father of Gods and Men if he would but stay the flight of the Romans when the Sabine warriors were pursuing them. It was in this temple that Cicero thundered his first oration against Catiline when the arch conspirator appeared at a meeting of the Senate convened here in special session to consider his crime: "*Quo usque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?*" — Every one who has ever studied Latin remembers the first lines of it by heart.

We can proceed but a few rods farther east-

ward before we reach the end of the Sacred Way, with the Colosseum before us and the Arch of Constantine upon our right, spanning the modern Via San Gregorio. We notice before the Colosseum a peculiar conical mound of brickwork known as the "Sweating-goal." All sorts of theories have been advanced to account for this name. The most probable of them is that the "goal" was a fountain, shaped like the goal of the Circus, and emitting water through a great many small apertures, from which the old Romans conceived the idea of sweating. Seneca mentions this goal as a place where people were fond of trying new flutes and bugles, "making an unbearable noise." Perhaps there was a music store near by, in the Arcade of the Pearl Dealers.

The Arch of Constantine is a curious mixture of good and bad sculpture, the good pilfered from the Arch of Trajan on the Appian Way, the bad made to order by fourth-century stone-masons especially for this work. It is difficult for the uninstructed to see just how the statues of Trajan's Dacian prisoners above the columns of the arch, or the reliefs of Trajan's bear-hunt, can redound greatly to



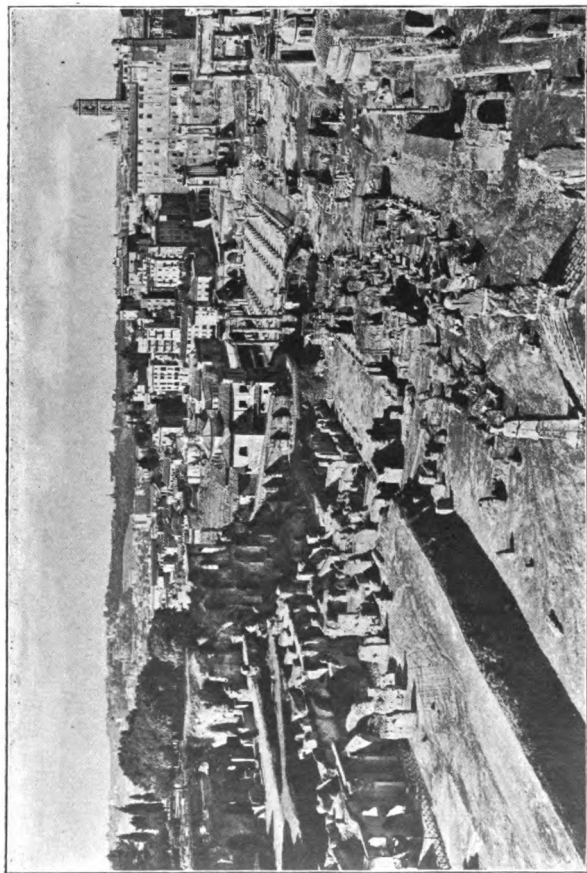
THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE

the glory of Constantine, but when we look at the later reliefs which represent Constantine in the act of doing various things, we cannot but praise the wisdom of the builders for using so large a portion of Trajan's cast-off sculptures, and only wish there had been enough of them to go around. After all, it makes little difference to us now which of the two emperors gets the most triumph out of this arch.

As there is not time to-day to explore the Colosseum, we leave that for another ramble and retrace the Sacred Way, examining the ruins which line its northeastern side. First, then, is the pile of masonry which was once the Temple of Venus and Rome. This great building — the largest in the neighbourhood of the Forum — was twice the size of the Julian Basilica, and extended from the Colosseum to the Arch of Titus. It was in reality two temples, back to back, one facing the Colosseum, the other the Forum. They were under one roof, and surrounded by a peristyle composed of granite columns six feet in diameter. The plans were made by Hadrian, and a story is told therewith which is worth repeat-

ing. Hadrian was something of an architect, and was quite fond of making his own designs for the great public buildings which were constructed under his reign. When he had completed his plans for the Temple of Venus and Rome, he submitted them to Apollodorus of Damascus, the greatest architect of his time, and asked advice. Apollodorus ventured to say that the foundations of the temple were not high enough, and that the statues were so disproportionately large that if they should wish to get up and walk out they would not be able to get through the doors. Hadrian was hurt, but he soothed his sorrow, in a measure, by having Apollodorus beheaded. It was never quite safe to be frank with a Roman emperor.

Upon the ruins of the western peristyle of the Temple of Venus and Rome, stands the seventeenth-century Church of Santa Francesca Romana. Let us climb to the tower of this building, for the view will well repay the effort. Looking toward the Capitoline, we now see the most interesting part of the ancient city spread out below us. This is on the whole a more comprehensive view than that which we gained from the opposite tower upon the



THE FORUM, FROM SANTA FRANCESCA ROMANA

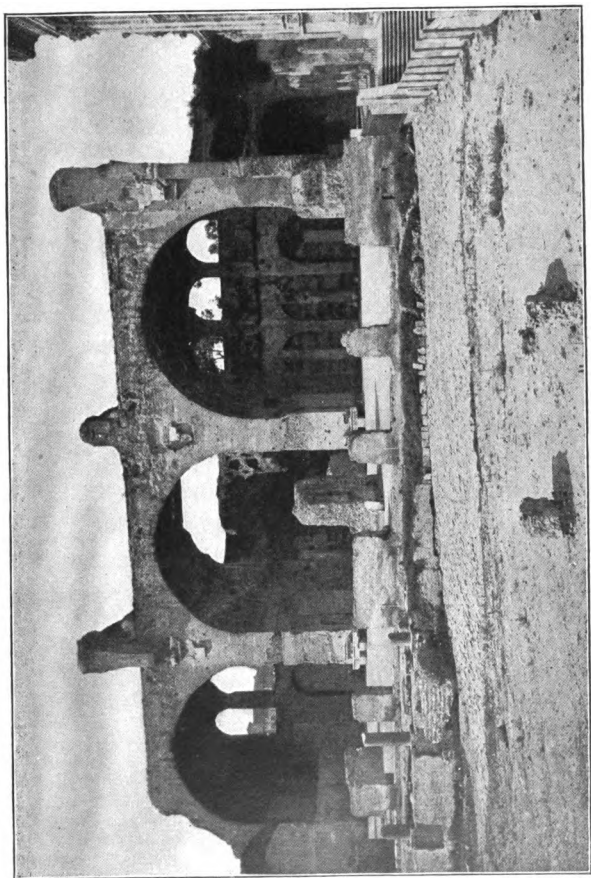
Municipal Building, though the one is the complement of the other. Just at our feet the Sacred Way, paved with rough blocks of stone, pursues its course toward the Capitoline Hill. It has already turned at the Arch of Titus, and resumed a northwesterly direction at the door of the Temple of Venus and Rome, beneath where we now stand. Upon its right, below us, are the Basilica of Constantine, the round Temple of Romulus, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina; the broken piers of the Basilica Æmilia and the platform of the Comitium; upon its left are the Arcade of the Pearl Dealers, the House of the Vestals, the Regia, the Temple-tomb of Cæsar, and the open Forum. At the farther end of the Forum it passes beneath the Arch of Severus, and turns eastward into the Clivus Argentarius.

This was the route which Horace took one morning when that pestilent fellow whom he has described in his ninth satire overtook him and fastened upon him, promising to spend the day with him. The poet resisted, made excuses, pleaded an engagement with a man who lived "a great way off across the Tiber, just by Cæsar's gardens." Excuses were in vain.

The fellow would go with him. Fuscus Aris-tius passes; and instead of helping his friend, laughs at his predicament and passes on, but beyond the Temple of Vesta the fellow's adversary at law luckily appears, and summons him to attend a case in the Julian Basilica. "Thus," says Horace, "Apollo preserved me." You can almost see the scene as you look down, and reconstruct in imagination the surroundings, — the temples, the Sacred Way, and the gay Roman crowd which filled it, while the great poet of the Augustan age strolls idly along, thinking out an ode to Mæcenas, until interrupted by this celebrity hunter, who is determined to get acquainted with the greatest literary lion of his times.

But how small the Forum seems! An open square, scarcely larger than a half-dozen city building lots, paved with slabs of travertine, and made to appear still smaller by reason of the space taken from it by the bases of a score of honorary statues!

We can see from this lofty vantage-ground more than the Forum and the Sacred Way. On our left rises the Palatine, girt about with the ruined arches of the Palace of the Cæsars,



THE BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE

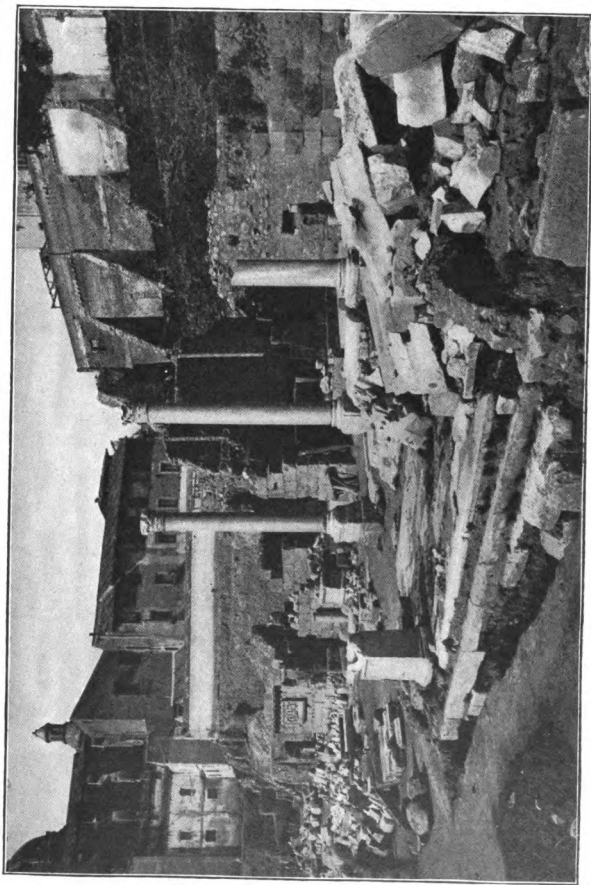
and crowned with gardens. In the distance, across the Tiber, swell the softly rounded outlines of Mount Janiculum, beautiful with its mansions and villas, while to the right upon the green edge of the Vatican Hill, visible just over the summit of the Capitoline, the dome of St. Peter's shimmers like an opal in the afternoon sun.

Descending again to the level of the Sacred Way, we find upon our right, rising nearly a hundred feet above the ground, the three great vaulted arches of the Basilica of Constantine, otherwise known as the Temple of Peace. They formed one side of a temple built by Maxentius, and appropriated by his conqueror, Constantine, just in time to add the finishing touches and give to it his name. Important buildings erected under the emperors, were generally, like this basilica, of solid masonry, the roof being simply an extension of the walls, upheld by the arch. We have seen the perfection of this in the Pantheon, and shall see it again in the great imperial Baths of Caracalla.

Beyond the Basilica of Constantine we find the odd, little round temple, or heroon, built and dedicated by Maxentius to his son Romu-

lus, a youth who bore the name, but not the attributes, of the founder of the city, and who died before his expectation of becoming an emperor could be realized. Behind it is the Temple of the Sacred City — *Templum Sacræ Urbis*. The two were connected in the sixth century, and dedicated to the worship of Saints Cosmus and Damianus, Christian physicians and martyrs. The Temple of the Sacred City, which was built by Vespasian, had two entrances, one upon this little street to the right, which separates it from the Basilica of Constantine; the other to the north upon the Forum of Peace, where it was decorated with the celebrated "Marble Plan" of Rome, the fragments of which we have already seen in the Capitoline Museum.

Passing a few unimportant fragments of masonry, we come upon another parasitic church, — that of San Lorenzo in Miranda, which inhabits the shell of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. The temple was erected during the life of the emperor Antoninus Pius, to the worship of his noble wife, Faustina, who died before her husband; and who, according to the good old pagan custom, was apotheo-



THE BASILICA ÆMILIA

sized and added to the company of gods and goddesses. When Antoninus had made his last voyage, with the grim boatman, he too was invited to join the company of the Roman deities, and his name was placed above that of his wife upon the portico of her temple. This deification has its amusing side and its touch of pathos as well. A respectable Roman emperor in those days was such a rare and beautiful thing that it is small wonder the people wanted to make a god of him.

Beyond this temple, the Basilica Æmilia, with its columns of Phrygian marble, faced the upper end of the Forum, while still beyond, and somewhat back, rose the Temple of Janus, whose doors were never closed except in times of peace, — which was seldom, indeed, in ancient Rome. The Basilica Æmilia is represented by a ruined wall of tufa, a line of columns, and a marble pavement strewn with fragments of frieze and capital, which have been laid bare by recent excavators.

Between this basilica and the Temple of Janus ran the street of the booksellers, the Argiletum, connecting the Forum with the Forum Transitorium. Horace, Martial, and

other Roman poets and writers refer to this classic locality, which was a rendezvous for the Roman *literati*. The booksellers were publishers as well, and often paid an author of note for the privilege of copying his book. The origin of the modern copyright thus dates back nearly twenty centuries, to the Roman publishers, whose slaves copied manuscripts on vellum, and who sold them here in this little street just off the Roman Forum.

A Roman volume was usually a long strip of parchment or papyrus closely written by the publishers' slaves, rolled sometimes upon sticks of wood or of ivory, and bound often with illuminated parchment. A less common form was the tablets, fastened together at the back, more like our modern book. Cicero writes to Atticus, the bookseller, asking him to send over two bookbinders with a supply of parchment upon which to engross in colours the titles of his books. The bookbinders were sent, and Cicero was so pleased with their work that he wrote to Atticus a letter of commendation, — a sort of testimonial as it were, which Atticus could hardly have suspected would be

read by American college youths twenty centuries after his death.

An average literary work required many volumes. A volume discovered in the Island of Philæ is eight feet long by ten inches wide, and contains between six hundred and seven hundred verses of the Iliad. The entire Iliad in this edition would thus require some forty or more volumes. Usually, however, a Roman volume consisted of a canto or a chapter.

The demand for books was very great. There were in Rome twenty-nine imperial public libraries from which responsible citizens were probably allowed to draw books as in our circulating libraries. Private individuals also had large collections. Sammonicus Serenus, the tutor of Gordian, had in his library sixty-two thousand volumes. Hence it will be seen that the Argiletum was the centre of a busy trade during the golden age of Roman literature.

Beyond the Argiletum, spreading out to the right, is the paved platform of the Comitium, somewhat higher than the Forum. The Comitium was, in fact, but an extension of the

Forum, having been reserved in the early days of the republic for civil and political business, while the Forum itself was made the people's market-place. Later, however, the markets were crowded out into fora of their own. In the midst of the Comitium stood the miraculous fig-tree of Attus Navius, the augur; around it were the statues of Rome's greatest citizens. It was the favourite haunt of the patricians, and formed an esplanade before the most important building of the Forum, the Roman Senate House, to which it naturally leads us.

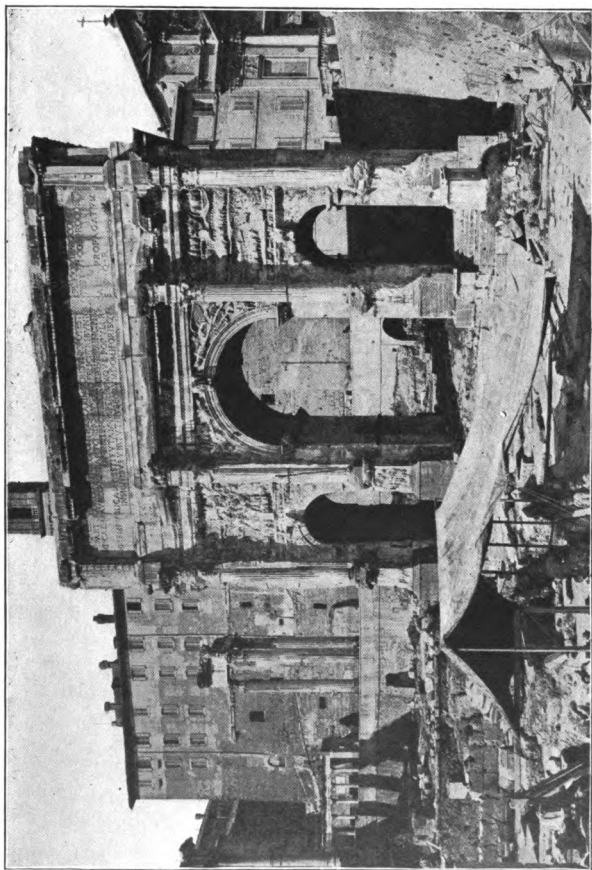
The importance of the Senate House lay not in any architectural beauty, for it was an unpretentious building, but in its historical and political significance as the birthplace of Roman law and the centre of Roman government. Mention has already been made of the first rude structure raised upon this spot by Tullus Hostilius, and called the Curia Hostilia. The Senators met there during nearly the entire republican period, seated upon hard benches in a hall warmed during the winter season only by the fitful sunshine that stole in through its southern door. In a civil brawl during the first century B. C., the building was burned by

the partisans of Clodius the tribune. After two attempts at rebuilding, followed by changes of plan, Julius Cæsar was commissioned to undertake the work. The building begun by him, under the name of the Curia Julia, was completed by Augustus, and used for three centuries by the puppet senators of the imperial government. It was destroyed in the fire of Carinus, rebuilt by Diocletian, and converted into a church about 630 A. D. Toward the end of the sixteenth century a Roman cardinal, Bonelli by name, conceived the idea of bisecting it, and thus making two churches of it instead of one. His street, the modern Via Bonella, runs through the midst, dividing the old building into the Churches of San Adriano and Santa Martina, which still stand on the edge of the recent excavations.

Across the Comitium, where it touches the Sacred Way, was discovered in 1899 a large slab of polished black marble, about nine by twelve feet in size, to which has been given the name of the "Black Stone" (*Niger Lapis*). Under it are a broken column, a pyramid inscribed with archaic Greek characters, a number of sacrificial remains, and two rectangular

piers, between which are an altar and a tomb. Boni, Lanciani, and other Roman archæologists believe these piers supported the two stone lions mentioned by Varro as standing over the Tomb of Romulus. The workmanship is old Etruscan, and the inscription upon the pyramid, while not entirely clear, seems to contain directions for the priests regarding the sacrifices. There is certainly ground for belief that we have found here what the ancients supposed to be the resting-place of the founder of the Roman city. It is at all events one of the very oldest of Roman memorials, and was held especially holy, as the sacrifices attest.

At the farther end of the Comitium, the Sacred Way, along which we have been wandering, passes under the Arch of Septimius Severus, — one of the landmarks of the Forum. It is rather too bad that of the four arches which once adorned the Forum — those of Augustus, Fabius, Tiberius, and Septimius Severus — the poorest of them is the one which has remained to our day. This Arch of Severus is imposing in the mass, but when we come to study the sculptures upon it, we shall see that they were the work of a third-rate



THE "BLACK STONE," AND THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

stone-cutter, who a century before would not have been allowed to make paving-blocks for the Roman streets. We will consider them more carefully when we take up the art history of Rome.

To the right of the Arch of Severus and at the northern corner of the Forum, beyond the churches which stand above the Senate House, we see another church, that of San Giuseppe de' Falegnami, under the shadow of the Capitoline. It is outwardly a quite mild and altogether ordinary church, but it covers the horrible dungeon of the Tullianum, established by Ancus Martius, fourth of the Roman kings, and used as the state prison of ancient Rome. It is perhaps better known to some by its mediæval name, the Mamertine Prison. At its bottom, twelve feet beneath the level of the Forum, water oozes through the walls, making the place damp and pestilential. Certain scholars advance the theory that this Tullianum was originally a well for the use of the garrison of the citadel just above it on the Capitoline, but that the water was found to be either unwholesome or insufficient, and was accordingly drained into the Cloaca. The well, they sug-

gest, was then roofed over with a heavy layer of masonry, leaving the small opening which we may now see, for the accommodation of the wretches whom the government thrust down to perish in the filth and darkness. Jugurtha, the proud Numidian king, went down into it, saying, with a shudder, "By Hercules, how cold is this bath of yours!" Lentulus, Cethegus, and others of the fellow conspirators of Catiline also descended into its noisome depths where they were strangled by a semiofficial ruffian employed by Cicero, then consul. Many a tale of crime and intrigue might be revealed if those dumb walls could speak. But we shall pass them by until we make our pilgrimage among the churches, — for over the Tullianum grew up a prison in which St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been confined at a later time, when they dared to preach the word of Christ in this centre of a pagan empire.

We have now reached again the north-western end of the Forum. This was occupied by three temples, dedicated respectively to Concord, to Vespasian, and to the Twelve Gods, — built close against the walls of the

Tabularium, which covered the slope of the Capitoline.

The Temple of Concord, rising behind the spot now occupied by the Arch of Septimius Severus, was built by Camillus, the dictator, to celebrate the passage of the Licinian laws and the conclusion of peace between patricians and plebeians. The peace, however, was but a truce and "Concord" an empty name. Some 250 years after the erection of the temple, Opimius, the patrician, brought about the death of Gaius Gracchus and three thousand of the plebs, whereupon he felt constrained to restore and rededicate this building. The plebs were greatly incensed, and an unknown wit changed in the night his inscription upon the portico, making it read "Discord raises this temple to Concord." Tiberius, another most discordant person, again rebuilt it, but nothing now remains save the platform of masonry on which it stood. Its marbles are scattered throughout a half-dozen Roman museums and its glory is gone forever.

Next to the Temple of Concord was the Temple of Vespasian, raised by Domitian to the worship of his deified father. The three

fluted Corinthian columns, with a corner of the frieze resting upon them, are a most beautiful ruin. Though somewhat similar in style to the three columns of Castor and Pollux, they are easily distinguished by being triangularly placed, forming the corner of a portico, while those of Castor are in a straight line.

The Temple of the Twelve Gods, or *Dii Consentes*, is the last of the buildings in our circuit of exploration. It is not strictly upon the Forum, but back from it in the angle made by the Temples of Vespasian and of Saturn. Here we find a colonnade extending along the wall of the Tabularium and obliquely across the square to the retaining wall of the Clivus Capitolinus, forming the front of a triangular building with a triangular court before it. At what time the first building was erected is a matter of some doubt, but the present remains date from the fourth century, when one *Prætextatus*, a wealthy pagan of the old school, who grieved to see the worship of the gods declining, got together an even dozen of them, six of each sex, gilded them, and enshrined them here in a vain effort to keep his countrymen from accepting Christianity.

There are a few more ruins at which we have not glanced in this brief survey. Here before us, at the foot of the steps which led up to the Temple of Vespasian, is one of the most interesting of the recent discoveries which have come to light as the result of Commendatore Boni's excavations. It consists of five little vaulted chambers, built after the manner known as "*opus reticulatum*," — prisms of tufa laid obliquely in imitation of network. This ruin is supposed by some authorities to be the original Rostra, detracting somewhat from the importance of the piece of masonry just behind it, which long received homage as the birthplace of popular oratory, but which these scholars now declare to be a later platform used by speakers in the times of the Flavian emperors. The newly discovered but more ancient monument corresponds with the relief upon the celebrated Lollia coin, — a relief, by the way, which has greatly puzzled archæologists, until its subject now comes to light and claims identification. From this platform, Cicero and Hortensius, the Gracchi, and Cato the Censor spoke winged words to the people, setting models for that argumentative

style of oratory which has ever since been known as forensic, — “of the Forum.” We are told that the structure was ornamented with six brazen beaks from the ships captured at Antium, — hence the name Rostra, “the beaks,” — but in the later days of the republic, it was adorned with other trophies far less innocent. The heads of the victims of Marius’s and Sulla’s proscriptions were here exposed to view, and finally the head and hands of the aged Cicero were ironically nailed by his murderers to the platform which had been the scene of his triumphs.

Between the older and the later Rostra, just at the corner of the Temple of Saturn, was the Golden Milestone of Augustus, upon which were engraved the distances of principal stations on the military roads. This monument is made historic as the nocturnal meeting-place of Otho and his fellow conspirators of the Pretorian Guard, when they put Galba to death and raised the chief murderer to the throne. The marble base is still discernible above the stones of the pavement. At the other end of the Rostra toward the Arch of Severus is the round base of another ancient finger-post, the

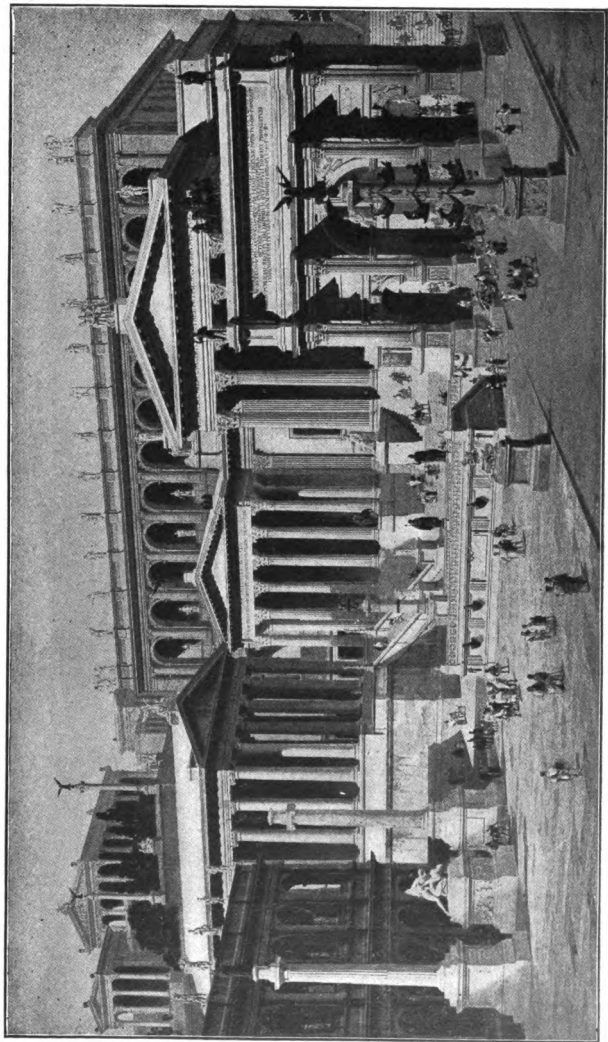
Umbilicus, which Diocletian raised to mark the centre of the Roman world.

The excavations that have been made in the Forum since 1899 have destroyed another illusion than that of the Rostra. A few years ago visitors were shown holes in the earth, near the Basilica Julia, which were said to descend into the Cloaca Maxima. True, there is here an ancient sewer, but it was built probably not earlier than the republican era. That really monumental creation of the Tarquins, mentioned so often in Roman literature, has been identified with a great channel descending from the Esquiline and crossing the Forum in the direction of the Vicus Jugarius. It is rudely but strongly built, of huge blocks of tufa squared with an axe, and seems in all probability to have been the sewer through which the ancient writers tell us a team of oxen and a load of hay could easily be driven, and through which Agrippa is said to have once made a journey in his barge. Fragments of archaic vases, sacrificial remains, and inscriptions in Greek and Etruscan characters prove the great antiquity of the structure.

Looking across the paved area of the Forum,

we may see beside the Column of Phocas a few broken pillars along the southeastern margin, which during the last decade have been raised again upon their bases, after perhaps ten centuries of neglect. The works which once adorned them are either destroyed or scattered among the museums. The bronze equestrian statue of Constantine or Domitian or Marcus Aurelius — no one seems to know with any certainty which of the three it represented — has also been wrested from its place near the centre of the Forum, and only a trace of its foundations are visible. The two marble Plutei, or screens, designed, doubtless, for some good purpose, and adorned with sculptures of sacrificial beasts and of a Roman crowd, are now interesting mainly for the various theories which have been manufactured to account for them. Whether a guard or screen before an altar, whether a gangway to keep Roman citizens from crowding when they went to vote in the Comitium, or whether something still other, is quite uncertain. We cannot reconstruct them, and can only guess what they were meant to represent.

The sun has been sinking behind the Pala-



THE ROMAN FORUM
(A Restoration by Professor E. Becchetti)
Courtesy of Ginn & Company

tine, and has thrown the Forum into shadow. We have become accustomed to the chaos which at first appalled us, and have been able to locate old landmarks which are dear to the heart of every student. Sitting now in the dusk upon a pile of masonry beside the House of the Vestals, we absorb the romance of the spot. The imagination sets to work, and out of these masses of brick and broken arches reconstructs the ancient temples, basilicæ, and palaces, with gilded roofs and marble façades, the statues, the fountains, the incense-breathing altars, and the shaded colonnades swept by the white togas of the Roman Senators.

The noonday sun is too bright to let fancy show us all that we should like to see, but in the dim twilight the ghosts of the buried past walk forth again. In front of those columns of Castor and Pollux yonder, the two mysterious horsemen bathe their steeds again in the Fountain of Juturna. By that crumbling mass of masonry which marks the shops of the Via Sacra, Virginius snatches again the blade that takes his daughter's life and saves her honour. At the farther end of the Forum rises once more the Rostra, and from its platform

Cicero speaks for the Manilian Law, or hurls his anathemas against Catiline.

But gradually a change comes over the scene. The Temple-tomb of Cæsar fills part of the space that had been the meeting-place of the Roman people. The great Basilica Julia overshadows it on one side, the Temple of Vespasian rises before it, the Palace of the Cæsars frowns down upon it from the Palatine, the Forum narrows with the narrowing liberties of the people, and instead of teeming with a busy multitude of free Roman citizens it is crowded with imperial arches and statues of deified emperors. The Pretorian Guards march grimly back and forth where once the tribunes spoke. Splendid processions, glistening uniforms, pomp and display attract the eyes of a people who have lost their souls. Force rules, Liberty is dead, and Corruption has sapped the foundations of ancient virtue.

Again the scene is changed. Long-haired barbarians are now thronging the Forum. Shaggy, blond beards, cold blue eyes, the bodies of giants and the hearts of tigers, — there is little hope for Rome when Alaric and his band of Goths have tasted blood. By night

the rude carts of the barbarians, lighted by blazing roofs, and piled with costly furniture and plate, are taking their way down the Via Sacra. They have gone, and with them passes the glory of the Forum.

The palaces and temples are in ruins. Three times has the Forum been swept by fire; again and again have floods from the Tiber left their deposits of yellow mud; dust has been blown hither by the winds; rains have washed down the soil from the slopes of the Palatine; refuse has accumulated, and the level is now thirty feet above the ancient pavement. The people still gather here to voice their grievances, but are scattered like dogs by the hired soldiery of the Colonna and the Orsini. Pillage, murder, rapine, are the daily order. The princely families quarrel with one another and butcher the populace. Rome is in chains. A light breaks for a moment as Rienzi breathes into these slaves thoughts of their glorious past, and makes them realize by his marvellous eloquence the heritage which their fathers have bestowed upon them. But in a few short months Rienzi pleads with them in vain. The same people who hailed him as their deliverer

stop their ears and rush on him with 'daggers because he has imposed a tax upon them to preserve their liberties. They have become paupers as well as slaves.

The air grows damp and chill. A white miasma rises from the mouldering masses beneath us, a miasma in which we see the ghosts of ancient pleb and senator, of imperial soldier and Gothic invader, of baron and monk and outraged citizen whose mingled blood has soaked this soil.

We turn suddenly as a trembling hand is laid upon our shoulder. A beggar stands there in the dusk with hollow eyes, and skinny palm stretched out for charity. "*Signore, datemi qualche cosa,*" whines the spectre. This is the modern inhabitant of the region. We leave him to his inheritance, and with a shudder start for our hotel, wondering if we have taken the Roman fever.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PALATINE AND THE ESQUILINE

IN our former excursions we have seen monuments of the empire, of the republic, and of the kings, but to-day we shall go back to the age in which Roman history loses itself in tradition, and visit the locality connected with the founding of the city.

Returning to the Forum, we look to the southwest toward the slopes of the Palatine. This was the hill upon which stood primeval Rome. Here, the legend tells us, Rhea Sylvia's twins, stranded by the subsiding Tiber, found shelter in the den of the she-wolf. Here Romulus, grown to manhood, built his wall and slew his brother Remus for jocosely trying to leap over it. To this place, when the Romans wanted wives, they carried off the Sabine women, and after the war which ensued had been satisfactorily fought out and the Sabines

had settled upon the Capitoline, the walls of Servius Tullius were made to include not only these two hills and the Forum lying between, but the five other elevations which made up the seven-hilled city, namely, the Aventine, the Cœlian, the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal, — the last three being properly not hills at all, but spurs from the higher table-land which lay to the east. Thus did the seven-hilled city come into being. Here on the Palatine, during the republic, Drusus, tribune of the plebs, Quintus Catulus, the consul, Catiline, Hortensius, Cicero, and other famous statesmen and orators had their homes. Here, during the early empire, under Augustus, was begun that wonderful accretion of palaces known as the House of the Cæsars, the Latin name of the hill, *Palatium*, being applied also to the imperial residence, and afterward to all houses of royalty. In our English word, “palace,” is thus embalmed a fragment of the history of the Palatine Hill. Tiberius and Caligula, Domitian and Septimius Severus, all added to the original palace, and each strove to outshine his predecessor in the magnificence of his building.



THE HOUSE OF CALIGULA AND THE PALATINE HILL

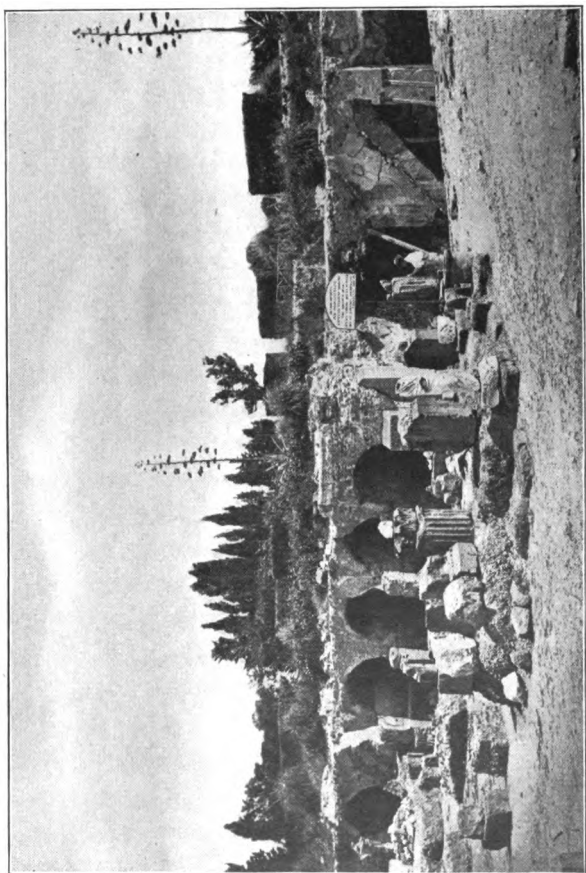
The Palatine and the Esquiline 185

These vaulted ruins which cover the north-eastern slope of the Palatine were the sub-structures of that portion of the palace raised by Caligula. They extended the available building surface of the hill to the very edge of the Forum, from which Caligula's walls rose perpendicularly to the height of the other imperial buildings upon the summit. Wandering among these great arches at the northern corner of the hill, we find the site of one of the original gates of Rome, the Porta Romana, in the Wall of Romulus. The chronological shaking-up to which we are subjected in examining Roman ruins is somewhat trying to the nerves, but the builders of the city when they did their work failed to regard the comfort of twentieth-century tourists, and we must take the ruins as we find them.

From the remains of the House of Caligula, we pass into the so-called Crypto-porticus, — a long and narrow passage connecting the part of the palace which we have just left with that erected by Tiberius. It was here that Caligula was murdered. Josephus tells us the story of this crime somewhat as follows: Caligula had spent the morning witnessing a series of

scenic plays which had been given before the palace. As the hour of noon approached, he retired within, passing through the several corridors which led to his private apartments, preceded meanwhile by his guard. Upon approaching this Crypto-porticus it occurred to him that a company of Asiatic youths who were in training for one of his theatrical spectacles were practising in a chamber to which it led. He therefore entered, leaving his guard, and talked for a time with the youths. As he returned through the Crypto-porticus, the conspirators, who had been watching for some such opportunity, advanced, and one of them, Cherea, the captain of the watch, asked Caligula the password. The haughty young emperor replied very profanely, and Cherea struck at him with a dagger, thus giving the signal to his confederates, who at once came up and finished the work. The conspirators fled through the corridor and concealed themselves in the House of Germanicus, into which it opened at the west.

This House of Germanicus is one of the best preserved specimens of a Roman residence which has come down to us. When Tiberius



THE HOUSE OF TIBERIUS AND THE TEMPLE OF CYBELE

The Palatine and the Esquiline 189

had succeeded in putting his distinguished nephew, its owner, out of the way, he incorporated it into his palace, but left its plan and arrangement practically unaltered. It is approached from the Crypto-porticus through a vestibule paved with fine mosaic. The vestibule leads, on the left, into the atrium, or hall, in which are the remains of an altar to the domestic gods. Beyond are three reception-rooms, and at the farther corner, upon the right, a narrow passage leading to the bath, bedrooms, and private chambers. In the central room of the three opening upon the atrium are several frescoes which are worth our careful study, but which we must pass until we revisit the place in following the course of Greek and Roman art.

Leaving the House of Germanicus, we climb to the present level of the ground. Here we find ourselves in the midst of a wilderness of crumbling masonry and broken columns. To the right are the substructures of Tiberius's portion of the palace; to the left are the fragments of the Temple of Cybele, in which the sacred meteoric stone, set into the face of a silver statue of the Great Mother of the Gods,

was worshipped with noisy demonstrations; a little farther on we find square blocks of tufa, said to belong to the Wall of Romulus. Farther to the left is a narrow and precipitous path leading down the hill toward the Circus Maximus, — a path which was once a flight of steps, — the historic Steps of Cacus. Part way down the steps you may see the original she-wolf's den, in which the twins were nourished. At least, this is the story which the guides tell you, and there is nothing to prevent your believing it, if you choose. You are also shown the spot said to have been occupied by the miraculous tree into which the spear of Romulus developed when he hurled it from the Aventine and it struck here, upright, ready at once to bud and blossom. Here, too, we are told, was the hut of Faustulus, the shepherd, who cared for Romulus and Remus, — a shanty which the Romans renewed and re-thatched every few years during the imperial period until the fourth century A. D., proving that human nature is the same in all ages and that the art of deceiving tourists was not unknown to the ancients.

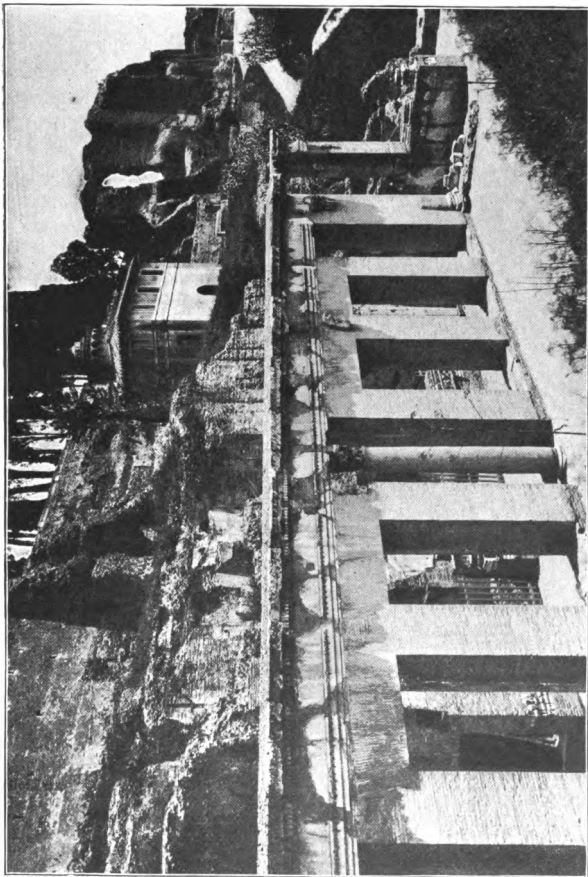
Turning from these doubtful memorials, we

The Palatine and the Esquiline 191

look back toward the House of Germanicus, from which we have just come. Beyond it and across what was once an open court, or Forum, — the Palatine Forum mentioned by ancient writers, — are the ruins of the House of Domitian, the peristyle of which was encased in polished black marble. It was a favourite resort of the emperor, because when walking there he could see as in a mirror what was going on behind his back, and consequently he felt at ease and free for a moment from the fear of assassination. Farther on and to the right is the House of Augustus, the first of the imperial buildings to be erected upon this hill. It contained, besides the official chambers and the private living-rooms, extensive libraries of Greek and Roman manuscripts, rare gems of art, a temple to Apollo, the portico of the Danaids and Shrine of Vesta, and lastly a tower where the first of the emperors was wont to retire when wearied with affairs of state, and from which he could see day by day the transformation of the city below him, which, as he said, he “found of brick and left of marble.” The palace was destroyed in Nero’s fire, and rebuilt by Domitian. Nothing

remains now but a few bare walls and two damp underground chambers.

On the southwest margin of the hill, adjoining the Palace of Augustus and overlooking the Circus Maximus, stood the Domus Gelotiana. This house was incorporated into the imperial property by Caligula, whose desire to be near the Circus, and whose close association with the jockeys of that day is well known. After his death a part of the building was devoted to a school for court pages, — the so-called Pædagogium, — and we now find upon the ruined walls inscriptions in Latin and Greek, scratched by schoolboy hands that have been dust for more than eighteen centuries. Two boys thus register their joy at leaving school, "*Corinthus exit de pædagogio. Marianus Afer exit de pædagogio.*" Corinthus is leaving school. Marianus Afer is leaving school. Another scratches a rude picture of a donkey turning a mill, and adds, "*Labora, aselle, quomodo ego laboravi, et proderit tibi.*" Work, little ass, as I have worked myself, and you shall be rewarded. Here also was found the caricature of our Lord now in the Kircherian Museum, — where the crucified Christ is



THE HOUSE OF GELOTIUS

The Palatine and the Esquiline 195

represented with the head of an ass, while a rude figure below kneels in an attitude of devotion. The inscription reads, "Alexamenos worships his god," — a coarse jest at the expense of some Christian youth who doubtless attended the school.

One of the most interesting of these *graffiti*, or scratchings, is not in the Pædagogium, but over in the Palace of Tiberius, which we passed but a short time ago. It is a comic head of Nero, made probably by one of the soldiers of the guard who were quartered there. The drawing is not very artistic, but the peculiar, ugly beard and thick bull-neck of the most detested of the Roman emperors are unmistakable.

From the House of Augustus we may now pass, through an opening in the wall, into the Stadium, or Hippodrome. This was probably laid out by Domitian as a garden, at the time when he was rebuilding the House of Augustus. Whether it was ever used as a stadium is questionable, but the bricks of which it is built represent several distinct periods, and it may have served different purposes in different ages. During the dark days when popes and nobles

were tearing down the monuments of ancient Rome to secure material with which to build their palaces, this enclosure was occupied by a horde of lime-burners and stone-cutters, whose sheds were discovered in the recent excavations. Another discovery — a melancholy one — was also made, — some thirty skeletons of young men buried under a mass of débris at the foot of the wall upon the right. The skulls and bones were many of them hacked, showing that they had died in battle, perhaps in one of those broils which were of so frequent occurrence during the Middle Ages.

We now come to the southern corner of the Palatine and pass under the arches which composed the House of Septimius Severus. This, like the House of Caracalla at the northern corner of the hill, was built out upon a mass of masonry which rose perpendicularly from the valley below. The double façade of the House of Septimius, forming this corner of the hill, must have been somewhat more than 160 feet in height, and the area covered by the substructure more than two hundred thousand square feet, — as much as one of our

largest city squares. It will be seen that this provided a valuable quarry for the popes and barons of mediæval Rome. The Septizonium referred to by early modern writers, but now destroyed and unidentified, may have been this front of the House of Septimius.

At the eastern corner of the hill, just north of Septimius's palace, we shall enter the beautiful vineyard and garden belonging to the family of the Barberini. We can well afford to spend a quiet half-hour among its foliage-bordered paths, enjoying the restful beauty of the scene, and forgetting for the time that we are pursuing the shades of dead emperors. Or, if we prefer not to forget the historic associations of the place, we may feel sure that the emperors themselves also strolled here nineteen centuries ago, as we do now, — for the Vigna Barberini covers the site of the Gardens of Adonis, which were the imperial pleasure-ground of the Palatine.

We have now finished our examination of the Palace of the Cæsars, — a house sufficiently magnificent for all the line of Roman royalty except the exaggerated Nero, who felt that he needed a dwelling more fit for his exalted

person, and accordingly built the Golden House, stretching it from here across the southeastern end of the Forum and up the Quirinal, where we shall soon find a few of its remains.

Let us now descend again to the Forum and walk to the eastern end of the Sacred Way. Turning here to the left, and halting with the Colosseum on one hand, and the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Rome upon the other, we find beneath our feet traces of a brick pedestal which Hadrian built when he moved Nero's Colossus hither. The Colossus was 120 feet in height, and was originally set up by Nero about a hundred yards west of where we are now standing, in the vestibule of the Golden House. When the house had been pulled down, and Hadrian was about to build upon a portion of its site the Temple of Venus and Rome, the Colossus, still upright and supported upon a movable scaffold, was drawn by some two dozen elephants to this spot, and placed upon the pedestal over which we are now standing. It had been decapitated soon after the death of its human — or perhaps I should say inhuman — model, and a head of the sun-

god had been substituted, — probably a very desirable change both from an artistic and moral standpoint, — but a little later the sun-god, too, was forced by Commodus to part company with this interchangeable body, and another head not much better than Nero's — Commodus's own — took its place.

The Golden House of Nero, as already suggested, occupied all this space covered afterward by the Colosseum, the Temple of Venus and Rome, and various other great imperial buildings, extending far up the Oppian spur of the Esquiline to the gardens of Mæcenas. It was in reality a park, a square mile in extent, surrounded by triple porticoes, or colonnades, and containing buildings of whose magnificence it is difficult for us to form any adequate conception. Suetonius gives us a hint of it when he tells us that some were covered with gold and adorned with jewels and mother-of-pearl; that the vaulted ceilings of the supper-rooms, inlaid with ivory, were made to revolve, scattering flowers and a faint spray of perfume upon the guests; that the ceiling of the state banqueting-hall, also of ivory, represented the heavens, adorned with stars, and

that it revolved day and night to show the movement of the planets. He also speaks of vineyards and pastures, of woods teeming with game, of "a lake which was like to the sea, and buildings which were like to a city." There were gardens, too, filled with rare exotics; there were sulphur baths supplied from the springs of Albula, and sea baths supplied from the Mediterranean. There were statues almost without number, rare works of art from the Greek masters and portrait busts modelled by the reigning sculptors of the time. No fairy palace described in Eastern fable could surpass in luxury this wonder-house of imperial Rome. Suetonius tells us that Nero, when he at last took possession of it, remarked that he had "now a dwelling fit for a man." But this gilded palace was defiled by such revels as only Nero could conceive, and such as there is no excuse in this twentieth century for any one attempting to describe.

Passing above the Colosseum and up the Via Labicana we turn into a gate upon our left, pay our *lira* to a suave porter who speaks very bad English, and are shown a mass of ruins which represent the principal building of the

Golden House. These chambers, now half-buried under the accumulated soil and rubbish, are unquestionably the halls in which Nero walked and plotted crime. They were visited by Raphael and Giovanni da Udine early in the sixteenth century, and were then found to be decorated with fanciful frescoes, which the discoverers called "*grottesche*" because they were found in these underground chambers, or *grotte*. Our English word "*grotesque*" thus has its origin. They furnished the inspiration for Raphael's decorations of the Loggie of the Vatican. Now, alas! time and dampness have almost destroyed them.

It is impossible to trace with any certainty the plan of Nero's house. After the tyrant's death, Titus, and later Trajan, incorporated this portion of it which we are now visiting into their baths, — Trajan using it as a sub-structure for one of his large halls and inserting additional walls to make sure the support of the chamber above. It is difficult also to distinguish clearly the remains of Trajan's baths from those of Titus. Remains of the three structures are found cropping out of the soil all over the Villa Field, which at present

covers the ruins. We need not attempt to reconstruct the baths of either of these emperors, for we shall see, a little later, in the Baths of Caracalla, a better preserved specimen of a building very similar in design.

Passing through the Villa Field, whose shady walks are most grateful after the heat of the public thoroughfare, we find among other ruins the remains of a magnificent reservoir now known as the *Sette Sale*, consisting of a series of chambers connected by openings, and used for the water-supply of the Golden House, the Baths of Titus, and the Baths of Trajan. Here was found buried the Laokoön, that wonderful work of decadent Greek genius, also the granite basin of the Belvedere, and a great number of other works of art.

This villa in which we are now strolling was once a part of the celebrated gardens of Mæcenas, where Virgil and Horace were wont to sit with their friend and patron discussing Roman agriculture and Greek poetry over their "*pocula Massici*." But a stone's throw to the eastward, close beside the Wall of Servius Tullius, was Mæcenas's audience-chamber. Let us go thither, and at the crossing of the Via

The Palatine and the Esquiline 203

Merulana and the Via Leopardi we shall find a fragment of ruin which calls up all the intellectual greatness of the Augustan days. Here Virgil may have read the Georgics to Mæcnas and his guests. Here Horace, perchance, recited his First Ode, —

“ Mæcnas atavis edite regibus,” —

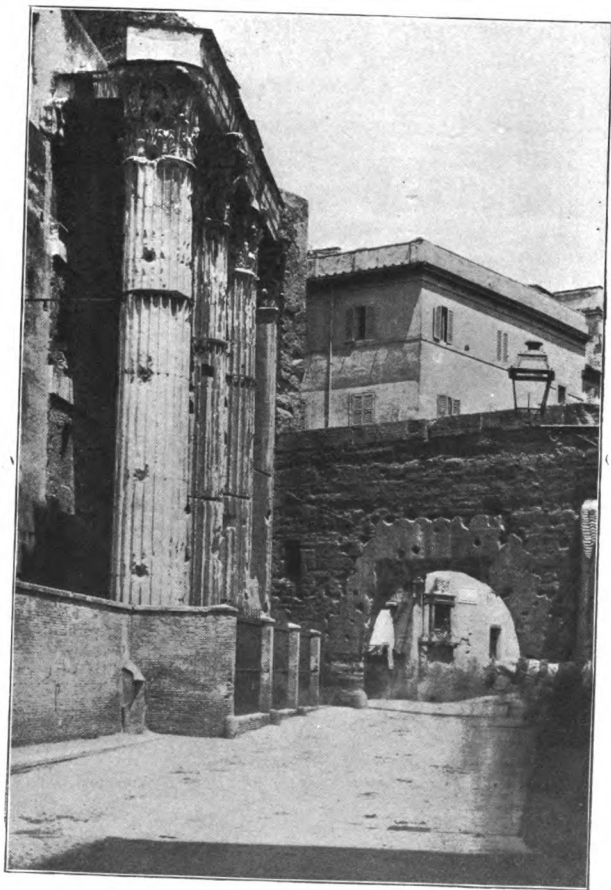
which is familiar to every college youth the world over. If these walls could give back the voices which once fell upon them, we might hear the best of the golden age of Roman literature.

Passing down one of the new streets which have been cut through this quarter, and turning to the left into the narrow Via de San Lucia in Selci, we pass the spot where Servius Tullius is said to have been murdered and where his daughter Tullia rode in her chariot over the dead body, — “ from which circumstance,” says Dionysius, “ the street was called the wicked street ” (Vicus Sceleratus). This leads us into the Via Leonina, nearly identical with the old Subura, which was one of the noisiest and most disreputable thoroughfares

of the ancient city. Juvenal tells us that he would rather live in the Island of Procida than in such a rowdy neighbourhood.

We are now at the entrance to the Forum of Augustus, which was separated from the low quarter of the Subura by a wall, still standing and well preserved. As we pass through the ancient archway we come full upon one of the finest ruins in Rome, — that of the Temple of Mars Ultor, erected by Augustus in fulfilment of a vow made by him before the Battle of Philippi, and ordained as a receptacle for the trophies of victorious generals as well as the meeting-place of the Senate when deliberating upon the conduct of wars. Pliny calls it one of the most perfect works ever made by the hand of man, — and as we look at these three beautiful Corinthian pillars with their entablature, we can well believe that he was not far from the truth in saying it.

The Forum of Augustus was distinguished as a sort of out-of-door, military sculpture-gallery, the surrounding wall having a series of recesses which contained the statues of victorious Roman generals. The Senate voted the erection of these statues as a reward for



THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR

The Palatine and the Esquiline 207

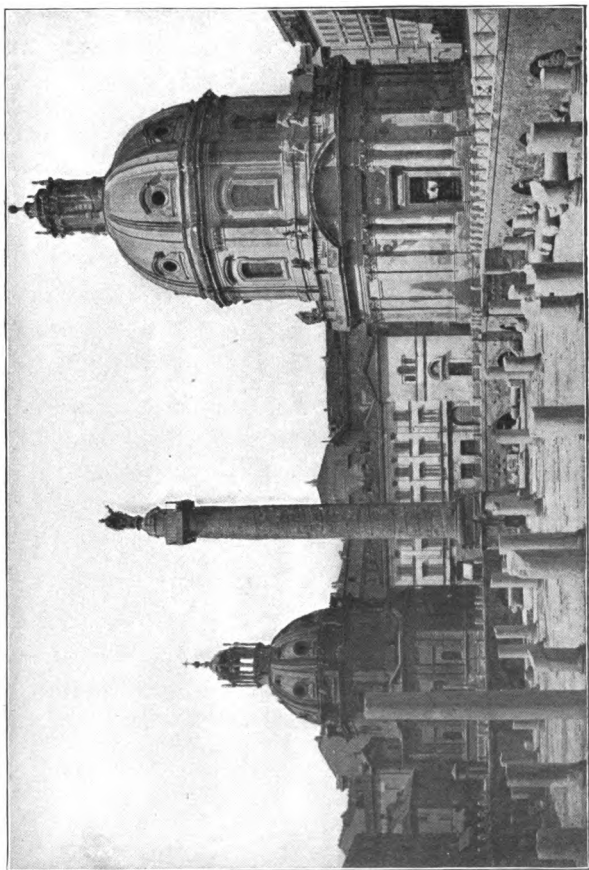
distinguished service, and it was the ambition of every Roman warrior to see his statue some day in the Forum of Augustus. A section of the wall was laid bare in 1888, showing the niches where these statues stood.

This forum lay between two other fora, that of Julius Cæsar, on the west, and of Nerva (also called variously the Forum Transitorium, Forum of Domitian, and Forum of Minerva) on the south. Cæsar's Forum, or the Forum Julium, was intended to relieve the congestion in the original Roman Forum (Forum Romanum) as the population of the city increased. In it was a temple to Venus Genetrix, which has been twice discovered and located, but has been reburied under modern buildings. The Forum of Minerva was simply a broad and beautiful street, lined probably on either side with a colonnade and adorned with numerous statues. It was connected with the Forum Romanum by the Argiletum, or street of the booksellers, of which mention has already been made. A Temple to Minerva stood here, and a fragment of it still remains half-buried in the accumulated soil. It is as pretty a bit of ruin as one could wish to see, but its

sanctity as a temple has been desecrated. A very dirty wine-shop is now sheltered beneath its columns, and Bacchus seems to have supplanted Minerva as the presiding deity of the place.

To the northeast, a little beyond the Forum of Augustus, we shall find the Forum of Trajan, with its melancholy rows of broken columns and its frieze-wound monument, — a veritable graveyard of a place, though it was once one of the most magnificent squares of imperial Rome. The excavated space is but a small portion of the entire forum, which was more than a thousand feet in length and about six hundred feet in its greatest width, — perhaps the equivalent of four average city squares. It contained an open court, or forum proper, surrounded on three sides by a double colonnade, while upon the fourth stood a basilica. Beyond this rose Trajan's Column, flanked on either side by libraries, and still beyond, a temple. The whole enclosure was entered through a triumphal arch.

Not only was this forum a magnificent architectural achievement; it was an engineering triumph as well, for it represented the levelling



THE FORUM OF TRAJAN

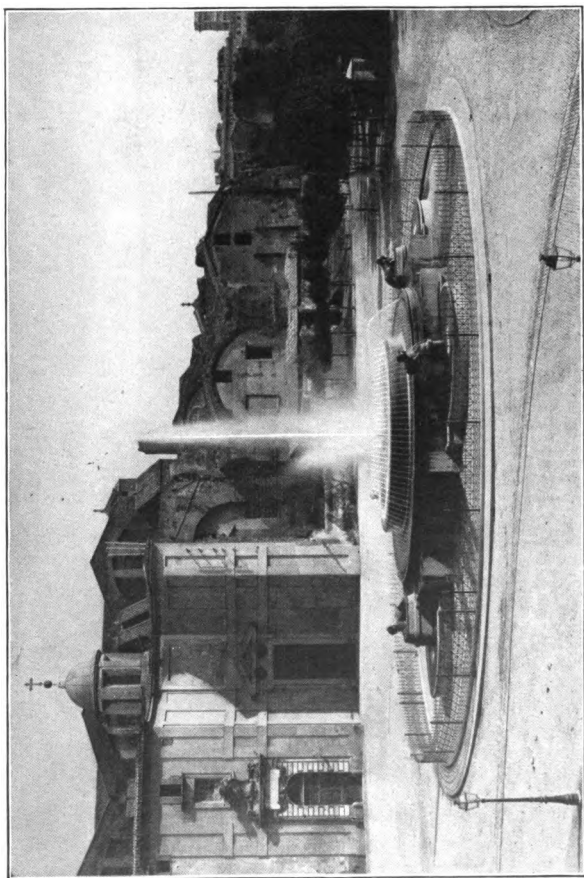
of a mass of earth which stood as high as the top of Trajan's Column, — 128 feet above the pavement of the forum. The Capitoline was probably not always an isolated hill, as now, but was connected by a ridge of land with the Quirinal, to the northeast, — a ridge which cut the city into two parts, accessible one from the other only by a steep and narrow street, the Clivus Argentarius, or by a round-about route between the Capitoline and the Tiber. Trajan's plan was to cut a passage through this ridge, and the result of it was this magnificently arranged public square. The column formed the model for the Column of Marcus Aurelius, which we have already seen. It is, however, a better piece of work, and its sculptures tell of a higher period of art. Trajan's statue once stood upon its summit, but as Marcus Aurelius gave way to St. Paul, so Trajan was made to yield to St. Peter, and the Fisherman of Galilee now crowns the sculptures of Trajan's Dacian victories.

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUIRINAL, THE VIMINAL, AND THE VILLA BORGHESE

WE will stroll this morning down into the Piazza Barberini and surrender ourselves to one of those vociferous cabmen who stand ever ready to seize and abduct the unprotected foreigner. Our captor has a rusty-looking vehicle, and a still more rusty horse, but as he clearly has us and resistance seems vain, we step into the carriage and tell him to guide his steed toward the Baths of Diocletian.

A short ride through a series of very modern thoroughfares brings us into the Piazza delle Terme near the railway station. Our Phœbus shouts, "*Ecco! le terme di Diocleziano!*" and adds, thinking we may not have understood him, "Ze baz Dioclete." The only bath apparent at first glance is a modern elec-



THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN AND SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI

tric fountain girt about with one of those iron fences which Ruskin has described as useful for drunkards to lean against. But, — yes, — in the background we see two great Roman arches walled with brick, affording storage in these latter days for hay, grain, and other useful commodities quite foreign to the purpose which Diocletian had in mind when he constructed the edifice. Other arches are concealed beneath that clumsy church façade which Michelangelo is said to have designed, — a claim which we trust some modern scholar may be able to disprove, for it is really unjust that all the bad Renaissance architecture in the city for which no parent can be found should be “attributed to Michelangelo.”

But if the church is insignificant without, it is most impressive within. This vaulted ceiling hears no longer the tinkle of the fountains and the murmur of a Roman crowd, but in its quiet, dim seclusion seems to have renounced the pleasures of the world, and, like the monks who used to wander in the neighbouring gardens, to have given itself to a life of holy meditation.

In the old convent adjoining the church is

the Museo delle Terme, devoted to the antiquities which have come to light during the more recent excavations. This collection contains two very important series of inscriptions. One series was found in the sacred grove belonging to the Arvales, a mystic brotherhood which existed for several centuries and included in its membership some of the most prominent citizens of Rome, including emperors and nobles. The inscriptions relate to certain rites of the order, and range from the time of Augustus to that of Gordianus III., 241 A. D. Beginning, as they do, at about the point where the *Fasti Consulares* end, they furnish to the historian data of exceeding value. The other inscriptions referred to are upon two large pillars found by the Tiber near the site of the *Pons Triumphalis*. They relate to the *Ludi Sæculares*, or Sacred Games,—one to the games celebrated in 17 B. C. under Augustus, and the other to those under Septimius Severus. The inscription regarding the Augustan games is of particular interest to us because it gives directions for the initial presentation of Horace's "*Carmen Sæculare*," which the poet had just written for this occa-

sion at the invitation of the emperor. The inscription specifies that the "Carmen" is to be recited by twenty-seven boys and an equal number of girls, all of patrician rank, and gives us a very clear idea of the importance which was attached to its first rendition as well as of the honour which it brought to its gifted author.

Here, too, are the Ludovisi sculptures, including the magnificent head of Hera (see page 146, Vol. II.), the Seated Mars, the Merope and Æpytus, or Orestes and Electra as it is sometimes called, and the Gaul slaying self and wife in order to escape capture.

Adjoining these gardens, in a fine old house, — once the Casino of the Villa Negroni, but now destroyed, — was spent the boyhood of Marion Crawford, the novelist, who has done more than any other man to interpret the romance which hovers about the Roman city, — a romance which every lover of the place must feel, but which none other has put so felicitously into words.

We emerge from the old garden into the piazza, reëmbark with Phœbus, and rattle past the railway station over the modern Via San

Martino to the site of the ancient Pretorian Camp, at the northeast corner of the city. The camp is about a quarter of a mile square, and is enclosed with walls, — the farther one of which is the Aurelian Wall of the city. The camp was entered through the triumphal arch of Gordianus. The northeast corner of the quadrangle still shows an impressive mass of ruined masonry, under the shadow of which the savage defenders of the city, from the days of Tiberius to those of Constantine, took their ease, drank their wine, and plotted treason. It was here that when the Pretorians had murdered Pertinax, the empire was set up at auction, and after fast and furious bidding was knocked down to Didius Julianus upon payment by him of twenty-five hundred sesterces to each of the twelve thousand soldiers who composed the guard. His imperial title thus cost him the equivalent of about twelve million dollars. It also cost him his life after a reign of only sixty-five days. On the whole, it was not a profitable investment for Didius.

We now return through the new quarter, passing the huge modern Treasury building, which has been nicknamed "the public debt."

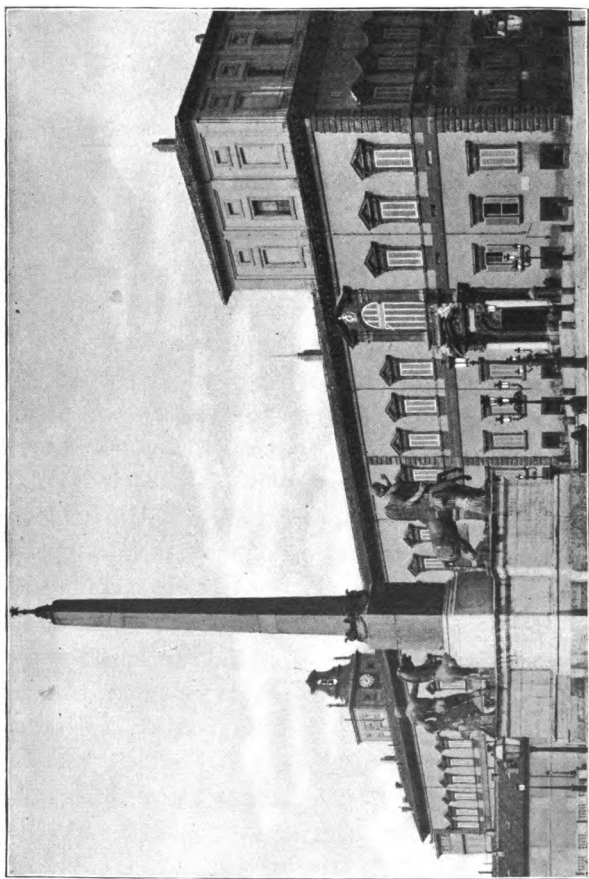
Quirinal, Viminal, and Villa Borghese 219

It is a witness of the struggle of modern Italy to appear important. Almost a thousand feet in length, and covering more space than either the Colosseum or St. Peter's, it stands there, a monument to the folly of its builders. The nation's debt was increased by millions of dollars, in order to erect it, and the result is an enormity which is as useless as it is ugly. All the business of the department could be transacted easily in one-twentieth of the space which it covers.

This great vulgar emptiness, with the streets surrounding it, and the stuccoed blocks of modern buildings which rise, wan and ghastly, like a fungus exhalation, cover the ground where once bloomed the Gardens of Sallust, and where later the villas Massimo and Ludovisi, with their shaded walks and terraced slopes, invited the traveller to stop and linger. The desecration brought its own punishment, for the plan to rival the Parisian boulevards did not turn out well, with merely stucco and unstable credit as a basis, and financial ruin followed. The old Latin fable, which describes the sad experience of the frog who would be an ox, here finds a modern application.

Some twenty feet up from the Via Ludovisi, and not far from the Pincian Gate, stands a fine specimen of an eighteenth-century casino, which is doubly interesting to Americans as the home of the American Academy. The Academy was organized in 1897 to give special opportunities for study and training to art students who have exhibited unusual talent in the art and technical schools of America. It follows the plan of the French Academy of the Villa Medici and the German, Spanish, and English art schools in Rome, except that as yet it receives no government aid at home, being supported entirely by private funds. No more attractive spot than this Casino dell' Aurora could have been selected as its site. We will stop long enough to enjoy the magnificent view of the city, which here spreads out before us, and to see the ceiling frescoes by Guercino which are within.

From the Casino dell' Aurora it is but a short distance to the Palazzo Margherita, in the heart of what was once the Villa Ludovisi. It was erected with money received from the sale and destruction of the ancient gardens, and is only interesting to us because of this



THE QUIRINAL PALACE

Quirinal, Viminal, and Villa Borghese 223

circumstance. The Prince of Piombino, who had acquired the magnificent estates, sold them for building lots in 1884, and erected this building, then known as the Piombino or Boncompagni Palace, upon a fragment of garden that he still retained. Here for several years were kept the celebrated Ludovisi sculptures, now in the Museo delle Terme. But the prince soon lost his ill-gotten wealth, was obliged to dispose of his new palace and his sculptures, and fell from a proud rank to a position of absolute poverty. The palace is now occupied by the Queen Dowager Margaret.

Phœbus now takes us down the broad Via del Quirinale, which is upon the ridge of the Quirinal Hill. It opens into the Square of the Quirinal, or Monte Cavallo, so named from the marble horses, held by two youths, — found in the ruins of the Baths of Constantine and placed here to adorn the palace of Pope Sixtus the Fifth. Sixtus built the Quirinal because he loathed the close air of the Vatican and longed for a spot where in hot weather he could find a breeze and an outlook. Both these were obtainable here on the point of the Quirinal, and his good sense is certainly to be com-

mended. The Quirinal was never the official palace of the popes, but was occupied by them as a summer residence as late as 1870. It then passed into the hands of the new Kingdom of Italy, and became the royal palace.

Without, it is not particularly attractive; within, it is much like other royal palaces, — somewhat stuffy, overloaded, elegant, and oppressive. If you like that sort of thing you may visit the throne-room, and see the jewels, but after getting the imagination adjusted to the houses of Augustus and Tiberius and Domitian and the Golden House of Nero, this modern palace seems tawdry enough.

Another person than Sixtus seems to have sought pure air upon the Quirinal. Crawford quotes from Baracconi a letter written by the father of the poet Tasso to Tasso's mother, when the poet was but a child. It was written in July, and reads:

“I do not wish the children to go to the vineyard because they get too hot, and the air is bad there this summer, but in order that they may have a change I took steps to have the use of the Boccaccio vineyard (the Villa Colonna), and the Duke of Paliano has let

me have it, and we have been here a week, and shall stay all summer in this good air."

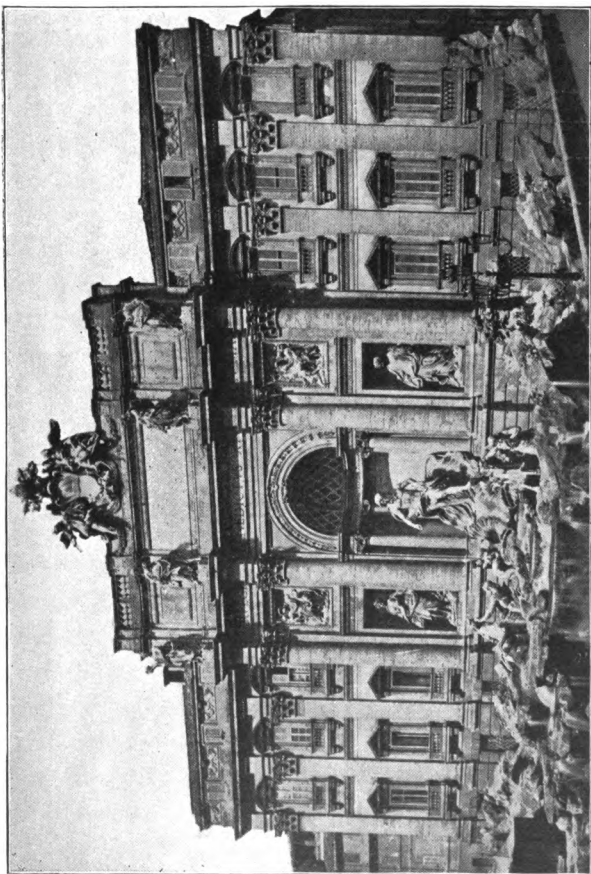
At the lower end of the piazza stands the Rospigliosi Palace, owned at one time by Cardinal Mazarin, and sold to the Rospigliosi family during the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was built amid the ruins of the Baths of Constantine, and contains treasures of art, among which are fragments of sculpture and fresco from the baths, also Guido's *Aurora*, and several paintings by Domenichino.

If it is Wednesday we may gain admission to the palace, and also to the Colonna Gardens, the entrance to which is just across the street. In the latter are fragments of Vespasian's splendid Temple of the Sun, erected by the conqueror of Palmyra to give the Romans a taste of Oriental magnificence. It stood upon the brow of the Quirinal facing the Campus Martius, and was approached by a marble staircase from the city below. The columns which supported it were nearly seventy feet in height, and the pediment was a hundred feet above the doorway. Fifteen thousand pounds of gold is said to have been used in its decoration, besides countless pearls and precious stones. This

fragment of cornice which lies in the garden may have been a part of the temple, though some think it belonged to the Baths of Constantine. Whichever it was, we can get from it a more vivid impression of the triumphs of imperial Roman architecture than we could gain from the most elaborate reconstructions and most accurate measurements. It is said to weigh a hundred tons.

But there are other memories than those of Aurelian and Constantine, lingering about these gardens. We are in the Rome of the Popes and the Barons, for this was the seat of the princely family of the Colonna, whose feuds and warfare form so large a part of the history of the mediæval city. The massive tower of their fortress, still standing near, is a mute witness of those terrible days, while the palace below, which was built by them in the beginning of the Renaissance, and the Church of the Holy Apostles, adjoining it, tell of a time slightly less brutal, but still full of dark deeds. But we shall speak later of those days.

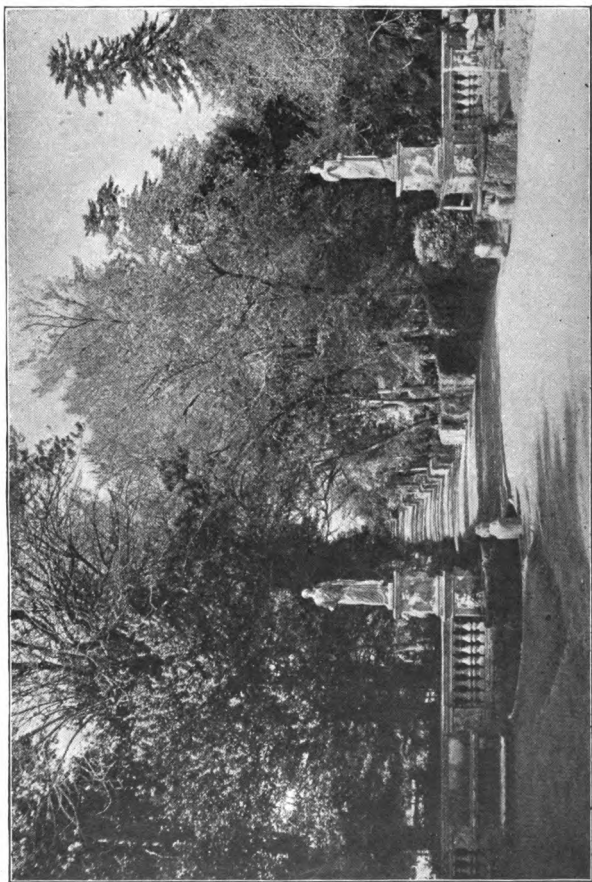
On our way back to our hotel we ask Phœbus to drive past the Fountain of Trevi, which



THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI

of the Spring, rocks, shells, and sea monsters, over and out of which the water flows in rills and fountains, filling to the brim a great stone basin which surrounds the whole. When you leave Rome you will probably visit this fountain at the midnight hour and drop a coin into its depths. This ensures your return at some future time, and is a harmless and quite delightful bit of romance in which all classes of travellers indulge, — generally concealing the act from their fellows at the hotel or *pensione*, and sometimes trying to prove an alibi when charged with having made the midnight journey. Whether the offering is made to the Virgin of Agrippa, to Neptune, or to Rome is not quite clear; but as one stands by the great basin in the early morning and sees the Roman gamin fishing out copper sous, he may be sure that Rome receives the benefit.

As Phœbus leaves us at the door, he asks if he may call for us after luncheon. We are planning to spend the afternoon in the Villa Borghese, and as we doubt whether any of his competitors in the Piazza Barberini have really any better horse-flesh than he, we make an appointment. He comes, a little late, —



THE VILLA BORGHESE

Quirinal, Viminal, and Villa Borghese 233

for what Roman cabman could be expected to meet an appointment exactly on the hour, — and embarking again, we ride along the Pincio, down the sloping road into the Piazza del Popolo, out of the Porta del Popolo, which takes the place of the old Flaminian Gate, and into the Villa Borghese, which lies just outside, upon our left.

The Villa Borghese is to-day the finest of the Roman parks. The grounds are wide and varied. There is an alternation of meadow and grove, softly sloping terrace, shaded avenue and sunny garden, where the water flashes in scores of fountains, or murmurs in the depths of rock-lined grottoes. Along the marble balustrades Greek gods and goddesses pose in statuesque attitudes, and upon the grass beyond, a company of peasants, dancing the *saltarello*, show that grace and beauty did not die with classic art.

Let us enter the stately Casino and wander through its galleries of painting and sculpture. We shall find here gems from the great masters. Notice particularly in the picture-gallery Titian's Sacred and Profane Love (Seventh Hall, No. 147), for we shall want to

speak of this again when we follow the history and development of art (vol. ii., page 243). See also Correggio's Danaë, in the Sixth Hall (No. 125), and Raphael's Entombment, in the Eleventh (No. 361). Near the Entombment are two excellent works of Perugino, — a St. Sebastian (386) and a Madonna and Child (401). Notice, too, in the First Room examples of the School of Leonardo da Vinci. We shall refer again to the little canvas, No. 435, which represents Christ with uplifted hand, bestowing his blessing (vol. ii., page 217). In the Sculpture Gallery is nothing of great importance, — a nude statue, by Canova, of the Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, posing as Venus, and a few works by Bernini. Note particularly Bernini's Daphne and Apollo in the Third Room, for we shall want to speak of this again (vol. ii., page 252). The best sculptures in the collection are, perhaps, the Boy on the Dolphin, in the Seventh Room, and the Dancing Satyr, in the Eighth.

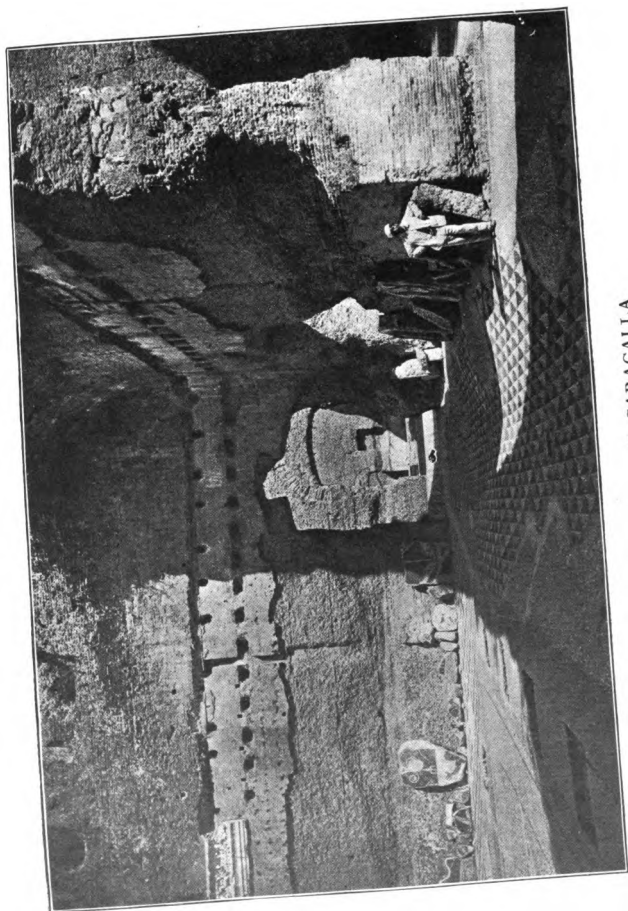
Having finished our visit to the Casino, we embark again with Phœbus, and, passing beneath the shade of stately trees and along the

winding parkway, we are carried back through the great gate into the piazza. Thence we proceed up the slope of the Pincian, and along the Passeggiata, joining the throng that there enjoy the pleasures of life, movement, handsome dresses, music, and society. Our steed seems to appreciate the situation, throws his feet with an assumption of elegance, and bears us into the midst of the crowd. He is a little stiff in the joints, it is true, and his vertebræ rise above his body somewhat too boldly to conform to the strictest lines of equine beauty; he is a trifle broken-winded, too, it must be confessed, and as he starts into a trot he produces a peculiar churning sound which attracts the attention of passers-by and causes them to regard him with interest. Yet he lifts his head quite nobly, and Phœbus seems to be proud of him. On we go, amid the fashionable throng, to the end of the Pincio, and finally stop at the door of our hotel, where we dismiss Phœbus with his fee, adding thereto a gratuity, for which he petitions all the saints to bless us, and rides off into the gathering dusk to the churning accompaniment of his steed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATHS OF CARACALLA, THE APPIAN WAY, THE COELIAN, AND THE COLOSSEUM

AGAIN we are in the Piazza Barberini looking for a cab. We have decided that we will not again consent to ride behind the sorry beast that took us out upon the Pincio, but Phœbus meets us with a smile and seems quite heart-broken when we intimate that we think of going with another. Then, too, an investigation of the rival outfits makes us agree with Hamlet that it is better to "bear the ills we have." So it ends in our embarking again in the same old turnout. Phœbus cracks his whip, the steed is galvanized into life, and away we go, down the broad Via del Quirinale, past the Monte Cavallo, through a maze of narrower streets, beneath the shadow of the Colosseum, under the Arch of Constantine, through avenues of trees and hedges, with



THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

masses of shrubbery and vistas of gardens seen through villa gates, until at last we reach a mountain of ruined masonry and disembark at the Baths of Caracalla.

When Shelley lived and wrote in Rome this was one of his favourite haunts. He speaks of its "flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees." The neighbourhood is still rich in such flowery glades, but the ruins themselves have been stripped of their verdure to prevent disintegration of the masonry. The poppies and the yellow broom which blossomed until a few years ago over the great arches have disappeared, and much of the wild beauty of the place has vanished. Yet if we can see less of natural charm, we can discover more of historic interest, for the clearing away of vines and shrubbery enables us to reconstruct quite accurately the great imperial pleasure-house of Caracalla.

If we could step backward some seventeen centuries, we might enter the thermæ through a peristyle of marble columns, and, passing through various rooms, find ourselves at length in a large central chamber, the tepidarium, where the warm baths were taken, of various

degrees of temperature, suited to the taste and constitution of the bather. Yonder in that smaller room is the cold swimming bath, not much in fashion in the later days of the empire, but used occasionally by athletes and gladiators. Before us are the circular sweating-room and vapour-baths, and on either hand stretch out a labyrinth of dressing-rooms, shampooing-rooms, eating-rooms, gymnasia, and what not, where Roman youths stroll in luxurious *déshabillé*, where rhetoricians recite their speeches and poets their verses, where gladiators fight and athletes wrestle, where philosophers discuss philosophy and statesmen statecraft, and where idlers gossip over their cups of Falernian. Then there are the galleries of painting and sculpture where the Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Bull, the colossal Flora, the Venus Callipyge, and a host of other works of art are seen by an admiring populace. And beyond all these, the porticoes and gardens! It is nearly a mile around the whole enclosure, and sixteen hundred Romans are easily accommodated within it. These figures startle us, but when we think of the other Roman thermæ are they after all so aston-

ishing? The Baths of Diocletian accommodated twice as many persons. And there were the Baths of Agrippa in the Campus Martius, the Baths of Titus and of Trajan on the Esquiline, the Baths of Constantine which covered the summit of the Quirinal, the Baths of Nero and Severus near the present site of the Piazza Navona. When we think of these, and remember that there were in the city, besides the eleven great imperial thermæ, nearly a thousand smaller baths, we begin to realize somewhat concerning the population of ancient Rome.

Census tables are not a particularly entertaining sort of literature, yet it may be worth while for a moment to consider this problem which has so troubled archæologists. There is a wide variation in the estimates as to the size of the city at the summit of its power. Some authorities place the population as low as five hundred thousand, others as high as fourteen millions. The discrepancy lies in the fact that no Roman census included all classes of the population. A census of the *plebs urbana* was taken in the time of Augustus, which amounted to 320,000, but this did not include knights,

senators, women, children, slaves, or foreigners. It is known, too, that two hundred thousand men received free corn from the government under Augustus. Using these two facts as a basis of computation, it is probable that the Roman city in its palmiest days contained not far from two million souls. The number of slaves in Rome may be judged from several chance statements in old Roman writings. A prefect of the city was murdered by one of his servants in the year 61 A. D. The guilty one could not be discovered, and accordingly four hundred of his household slaves were executed. A freedman of the time of Augustus, although his fortune is said to have been greatly lessened by the civil wars, left at his death more than four thousand slaves. Finally Athenæus writes that he knew very many Romans who had ten, and even twenty, thousand slaves. Modern authorities are inclined to believe that Athenæus stretched the truth, yet slaves were cheaper than cattle in the latter days of the empire. The ruins on the Campagna also show us something of the extent of Rome, for the city was not confined within its walls, and wherever excavations are made in the sur-



THE COLUMBARIA IN THE VIGNA CODINI

rounding country, the foundations of houses and villas are brought to light. An old writer of the reign of Hadrian has said that Rome "stretched down to the very sea," and recent excavations make it not unlikely that there was a continuity of villas from the city walls to Ostia, on the coast.

But we must return from conjectures of what Rome was, and get back to our cab, which is waiting for us with Phœbus fast asleep upon the box. We arouse Phœbus, Phœbus arouses the steed, and, continuing our journey, we soon reach the neighbourhood of the Gate of San Sebastiano and enter a vineyard where are several ancient columbaria. The name *columbarium*, a dove-cote, suggests all manner of pastoral felicity, but the structures themselves remind one forcibly of vegetable cellars. The roof stands but a foot or so above the ground, with a row of low windows just beneath, to admit light to the vault. We descend into one of them by means of a staircase, and our first impression grows upon us, but reaching the bottom and looking about, we find, instead of cabbages, a row of skulls belonging to some of the worthy Roman freedmen whose names

are scratched upon the walls. We feel like apologizing to them for the comparison, but they have been dead so many years that they have ceased to be sensitive.

The wall is filled with niches, tier upon tier, evidently suggesting the dove-cote idea. When first discovered, each contained its one or more funeral urns, or boxes, some round, some square, and hardly larger than a lady's jewel-case, some of semi-transparent marble, beautifully carved, some of rough stone without other ornament than a rudely scratched name, but each containing the remains of a human being, — a husband, a wife, a father, a son, — who toiled and feasted, suffered and enjoyed, lived and loved, when the great Augustus was in his palace yonder on the Palatine, and Christ was a child in Nazareth.

The burning of the dead was almost universally practised in Rome during the later days of the republic and the early days of the empire, but Christianity restored the Eastern custom of entombment, and as the empire became Christian, cremation gradually declined. A few noble Roman families, however, never burned their dead. Such were the Scipios,

whose tomb is in the adjoining vineyard. We shall now find little there except a ruined, underground passage and vault with niches for sarcophagi. Some of the sarcophagi have been destroyed, others have been taken to the Vatican.

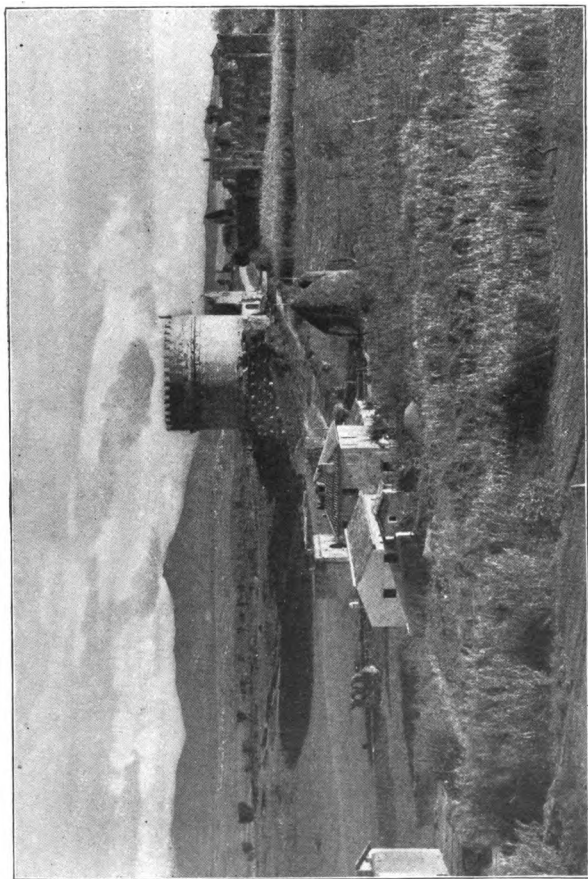
“The Scipios’ tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers.”

We return once more to the carriage, and a few hundred yards down the road pass beneath the Arch of Drusus, a triumphal monument accorded to the stepson of Augustus for certain victories over the Germans. It is of travertine, ornamented with white marble, and was used by Caracalla as a support for the aqueduct which supplied his baths.

Just beyond is the Porta San Sebastiano, known of old as the Porta Appia, one of the most interesting and beautiful of the Aurelian gates. It is built of a mixture of material — much of it white marble — taken from the Temple of Mars, which formerly stood just outside the gate. Passing beneath the portal, we find ourselves fairly upon the Appian Way,

but we discover that it is hemmed in by villa walls, and does not differ perceptibly from the street within the gates. On we go, past the Church of Domine quo Vadis, past the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, which we shall visit later, past the Catacombs of Domitilla, past the Church of San Sebastiano. But no, — opposite the Church of San Sebastiano we find a tomb, and behind it the ruins of the Circus of Maxentius, which held some eighteen thousand spectators, and, for a small affair, was considered by the fourth-century Romans very good. It is the only Roman circus of which any considerable remains are left, and, with its towers and its ruined walls, it forms a most suggestive memorial.

After exploring it we return to the highway, and see just ahead of us, at the top of a gently rising slope, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella. Built as a mausoleum for the daughter of Metellus Creticus, and transformed into a fortress by one of the popes during the mediæval period, it has withstood the shocks of nearly twenty centuries and is still quite intact. The reason for this may be understood when we discover that the walls of the structure are



THE TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA

about twenty-five feet thick, and the diameter of the inner chamber but fifteen feet. The white marble sarcophagus which once occupied this tomb and contained the remains of Metellus's daughter is now in the courtyard of the Farnese Palace.

As we ride on, the country becomes more open, the walls are lower and more ruinous, masses of brick and stone, the remains of ancient tombs, rise on either side of the road, desolate stone pines stand guard over them, adding a touch of gloomy grandeur to the landscape, and finally the Campagna spreads out before us, green with verdure and bordered with flowers, yet vast and desolate.

This Appian Way, once the great thoroughfare connecting Rome with Capua and later with Brundisium, has seen much of history. Hannibal, with the flower of the Carthaginian army, here approached the Roman city, threatening it with destruction. Hither came messengers flying from Brundisium, bringing news of the battle of Philippi and the fall of the republic. Here, too, over these worn stones, St. Paul, brought to Rome for trial before Nero, plodded along, chained to the wrist of

a Roman soldier and followed by that little band of Roman Christians who went out to meet him as far as the Appii Forum and the Three Taverns. Over these same stones came the victorious army of Titus, returning with the spoils of the temple, and two centuries later the cohorts of Aurelian with the captive Queen Zenobia bound in golden chains. These ruined tombs which line the wayside were then encased with polished marble which caught the sunlight and gleamed white against the deep blue Roman sky. They were the mortuary palaces of a princely race. Now, few of them give any hint of their former beauty, and fewer still tell anything of the men and women whose bones have mingled with the soil beneath them.

A little farther out we see the ruins of a tomb, assigned by tradition to the ancient Horatii, erected near the spot where they fought the Alban Curatii in the legendary dawn of Roman history. If we are skeptical about it, we may call it by any other name, for all we know definitely is that the Normans erected a tower of basalt upon the ruins, and that this tower gives it the name by which it

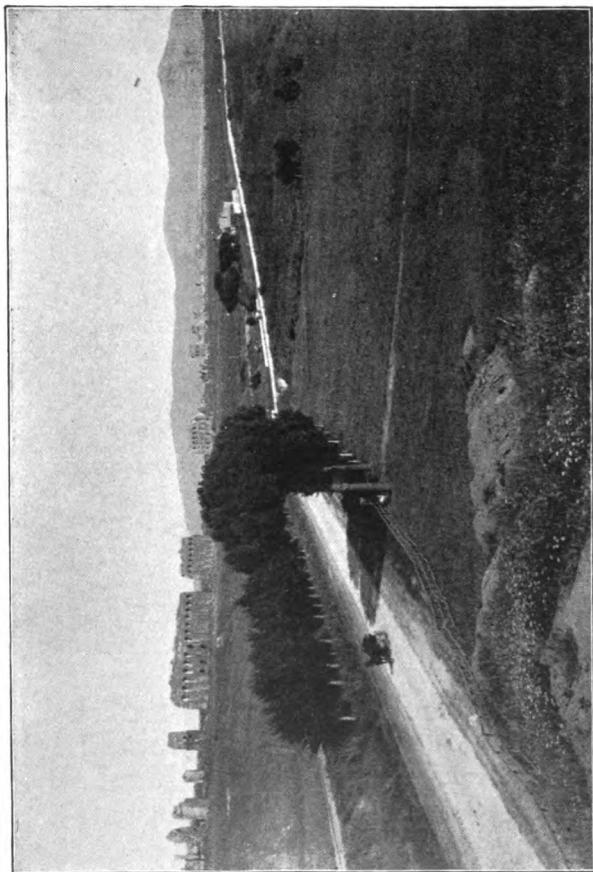
is now known, the *Tor di Selce*. It is one of the most picturesque ruins in the Roman Campagna.

We are now near the foot of the ascent to the Alban Mount, where in the ancient days stood Alba Longa, founded, if we wish to believe the legend, by Æneas's son, Ascanius. As this is not within the scope of our present excursion, we will ask Phœbus to turn about his steed and take us back to the city over the Via Appia Nova, which runs almost parallel with the older road, but a little to the north-east.

This road, too, passes the ruins of several ancient tombs, and a few miles from its junction with the original Appian Way, Phœbus shows us a little *osteria* which he says is upon the spot where Coriolanus was persuaded by his wife and mother to spare the Roman city. We suspect that the proprietor of the place may have a financial arrangement with Phœbus, but as the fresh air has given us an uncontrollable appetite, we yield, though we have no faith in the historical associations claimed for the spot.

Resuming our ride, we soon see here and

there fragments of the Claudian aqueduct rising nearly a hundred feet above the plain. This was the first ruin that met our eyes as we approached Rome by rail. It was one of eleven aqueducts which supplied the city during the luxurious days of the empire, when each Roman ruler tried to surpass his predecessor in the extent and magnificence of his public baths and fountains. The first of the aqueducts was the Appian, begun by Appius Claudius toward the end of the fourth century B. C. It brought a stream of water from the Sabine Hills. The Anio Vetus was built about forty years later, bringing to Rome the waters of the River Anio, which were not useful for drinking purposes, but only for irrigating gardens and villas. The Marcia, thirty-six miles in length, supplied good drinking-water, and was later made to furnish the Baths of Domitian and of Caracalla. Then followed the Tepula and the Julia, the Virgo, the Al-seatina, the Claudia (the ruins of which are now before us), and the Anio Novus. The last-named was the longest, extending sixty-two miles. A large part of it was underground, but for the last seven miles it ran upon



THE VIA APPIA NOVA AND THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT

the arches of the Claudia. If we look transversely at these ruins we can see the two channels which carried the water; the lower, the original Claudia, and the upper, the Anio Novus, a sort of parasite of an aqueduct, it would seem.

To-day the water-supply of Rome is purer and better than that of almost any other European city. Three of the four aqueducts which supply it are restorations of the old imperial channels. It will be observed that the modern Romans get along quite comfortably with about one-third of the supply used by their ancestors, and still have water to throw away. The difference is perhaps explained in part by the fact that, among the common people, bathing has become a neglected art.

We reënter the city by the Porta San Giovanni, a gate made in the Aurelian Wall by one of the sixteenth-century popes, close beside the original Porta Asinaria. A hay-cart from the Campagna has preceded us for the last mile or two, the proprietor lying half-buried and asleep in his fragrant load, while his two donkeys have taken the entire responsibility of managing the expedition. They

have done it well, and have kept ahead of our steed, who is evidently getting jaded. A Roman cab-horse has his limitations.

Inside the gate, in the piazza, are a number of similar hay-carts, with the owners sitting on the pavement in the shade of the load, each contentedly munching a chunk of dry bread and a large onion. This is considered a square meal by the average Italian peasant, and it seems to furnish the motive power for considerable physical exertion. If we want proof that the American people, as a nation, eat too much, we may find it in a study of the Italian peasantry, who are, as a rule, economical, abstemious, and healthy.

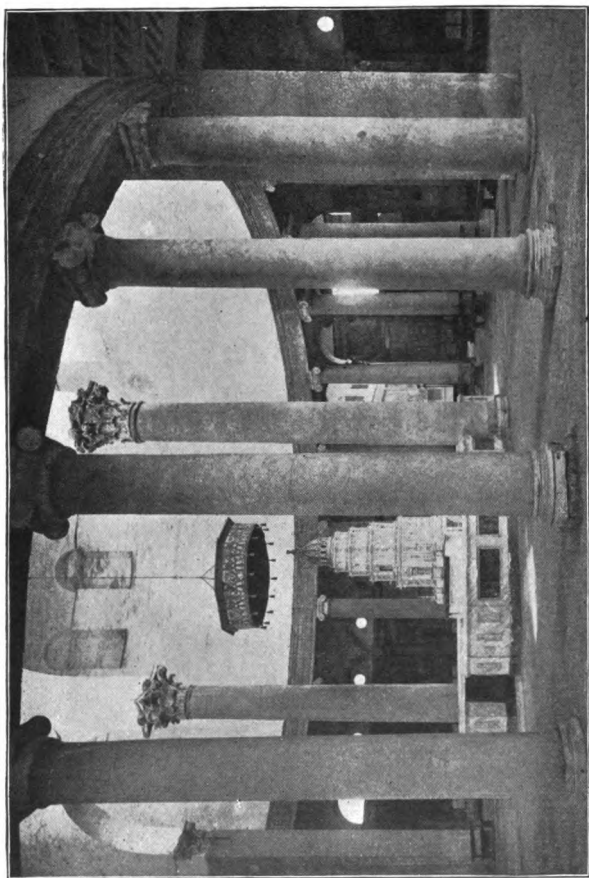
Here are the Lateran basilica and palace, built upon the ruins of the barracks of the *Equites Singulares* and of the older palace which belonged to the princely family of the Laterani, but which fell into the hands of the government and was given by Constantine to the Church as a residence for the popes.

In the present palace is the Lateran museum, the ground floor being devoted to antique statues, sarcophagi, and architectural fragments, while the second floor contains a rare

collection of antiquities connected with the early history of the Church. We may walk through these rooms rather hastily, stopping only to examine a few of the most noteworthy works.

The first is the array of beautiful architectural sculptures, mainly from the Forum of Trajan, which are exhibited in the second room. These designs have furnished models for the finest decorative work of modern times, and show a richness, freedom, and beauty which have never been equalled. The next, and unquestionably the finest thing in the entire museum, is the Sophocles, in the eighth room, a magnificent figure exhibiting all the majesty and intellectual power which distinguished the golden age of Greece. We shall refer to this again (vol. ii., page 161). In the same room with the Sophocles is a spirited Marsyas, sometimes called a dancing faun, and quite familiar to us through reproductions. These, with a number of sarcophagi which we find in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth rooms, constitute all of the so-called Museo Profano that can be examined at all carefully in the time at our disposal.

Turning now to the Christian Museum and ascending the staircase, the first objects that meet the eye are two statues of Christ the Good Shepherd. One of these is especially good, and is interesting as showing us how Christian art began by adopting classical models, — this figure being a type of antique Apollo. In the upper corridor and galleries are a number of Christian sarcophagi and copies of Catacomb wall-paintings. Note here the reappearance of the Apollo type of Christ as the Good Shepherd. Here, too, is an exceedingly interesting and valuable collection of early Christian inscriptions, including epitaphs and elegies, many of them taken from the Catacombs, and of great importance to the student. In an adjoining picture-gallery may be seen a few fairly good paintings by the old masters, but as none are of particular interest, you may, if pressed for time, pass them by without feeling that you have suffered an irreparable loss. As to that horrible mosaic pavement from the Baths of Caracalla, representing pugilists or gladiators, — pass that, too, unless you want to see how low art had fallen in Caracalla's day. It is difficult to



THE INTERIOR OF SAN STEFANO ROTONDO

understand just why this abortion should find a place in the Christian section of the museum. It should at least be sent down-stairs into the "Profano."

Emerging from the Lateran and turning to the northwest down the Via San Giovanni, we follow the valley between the Cœlian and Esquiline, passing through a region of cultivated fields and gardens, which, during the building delirium of the last decade, was partly converted into city lots. Then we turn to the left into the Via San Stefano, beside the scattered and broken arches of the Claudian aqueduct, which supplied the reservoir of Nero's Golden House, and which was at this point sometimes called the Aqueduct of Nero. It is not long before we see an opening upon our right, and at the farther extremity the Church of San Stefano Rotondo, — a building which has long been a puzzle to archæologists, and the origin of which no one yet knows with certainty. Its shape and architecture preclude the possibility of its having been constructed for a church, and the most probable explanation is that it was a restoration of the Macellum, or meat market of Nero, which

is known to have been a circular building standing in this neighbourhood in the centre of an open square. The restoration was made probably during the fourth century, and the building may have been used even then as a market-place. A century later it was dedicated to the martyr Stephen, and assumed its present name and use. In the middle of the fifteenth century a traveller describes it as being lined with precious marbles, serpentine and porphyry and mother-of-pearl. None of these splendid decorations remains, but their place is taken by a series of horrible frescoes, representing Christian saints in all stages of torture, — boiled in caldrons, flayed with knives, drawn and quartered, — an altogether appropriate form of decoration for Nero's butcher-shop, but hardly desirable in this modern Christian edifice. The church, fortunately, is shut up 364 days out of the year, but on the 365th — St. Stephen's Day — it is thrown wide open, and all the Romans, bourgeois and peasantry, come flocking in, to gloat over these pictures of murder and torture, as their ancestors, nearly two thousand years ago, gloated over the real thing in Nero's Circus.

Returning to the thoroughfare and catching a glimpse at the next corner of the Church of Santa Maria della Navicella, with its antique marble ship in the piazza before it, we pass under one of the arches of the aqueduct which here spans the road and soon come into a square before the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. This church and the adjoining convent of the Passionist Fathers are built upon the ruins of the Temple of Claudius. Let us enter the beautiful convent garden with its rows of cypress and ilex and its atmosphere of calm. If you are a woman, we must ungalantly leave you at the gate, for the fathers' devotions must not be disturbed by the feminine presence. We can only give you our word for what we see, and so far as ruins are concerned there is not much, — only a few great arches of travertine and some remains of masonry which formed the substructures of the Temple. Agrippina, fourth wife of Claudius and mother of Nero, began the erection of this building to keep green the memory of her husband, whom she had poisoned, but Nero, who had no very strong filial devotion, had his mother killed, and turned his step-

father's temple into a reservoir for the artificial lake in which he played at naval fighting, and which spread out at the foot of the hill, over the spot occupied later by the Colosseum. Vespasian restored the temple to its original purpose, but when the Colosseum had been finished, succeeding emperors used these vaults for the reception of wild animals intended for the shows of the Amphitheatre. The walls which we now see reëchoed to the roars of beasts which waited there, hungry and ready for the engagement of gladiators or the devouring of Christians. It is hard to connect such scenes with the quiet peacefulness of the garden which has overgrown those old ruins. Nature has healed the scars, and the Church has taken for the dwelling of its priests the ground once occupied by the agencies for its destruction. In such a spot the fathers have much to meditate upon. -

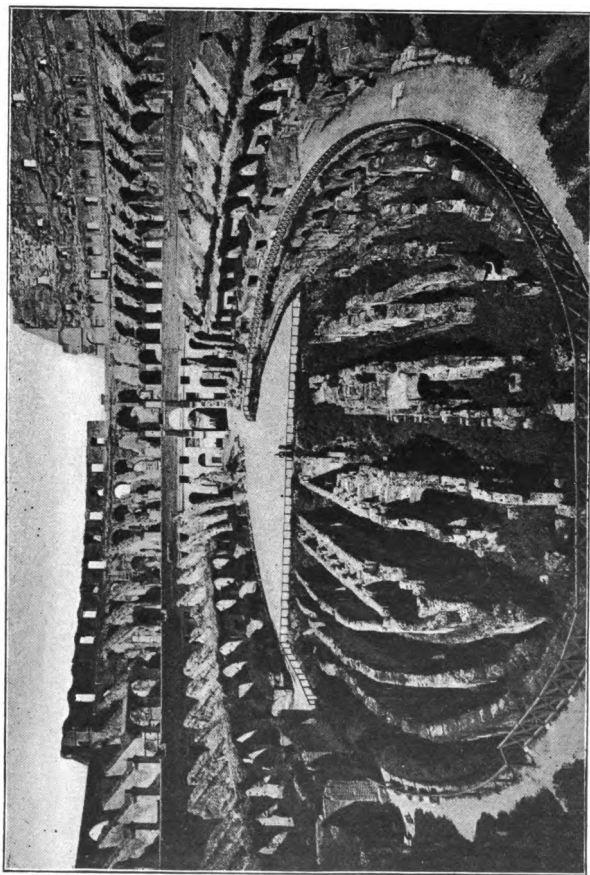
We shall not enter the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, a mediæval building erected over the house in which the two brothers, members of Constantine's household, suffered martyrdom under Julian the Apostate. Passing down the street beside it, however, and under a suc-

cession of arches, we look up toward the apse and acknowledge that there are few churches in Rome which form so attractive a picture.

We have now but one great ruin left, — the greatest of them all. Turning into the Via San Gregorio at the next corner, a short ride between villa walls and avenues of ilexes leads us under the Arch of Constantine and brings us to the Colosseum. The Colosseum is the most stupendous thing in Rome. Statistics give little idea of its magnitude and no idea at all of its impressiveness, but, if you wish to have the figures, here they are: the outer walls were 157 feet high, and the seats extended down from this point in banks or steps almost to the level of the arena. The entire building measured 658 feet in length, the arena itself being about three hundred feet. An inscription of the fourth century states that the Colosseum contained 87,000 *loci*, which until recently was taken to mean seats for spectators. Professor Huelsen, however, has advanced a theory, now generally accepted, that the *loci* refers not to seats but to feet of bench space; that each spectator must have occupied eighteen or twenty inches of space, and that accordingly

there could not have been room for more than fifty thousand or so. Professor Huelsen probably never rode in an American street-car, and may not have made sufficient allowance for the compressibility of a crowd, but whether fifty thousand or a hundred thousand, the Colosseum certainly accommodated a good-sized audience, and no modern theatre manager could have more skilfully handled it than did those Romans of the Flavian age. Each of the eighty arches upon the ground formed an entrance and exit, and a wide corridor beneath the banks of seats encircled the building, communicating by means of transverse corridors or tunnels with the auditorium. It is estimated that the building could be emptied in about ten minutes. Every spectator had his ivory ticket, admitting him by section, entrance, row, and seat. Each of the various orders—senators, knights, soldiers, freedmen, or whatever — had its own distinct section, and, later, individuals seem to have acquired permanent sittings upon which their names were inscribed. About two hundred of these names have been discovered cut in the stone which formed the benches.

But what of the arenâ? We used to think



THE INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM

of it as an open space upon the solid ground, but this was a misconception. It was, rather, a floor of heavy planks covered with sand (hence its name), and beneath it was a basement with rooms and passages, in which beasts, gladiators, and Christians were kept until wanted for the entertainment of the crowd. Trap-doors and elevators communicated with the arena, affording a means of entrance for the living and exit for the dead. An underground passage connected this basement with the substructures of the Temple of Claudius, which we have seen upon the Cœlian Hill, and in which was kept the main supply of beasts. Thus we have a perfect stage arrangement and accommodations for all the actors in the most terribly realistic tragedy that has ever been presented for the entertainment of mankind. When naval spectacles were wanted, the arena was flooded almost to the level of the podium, and triremes manned by slaves engaged in fierce conflict until the men went down, one by one, bruised and wounded and drowning, and none was left to fight.

The Colosseum is a marvellous ruin under any sky and at any hour, but, if you wish it

thoroughly to enthrall you and to take from you all consciousness of present time and of self, you must see it by moonlight. The guide-books and the doctors will tell you that you must remain indoors after sundown, but the chances are that you will do as you please about it. You have perhaps already transgressed. An evening at some little open *osteria*, or a stroll down the Corso has drawn you out and proved a greater attraction than the conversation of fellow tourists in your hotel parlour. Hence you will not refuse to go with me and see this greatest of Roman ruins under lunar auspices.

Try now to forget how long the Colosseum is, and how high. Forget all that discussion about the number of spectators that it held, and how the animals were brought into the arena. Think of it not as a curiosity but as a poem, — and the moonlight will sink into you and filter through you and finally will reach your soul. The spirit of the place is now upon you. Close your eyes and see these tiers of benches peopled again with a Roman populace. Domitian sits in his imperial chair, while before him in the arena stands a company of gladiators, with

their salutation: "Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant." Above, the softened light streams down through silken awnings; around, the air is fragrant with the spray of perfumes from a hundred fountains; eager and expectant, the great throng lean forward, prætor and ædile, matron and Vestal Virgin, with the mob above and behind them, waiting for the slaughter to begin. When the gladiators have hacked and stabbed each other and the less skilful is down on the bloody sand with the victor's knee upon his breast, the crowd yells in a frenzy of delight, and the thumbs of Domitian and of the knights and senators and of the Vestal Virgins are all turned down as a sign that no mercy shall be given. The victor plunges his sword into the throat of his victim, and the first act is done.

Then come wild beasts into the arena, — lions from the Libyan desert, wild bulls and aurochs from the Northern plains, elephants from the East, great brown bears from the forests of Gaul, — tearing each other in their rage and filling the vast amphitheatre with discordant cries, while to the intense delight of the spectators a company of Christians are thrown

in to fight, or be destroyed. Then the beasts are killed by a horde of attendants, and, when the butchery is over, the multitude, drunk with the sight of blood, more savage than the beasts themselves, rush out through the vomitoria, and the Colosseum is deserted.

You open your eyes. There are the outlines of the great arena. The moon has passed behind a cloud, and for an instant you cannot bring yourself back to the present. You look down expecting to see the animals and their victims, expecting some such sight as Doré has pictured, — the lions feasting upon the bodies of the slain while the hosts of heaven descend to welcome the souls of the martyrs.

But the moon comes out again and bathes the ruin in a flood of splendour. It throws white bars of light into the dark openings where of old were kept the beasts; it throws black shadows under the arches at our back; it touches with a fringe of silver the crumbling tiers of stone. The nightingales are singing from the ilexes beyond the Arch of Constantine, and looking again into the arena you see a half-circle of white light, and another half-circle of lights and shadows, where the moon-

beams play among the excavated tiers of masonry. Moonlight and shadow and silence! If one sees the Colosseum thus, he will carry the picture with him forever, for it is the most thrilling experience which he can have of the Eternal City.

END OF VOLUME I.

THE EMPERORS OF ROME

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER WITH DATE OF
ACCESSION

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 27 B. C. Augustus. | 217 Macrinus. |
| 14 A. D. Tiberius. | 218 Elagabalus. |
| 37 Caligula. | 222 Alexander Severus. |
| 41 Claudius. | 235 Maximin. |
| 54 Nero. | 238 Gordian I. and II. |
| 68 Galba. | 238 Pupienus, Balbinus. |
| 69 Otho. | 238 Gordian III. |
| 69 Vitellius. | 244 Philip. |
| 69 Vespasian. | 249 Decius. |
| 79 Titus. | 251 Hostilian and Gallus. |
| 81 Domitian. | 252 Gallus and Volusian. |
| 96 Nerva. | 253 Valerian, Æmilian and |
| 98 Trajan. | Gallienus. |
| 117 Hadrian. | 260 Gallienus, alone. |
| 138 Antoninus Pius. | 268 Claudius II. (Gothicus). |
| 161 Marcus Aurelius and Lu- | 270 Aurelian. |
| cious Verus. | 275 Tacitus. |
| 169 Marcus Aurelius, alone. | 276 Florian. |
| 180 Commodus. | 276 Probus. |
| 193 Pertinax. | 282 Carus. |
| 193 Didius Julianus. | 283 Carinus and Numerian. |
| 193 Pescennius Niger. | 284 Diocletian. |
| 193 Septimius Severus. | 286 Diocletian and Maximian. |
| 211 Caracalla and Geta. | 305 Constantius and Gale- |
| 212 Caracalla, alone. | rius. |

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>306 Constantine, Galerius, Licinius, Maxentius and Maximian (contested).</p> <p>323 Constantine, alone.</p> <p>337 Constantine II., Constantius II. and Constans.</p> <p>350 Constantius, alone.</p> <p>361 Julian the Apostate.</p> <p>363 Jovian.</p> <p>364 Valens (East) and Valentinian I. (West).</p> <p>375 Gratian, Valens and Valentinian II.</p> <p>379 Gratian, Theodosius and Valentinian II.</p> <p>383 Theodosius, Valentinian II. and Maximus.</p> <p>392 Theodosius and Eugenius (contested).</p> | <p>394 Theodosius, alone.</p> <p>395 Arcadius (in the East).</p> <p>395 Honorius (in the West).</p> <p>408 Theodosius II. (East).</p> <p>425 Valentinian III. (West).</p> <p>450 Marcian (East).</p> <p>455 Maximus (West).</p> <p>455 Avitus (West).</p> <p>455 Majorian (West).</p> <p>457 Leo I. (East).</p> <p>461 Severus (West).</p> <p>467 Anthemius (West).</p> <p>472 Olybrius (West).</p> <p>473 Glycerius (West).</p> <p>474 Julius Nepos (West).</p> <p>474 Leo II., Zeno, Basiliscus (East).</p> <p>475 Romulus Augustulus (West).</p> |
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INDEX

- Acilian Family, The, i, 22.
 Acilian Gardens, i, 22.
 Acilian Palace, i, 25.
 Acilius Glabrio, Manius, i, 22.
 Acilius, Nymphæum of, i, 25.
 Actium, i, 47.
 Adonis, Gardens of, i, 197.
 Adrian, Pope, ii, 14.
 Adriatic, The, i, 90.
 Æmilia, Basilica (see under Basilicæ).
 Æmilian Bridge (see Ponte Rotto).
 Æquians, The, i, 15.
 Æschylus, ii, 161.
 Æsculapius, i, 116.
 Æsculapius, Temple of, i, 82.
 Agrippa, i, 47, 48, 173, 229.
 Agrippa, Baths of (see under Baths).
 Agrippa, Pool of, i, 229, 230.
 Agrippina, i, 117, 265.
 Agnani, ii, 15.
 Alaric, i, 31, 178.
 Alba Longa, i, 75, 253.
 Alban Curatii, i, 252.
 Alban Hills (see under Hills).
 Albulæ, Springs of, i, 200.
 Alexander the Sixth, ii, 18, 19.
 Alexander the Eighth, ii, 127.
 Alexandrian Empire, ii, 142, 166.
 Algardi, ii, 127.
 Alkamenes, ii, 146.
 Alseatina Aqueduct (see under Aqueducts).
 Alps, The, ii, 5, 9, 26.
 "All Saints' Day," i, 49.
 "Amazon," ii, 190.
 Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, ii, 4.
 "America," ii, 256.
 American Academy, The, i, 220.
 Ancus Martius, i, 167.
 Anio Nova, The (see under Aqueducts).
 Anio, River, i, 254.
 Anio Vetus, The (see under Aqueducts).
 "Antinoüs," i, 115; ii, 186.
 Antiochus the Great, i, 22.
 Antium, i, 172.
 Antoninus and Faustina, Temple of (see under Temples).

- Antoninus Pius, i, 21, 36, 42, 156, 159.
 Antony, i, 26.
 Apelles, ii, 195.
 "Aphrodite," Praxiteles, ii, 153.
 "Aphrodite of the Louvre" (see Venus of Melos).
 Aphrodite (see also Venus).
 Apollo, ii, 133, 153, 201, 229.
 "Apollo and Daphne," Bernini, i, 234; ii, 252.
 "Apollo of the Belvedere," ii, 140, 173, 174.
 "Apollo Sauroktonos," ii, 189.
 Apollo, Colossal statues of, i, 117.
 Apollo, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Apollodorus of Damascus, i, 148.
 Apollonius, ii, 178, 181.
 "Apoxyomenos," Lysippos, ii, 162, 174.
 Appian Aqueduct (see under Aqueducts).
 Appian Way (see Via Appia).
 Appii Forum (see under Forum).
 Appius Claudius, i, 254.
 Aqua Virgo, i, 229.
 Aqueducts :
 Alseatina, i, 254.
 Anio Novus, i, 254, 255.
 Anio Vetus, i, 254.
 Appia, i, 254.
 Claudia, i, 257, 263.
 Julia, i, 254.
 Marcia, i, 254.
 Tepula, i, 254.
 Virgo, i, 229, 254.
 Aquila, ii, 2, 32.
- Aquinas, Thomas, ii, 85.
 Ara Coeli, Church of (see under Churches).
 Ara Pacis of Augustus, i, 217.
 Arcade of the Pearl Dealers (Porticus Margaritaria), i, 141, 144, 151.
 Arcadius, ii, 63.
 Arches :
 Augustus, i, 164.
 Constantine, i, 44, 236, 267, 274; ii, 193, 194.
 Fabius, i, 164.
 Gordianus, i, 218.
 Janus, i, 87.
 Marcus Aurelius, i, 117.
 Septimius Severus, i, 121, 151, 164, 167, 169, 172; ii, 192, 201.
 Silversmiths, i, 87.
 Tiberius, i, 164.
 Titus, i, 1, 121, 141, 143, 147, 151; ii, 190, 192.
 Trajan, i, 144, 194.
 Archimedes, ii, 229.
 Argiletum, The, i, 159, 161, 207.
 Argos, ii, 149, 150.
 Argonauts, Portico of (see under Porticos).
 Aristotle, ii, 161, 229.
 Arnold of Brescia, ii, 14, 16.
 Arsinoë, ii, 140.
 Artemis, ii, 153.
 "Artemis and Sleeping Endymion," ii, 190.
 "Artemis of Versailles," ii, 178.
 Arvales, The, i, 216.
 Arx (the Citadel), i, 108, 112.
 Ascanius, i, 253.

- Asiaticus, Valerius, i, 16, 17, 19.**
Asiatic War, i, 21.
Assyrian Art, ii, 141, 177.
Asylum, The, i, 108.
Athens, ii, 149, 162, 174, 178, 190.
Athenæus, i, 242.
"Athene" of the Parthenon, Pheidias, ii, 146.
Athene (see also Minerva).
Attus Navius, i, 162.
Attic School, ii, 149, 150, 161, 229.
Atticus, i, 160.
Attila, ii, 5, 127.
Atrio Quadrato, ii, 187.
Augustan Age, i, 47, 75, 152.
Augustine, ii, 6.
Augustus, i, 31, 38, 68, 79, 88, 124, 129, 163, 182, 204, 216, 241, 242, 246, 247; ii, 45, 182, 185.
Augustus's Sun-dial, i, 30, 38.
Augustus, Arch of (see under Arches).
Forum of (see under Fora).
Golden Milestone of (see under Milestone).
House of (see under Houses).
Mausoleum of (see Mausoleum).
Statues of, ii, 182, 185.
Temple of (see under Temples).
Aulus Postumius, i, 79.
Aurelian, Emperor, i, 97, 226, 252.
Aurelian Wall (see under Walls).
Aurelius (see Marcus Aurelius).
"Aurora," Guido, ii, 225, 250, 251.
Austria, ii, 23, 25, 26, 27.
Austrians, The, ii, 24-26.
Aventine Hill (see under Hills).
Averroës, ii, 211.
Avignon, ii, 16, 17, 107.
Bacchus, i, 207.
Bacchus, Head of, i, 115.
"Bacchus and Silenus," ii, 189.
Balbus, Theatre of (see under Theatres).
"Bambino," The, ii, 46, 47.
Baptistery of the Lateran (San Giovanni in Fonte), ii, 52, 55.
Baracconi, i, 224.
Barberini, The, i, 53, 197; ii, 72.
"Barberini Hera," ii, 189.
Barberini Palace (see under Palaces).
Barbarossa, Frederick, ii, 14, 15.
Basilicæ:
Æmilia, i, 151, 159,
Constantine (Temple of Peace), i, 142, 151, 155, 156; ii, 69.
Julia, i, 121, 124, 125, 141, 147, 152, 173, 178.
Sempronia of Gracchus, i, 124.
Baths:
Agrippa, i, 31, 54, 241; ii, 140.
Caracalla, i, 1, 155, 202, 239, 254, 260.

- Constantine, i, 223, 225, 226, 241.
 Diocletian, i, 212, 241; ii, 19.
 Domitian, i, 254.
 Nero, i, 241.
 Septimius Severus, i, 240.
 Titus, i, 201, 202, 241; ii, 49.
 Trajan, i, 201, 202, 241.
 Battle of Lake Regillus, i, 126.
 Battle of Philippi, i, 204, 251.
 Belisarius, i, 142.
 Bellini, Giovanni, ii, 214.
 Belvedere, The, i, 202; ii, 112, 150, 166, 173, 178, 190.
 Bernini, i, 38, 53, 234; ii, 39, 124, 128.
 Bernini, "Daphne and Apollo," i, 234; ii, 252.
 Benedict, Pope, ii, 10.
 Benedict the Fourteenth, ii, 129.
 Benedict the Ninth (The Boy Pope), ii, 12, 92.
 "Biga," The, ii, 189.
 "Black Stone," The (*Niger Lapis*), i, 163.
 Boboli Gardens, ii, 222.
 Bocca della Verità (Mouth of Truth), i, 79.
 Boleyn, Anne, ii, 112.
 Boncompagni Museum, ii, 146.
 Bonelli, Cardinal, i, 163.
 Boni, i, 132, 164, 171.
 Boniface the Eighth, ii, 15.
 Borgia, Alexander (see under Alexander the Sixth).
 Borgia, Cæsar, ii, 18.
 Borgia, Lucretia, ii, 18.
 "Borghese Gladiator," ii, 178.
 Borghese Villa (see under Villas).
 Borromini, i, 55.
 Bosphorus, The, ii, 4.
 Botticelli, Sandro, ii, 208, 211, 212, 214.
 "Boxers," Canova, ii, 255.
 "Boy on the Dolphin" (Cassino Borghese), i, 234.
 "Boy with a Goose," ii, 189.
 Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, ii, 149, 162, 174, 182, 190.
 Bramante, ii, 100.
 Brancacci Chapel, ii, 207.
 Bridge of St. Angelo, i, 36, 37.
 Bridge, Milvian, ii, 3.
 British Museum, ii, 150.
 Brundisium, i, 251.
 Brunelleschi, ii, 18.
 Byron, Lord, i, 111, 125; ii, 170.
 Byzantine Art, ii, 199, 202, 203.
 Burne-Jones, ii, 211.
 Cabinet of Masks, ii, 177.
 Cacus, Steps of (see under Steps).
 Cæsar, i, 60, 68, 113, 124, 163, 186.
 Palace of (see under Palaces).
 Temple Tomb of (see under Temples).
 Caligula, i, 31, 117, 182, 185, 186, 192.
 Caligula, House of (see under Houses).
 Calvin, ii, 19.
 Camillus, i, 92, 169.
 Campagna, The, i, 4-7, 69, 75,

- 76, 94, 114, 242, 251, 253, 257; ii, 32, 97, 102.
 Campidoglio, The, ii, 45.
 Campus Martius, i, 12, 15, 28, 29, 54, 72, 81, 225, 229.
 Cancelleria Palace (see under Palaces).
 Canova, ii, 129, 255, 256.
 "Boxers," ii, 255.
 "Perseus," ii, 255.
 "Pius the Sixth," ii, 123.
 "Princess Pauline Borghese," i, 234.
 "Tomb of Clement the Thirteenth," ii, 255.
 "Tomb of the Last of the Stuarts," ii, 255.
 Canterbury Tales, ii, 36.
 Capitol, The, i, 103-121; ii, 45, 103, 115.
 Capitol at Washington, D. C., i, 51.
 Capitol, Wolf of the, i, 119, 120.
 Capitoline Hill (see under Hills).
 Capitoline Museum (see under Museums).
 "Captives," Michelangelo, ii, 222.
 Capua, i, 251.
 Capuchins, The, ii, 77, 78.
 Capuchins, Church of (see under Churches).
 Caracalla, i, 247, 260.
 Caracalla, Baths of (see under Baths).
 Caracalla, House of (see under Houses).
 Caractacus, ii, 31.
 Cardinal of Corneto, ii, 18.
 Caraffa Chapel, ii, 85.
 Carinus, i, 163.
 "Carmen Sæculare," i, 216, 217.
 Carolingian Kings, The, ii, 7.
 Carpaccio, ii, 214.
 Carracci, Annibale, i, 53, 118.
 Carthage, i, 142.
 Caryatids from the Erychtheium, ii, 190.
 Casino dell' Aurora, i, 220.
 Castel Gondolfo, ii, 27.
 Castle of St. Angelo (see Mausoleum of Hadrian).
 Castor and Pollux, Statues of, i, 104.
 Castor and Pollux, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Catacombs :
 Domitilla, i, 248.
 Priscilla, i, 25.
 The, i, 260; ii, 32.
 St. Calixtus, i, 248; ii, 32, 40, 75, 99, 201.
 Catiline, i, 143, 168, 178, 182; ii, 45.
 Cato, i, 171.
 Cavour, Count, ii, 25, 26.
 Cecilia Metella, Tomb of, i, 54, 248.
 Cellini, Benvenuto, i, 35; ii, 20.
 "Cenci, Beatrice," Guido, i, 64; ii, 73, 100, 250.
 Cenci Palace (see under Palaces).
 Cestius, Pyramid of, i, 94, 97, 102.
 Cethegus, i, 168.
 Chamber of Commerce, i, 47.
 Chamber of Deputies, i, 38.
 Chapel of Nicholas the Fifth, (Vatican) ii, 204.

- Charlemagne, ii, 9, 10, 22.
 Charles, Constable of Bourbon, ii, 20.
 Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, ii, 24, 25.
 Charles Edward, ii, 128.
 Charles the Fifth, ii, 20.
 Chaucer, ii, 36.
 Cherea, i, 186.
 Chiamontani Museum (Vatican) ii, 112, 153, 182.
 "Childe Harold," i, 111.
 "Christ," Correggio, ii, 246.
 "Christ," Michelangelo, ii, 84, 221.
 "Christ," Perugino, ii, 85.
 "Christ Bestowing a Blessing," Leonardo da Vinci, i, 234; ii, 217.
 "Christ the Good Shepherd," i, 260; ii, 201.
 Christian Museum, The (Lateran) i, 260.
 Christina of Sweden, ii, 129.
 Churches :
 Ara Coeli, i, 113; ii, 17, 45, 46.
 Cardinal Gastaldi, Twin churches of, i, 29.
 Capuchins, ii, 76.
 Domine Quo Vadis, i, 248; ii, 39.
 Lateran (see under S. Giovanni in Laterano).
 San Adriano, i, 163.
 San Clemente (St. Clement), ii, 51.
 San Giorgio in Velabro, i, 87.
 San Giovanni in Laterano (Lateran Church of St. John), ii, 3, 56, 202, 203.
 San Giovanni in Oleo, ii, 40.
 San Giuseppe de' Falegnami, i, 167.
 San Lorenzo fuori le Mura (St. Lawrence's, Suburban) ii, 63-66, 71, 88.
 San Lorenzo in Lucina, i, 41.
 San Lorenzo in Miranda, i, 156.
 San Paolo fuori le Mura (St. Paul's, Suburban), ii, 64, 82, 86-94, 202.
 San Pietro (St. Peter's), i, 10, 28, 37, 48, 52, 75, 93, 138, 155, 219; ii, 9, 64, 69, 82, 92, 104, 112-134, 203, 218, 255, 256.
 San Pietro in Montorio, ii, 99, 100.
 San Pietro in Vincoli (St. Peter in Chains) ii, 49, 51, 221.
 San Sebastiano (St. Sebastian), i, 248; ii, 39, 64.
 San Stefano Rotondo, i, 263.
 Sant' Agnese, i, 55, 56.
 Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura (St. Agnes, Suburban), ii, 64, 72, 73, 74.
 Sant' Andrea della Valle, i, 60.
 Santa Cecilia, ii, 37, 38, 99, 201.
 Santa Constantia, ii, 76.
 Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, ii, 60.
 Santa Francesca Romana, i, 148.
 Santa Maria Antiqua, i, 135

- Santa Maria della Navicella, i, 265.
 Santa Maria del Popolo, i, 27.
 Santa Maria in Ara Cœli (see Ara Cœli).
 Santa Maria Maggiore (Greater St. Mary's) i, 28; ii, 66-72.
 Santa Maria in Cosmedin, i, 79.
 Santa Maria sopra Minerva (St. Mary's over Minerva), i, 55; ii, 83, 211, 221.
 Santa Martina, i, 163.
 Santa Prisca, ii, 32.
 Santa Pudenziana, ii, 31.
 Santa Trinità de' Monti, i, 19; ii, 130, 249.
 Ss. Apostoli (Holy Apostles), i, 226.
 Ss. Giovanni e Paolo, i, 265, 266.
 Cicero, i, 16, 22, 125, 129, 143, 160, 168, 171, 172, 178, 182.
 Cicero's "Republic," ii, 111.
 Cimabue, ii, 203.
 Cincinnatus, i, 12, 35.
 Circo Agonale (see Piazza Navona).
 Circi:
 Flaminian, i, 30.
 Maxentius, i, 55, 248.
 Maximus, i, 26, 88, 89, 125, 144, 190, 192.
 Nero's, i, 37, 264; ii, 2, 102, 104, 116, 133.
 Citadel (see Arx).
 Claudia, ii, 31.
 Claudian Aqueduct (see under Aqueducts).
 Claudius, Emperor, i, 16, 17, 31.
 Claudius, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Clement, the Seventh, ii, 20, 84.
 Clement the Tenth, ii, 129.
 Clement the Thirteenth, ii, 129.
 Clement the Twelfth, i, 229.
 Cleopatra, i, 26.
 Clivus Argentarius, The, i, 151, 211.
 Clivus Capitolinus, The, i, 170.
 Cloaca Maxima, i, 4, 85, 122, 131, 167, 173.
 Clodius, i, 163.
 Cœlian Hill (see under Hills).
 Coin, The Lollia, i, 171.
 Coleridge, i, 32.
 College of Cardinals, ii, 22.
 Collis Hortulorum (see Hills — Pincian).
 Colonna Family, The, i, 31, 45, 179, 226; ii, 17, 21, 72.
 Colonna Gardens (see under Gardens).
 Colonna, Giovanni, ii, 19.
 Colosseum, The, i, 28, 63, 68, 131, 141, 143, 144, 147, 198-200, 219, 236, 241, 266, 267-275; ii, 43, 51.
 Colossus of Nero, The, i, 198.
 Columbus, ii, 217.
 Columna Rostrata, i, 117.
 Columns:
 Marcus Aurelius, i, 38, 42, 45, 211.
 Phocas, i, 1, 121, 174.
 Trajan, i, 42, 208, 211; ii, 192, 194.

- Commodus, i, 37, 199; ii, 7.
 Commodus, Bust of, i, 119.
 Comitium, The, i, 122, 151, 161, 163, 164, 174.
 Concord, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Conservatori, Museum of (see under Museums).
 Constantine, Emperor, i, 147, 155, 218, 226, 258, 266; ii, 3, 4, 31, 35, 51, 55, 59, 64, 75, 76, 87, 112, 115, 187, 194.
 Arch of (see under Arches).
 Basilica of (see under Basilicæ).
 Baths of (see under Baths).
 Statue of, i, 174.
 Constantinople, i, 48, 142; ii, 10, 50.
 Convent of St. Onofrio, ii, 103.
 Cook (the Tourist) i, 102.
 Coriolanus, i, 253.
 Cornelius, Scipio Barbatus, L., ii, 186.
 Corn Exchange, The, i, 79.
 Correggio, ii, 139, 246.
 "Christ," ii, 246.
 "Danaë," i, 234; ii, 246.
 Corsini Palace (see under Palaces).
 Corso, The, i, 28, 29, 31, 37, 45, 65, 103, 272; ii, 190.
 Cortona, Pietro de, ii, 72.
 Council of Trent, ii, 20.
 Count of Tusculum, i, 31; ii, 12.
 Court of Appeals, i, 124.
 Court of the Emperor (see Basilica Julia).
 Crawford, Marion, i, 217, 224.
 "Creation of Adam," Michelangelo, ii, 226.
 Crescenzi Family, The, i, 81.
 Crescenzo, ii, 10, 11.
 Crimean War, The, ii, 25.
 Crypto-porticus, The, i, 185, 186, 189.
 Cumean Sibyl, The, ii, 45.
 Curia Hostilia, The, i, 122, 162.
 Curia Julia, i, 163.
 Curtian Lake (see Pool of Juturna).
 "Cupid," Praxiteles, i, 67.
 Cybele, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Cyllinus, ii, 31.
 "Danaë," Correggio, i, 234; ii, 246.
 Danaids, Portico of (see under Porticos).
 "Dancing Satyr," Casino Borghese, i, 234.
 Daniel, ii, 87.
 Dante, ii, 17.
 "Danube," The, i, 55, 56.
 "Daphne and Apollo," Bernini, i, 234; ii, 252.
 D'Arpino, i, 118.
 Da Vinci (see under Leonardo da Vinci).
 "Defeat of Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge," ii, 237.
 Della Porta, ii, 124.
 Della Robbia, Lucca, ii, 207.
 "Deliverance of St. Peter," Raphael, ii, 234.
 "Delphic Sibyl," Michelangelo, ii, 227.
 Del Piombo, ii, 239.

- Del Sarto, Andrea, ii, 249.
 "Magdalen," ii, 249.
 Demosthenes, ii, 161.
 Demosthenes, Statue of, ii, 162, 165.
 "Descent from the Cross," Volterra, ii, 249, 251.
 "Diadumenos," Polykleitos, ii, 149.
 Didius Julianus, i, 218.
 Dii Consentes, Temple of (see Temple of the Twelve Gods).
 Disk-thrower of Myron ("Diskobolos"), ii, 142, 161.
 "Disputa," Raphael, ii, 230.
 Diocletian, i, 163, 215; ii, 74.
 Diocletian, Baths of (see under Baths).
 Diogenes, ii, 229.
 Dionysius, i, 203.
 Diribitorium, The, i, 30.
 "Doge of Venice (Andrea Gritti)," Raphael, ii, 244.
 Dolci, Carlo, ii, 251, 252.
 Domenichino, i, 225.
 "Last Communion of St. Jerome," ii, 238, 249.
 Domine Quo Vadis, Church of (see under Churches).
 Domitian, i, 112, 117, 169, 173, 182, 191, 195, 273; ii, 43.
 Baths of (see under Baths).
 Forum of (see Forum Transitorium).
 House of (see under Houses).
 Stadium of, i, 30, 56; ii, 74.
 Statue of, i, 174.
 Domitilla, Catacombs of (see under Catacombs).
 Domus Gelotiana, i, 192.
 Donatello, ii, 18.
 "St. George," ii, 207.
 Doré, i, 274.
 Doria Palace (see under Palaces).
 "Doryphoros" or "Spear-bearer," Polykleitos, ii, 149, 182.
 Doves (Mosaic), i, 116.
 "Dream of St. Helena," Veronese, ii, 246.
 Drusus, i, 182.
 Dryden, ii, 36.
 Duilius, i, 117.
 Duke of Apulia (see Robert Guiscard).
 Duke of Milan, ii, 20.
 Duke of Paliano, i, 224.
 Dungeon of the Tullianum (see Mamertine Prison).
 Duomo, The (at Florence), i, 48.
 "Dying Gaul," The (Capitol), i, 115; ii, 170.
 Edict of Milan, The, ii, 3.
 Egyptian Art, ii, 140, 141, 174, 177.
 Egyptian Museum of the Vatican, ii, 140, 141.
 Emporium, The, i, 91.
 "Entombment," The, Raphael, i, 234; ii, 228.
 Equites Singulares, The, i, 258.
 "Eros" Praxiteles, ii, 154.
 Esquiline Hill (see under Hills).
 Etruscan Art, ii, 174, 175.
 Etruscan Museum of the Vatican, ii, 141.

- Eudoxia, ii, 49, 50.
 Euodus, i, 18.
 "Euripides," Statue of, ii, 162, 165.
 Ezekiel, ii, 87.
 Fabius, Arch of (see under Arches).
 "Farnese Bull," i, 240.
 "Farnese Hercules," i, 240; ii, 178, 181.
 Farnese Palace (see under Palaces).
 Farnesina Palace (see under Palaces).
 Fasti Consulares, The, i, 118, 138, 216.
 "Faun" of Praxiteles, i, 115; ii, 154, 157, 170.
 "Faun with the Grapes," i, 115.
 Faustina, i, 36, 156.
 Faustulus, i, 190.
 Ferrara, ii, 246.
 Festus, ii, 1.
 Field of Mars (see Campus Martius).
 Filippino Lippi, ii, 85, 207, 211, 212.
 "Fire in the Borgo," Raphael, ii, 234.
 Flaminian Circus (see under Circi).
 Flaminian Gate (see Porta del Popolo).
 Flaminian Way (see Via Flaminia).
 Flavian Age, The, i, 268.
 "Flora," i, 240.
 Florence, i, 1, 48; ii, 20, 52, 135, 203, 213, 214, 249.
 Florentine School, ii, 213, 249.
 Formosus, Pope, ii, 91, 92.
 "Fornarina," The ii, 73.
 Fortuna Virilis, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Fora :
 Appii, i, 252.
 Of Augustus, i, 204, 207, 208.
 Boarium, i, 54, 72.
 Holitorium (see Piazza Montanara).
 Julium (Julius Cæsar), i, 207.
 Palatine, i, 191.
 Peace, i, 156.
 Romanum, i, 28, 86, 90, 103, 113, 114, 117, 121-123, 125, 126, 129-131, 135, 141, 147, 151, 152, 159-162, 164, 167, 168, 170, 173, 174, 177-179, 181, 182, 185, 198, 207; ii, 5, 18, 44, 56, 186, 190, 194.
 Trajan, i, 38, 208, 259; ii, 192.
 Transitorium (Forum of Nerva; Forum of Domitian; Forum of Minerva), i, 159.
 Fountain of Trevi, i, 226, 229.
 Fra Angelico da Fiesole, ii, 17, 84, 204, 207, 211.
 France, ii, 25, 26, 255.
 Francia, i, 120.
 Frari, The, at Venice, ii, 244.
 French Academy, The, i, 21, 220.
 French Embassy, i, 60.
 Frederick the Second, ii, 15.
 Fuscus Aristius, i, 152.

- Gainsborough, ii, 255.
 Gaius Cestius, Pyramid of, i, 94, 97, 102.
 Gaius Gracchus, i, 169.
 Galba, i, 172.
 Galen, ii, 7.
 Galileo, i, 20; ii, 86.
 Gallery of the Candelabra (Vatican), ii, 189.
 "Ganges," The, i, 55.
 "Ganymede," ii, 190.
 "Ganymede and the Eagle," ii, 189.
 Gardens :
 Acilian, i, 22.
 Adonis, i, 197.
 Barberini, i, 197.
 Boboli, ii, 222.
 Colonna, i, 225.
 Lucullus, i, 15.
 Mæcenæ, i, 119, 199, 202.
 Pincian, i, 21, 25.
 Sallust, i, 219; ii, 140.
 Garibaldi, ii, 24-26, 102.
 Gastaldi, Cardinal, Twin Churches of (see under Churches).
 Geneva, ii, 19.
 Genseric, i, 112; ii, 21.
 Georgics, The, i, 203.
 Gerbert of Aurillac (see Sylvester the Second).
 Germanicus, House of (see under Houses).
 Germans, The, ii, 4, 9.
 Ghetto, The, i, 65, 142.
 Ghibelline Party, ii, 21.
 Ghiberti, ii, 207.
 Ghirlandaio, ii, 212.
 Giorgione, ii, 245.
 Giotto, ii, 17, 203, 204, 211, 213.
 Giovanni da Udine, i, 201.
 Goethe, ii, 72, 146, 244.
 Golden House, The, i, 198, 199, 201, 202, 224, 263; ii, 1, 49, 196.
 Gordian, i, 161, 216.
 Gordian, Arch of (see under Arches).
 Goths, The, i, 178; ii, 37.
 Gracchi, The, i, 171.
 Grazioli Chapel, ii, 85.
 Gregory the First (the Great), i, 36; ii, 5, 91, 127.
 Gregory the Fifteenth, ii, 129.
 Gregory the Fourteenth, ii, 129.
 Gregory the Seventh, ii, 6, 7, 12, 13, 92.
 Gregory the Sixth, ii, 12.
 Gregory the Thirteenth, ii, 129.
 Guelphs, The, ii, 21.
 Guido (see Reni).
 Guiscard, Robert, i, 31; ii, 13, 14, 21.
 Hadrian, i, 35, 36, 48, 136, 147, 148, 198, 245; ii, 181.
 Mausoleum of (see Mausoleum).
 Statue of, ii, 185, 186.
 Villa of (see under Villas).
 Hall of the Biga (Vatican), ii, 112, 142, 158, 189.
 Hall of Busts (Vatican), ii, 182, 185, 186.
 Hall of Constantine (Vatican) ii, 237.
 Hall of the Greek Cross (Vatican), ii, 187.
 Hall of the Emperors (Capitoline Museum), i, 116.

- Hall of the Statues (Vatican),
 ii, 112, 157, 189.
 Hall of Meleager (Vatican),
 ii, 190.
 Hall of Philosophers (Capito-
 line Museum), i, 116.
 Hannibal, i, 251.
 Hawthorne, i, 38, 111; ii, 78,
 157.
 Helena, Empress, ii, 59, 128,
 187.
 "Heliodoros," Raphael, ii,
 233, 234.
 Heliopolis, i, 26, 38; ii, 51.
 Hellenistic Age, ii, 165, 173,
 174, 177, 178.
 Henry, Cardinal York, ii, 128.
 Henry the Fourth (of Ger-
 many), i, 31; ii, 13, 14, 19.
 Henry the Eighth (of Eng-
 land), ii, 112.
 "Hera, Barberini," ii, 189.
 "Hera," Polykleitos, ii, 150.
 "Herakles, Infant, Strangling
 a Serpent," i, 116.
 "Herakles," Lysippos, ii, 178.
 "Herakles, Mastai," ii, 189.
 "Herakles, Farnese," i, 240;
 ii, 178, 181.
 Hercules (see Herakles).
 Hercules, Round Temple of
 (see Temple of Mater
 Matuta).
 Temple of (see under
 Temples).
 "Hermes" or "Antinoüs,"
 of the Belvedere, ii, 181.
 Herodotus, ii, 161.
 Hilda's Tower (Tower of the
 Monkey), i, 37, 38.
 Hildebrand (see Gregory
 VII.).
- Hills:**
 Alban, i, 5, 253.
 Aventine, i, 82, 91, 92, 190;
 ii, 2.
 Capitoline (Hill of Saturn),
 i, 12, 28, 72, 103-121,
 123, 124, 148, 151, 155,
 167, 169, 182, 211.
 Caelian, i, 88, 182, 263, 271.
 Esquiline, i, 28, 93, 119, 173,
 182, 199, 241, 263; ii, 2,
 49.
 Janiculum, i, 37, 63, 93, 155;
 ii, 102, 259, 260.
 Palatine, i, 88, 90, 92, 108,
 122, 131, 135, 143, 152,
 177-179, 181-198, 246;
 ii, 196.
 Pincian (Hill of the Gar-
 dens, Collis Hortulorum),
 i, 12, 15, 20, 25, 27, 28,
 233, 235, 236; ii, 115,
 130, 257, 258.
 Quirinal, i, 1, 12, 28, 92,
 122, 182, 198, 211, 223,
 225, 241; ii, 28.
 Sabine, i, 21, 254; ii, 133.
 Vatican, i, 37, 155; ii, 102,
 133.
 Viminal, i, 28, 93, 182.
 Hippodrome, The, i, 195.
 "History of Moses," ii, 208,
 212.
 Hogarth, ii, 255.
 Holy Apostles, Church of, i,
 226.
 "Holy League," The, ii, 20.
 Holy Stairs (see Scala Santa).
 Honorius, Emperor, i, 93, ii,
 63.
 Honorius the First, Pope, ii,
 75.

- Honorius the Third, Pope, ii, 65.
 Hope, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Horace, i, 151, 152, 159, 202, 203, 216.
 Horatii, The, i, 252.
 Hortensius, i, 171, 182.
 Houses :
 Augustus, i, 191, 192, 195, 224.
 Caligula, i, 185.
 Caracalla, i, 196.
 Domitian, i, 191, 224.
 Germanicus, i, 186, 189, 191; ii, 196.
 Pilate, i, 80.
 Septimius Severus, i, 196, 197.
 Vestals, i, 135, 141, 151, 177.
 House of the High Priest (see Regia).
 House of Rienzi (see House of Pilate).
 Huelsen, Professor, i, 267, 268.
 Humbert, King, i, 53.
 Iliad, The, i, 161.
 Innocent the Eighth, ii, 129.
 Innocent the Sixth, ii, 127.
 Innocent the Tenth, i, 59.
 Innocent the Third, ii, 14, 92.
 Innocent the Twelfth, ii, 129.
 Inquisition, The, ii, 85, 86.
 "Io, Argus, and Mercury," ii, 196.
 Isaac, ii, 87.
 Isaiah, ii, 93.
 Isis, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Island of Philæ, i, 161.
 Island of Procida, i, 204.
 Irene, ii, 9.
 James Third, "The Pretender," ii, 128.
 Jameson, Mrs. ii, 225.
 Janiculum (see under Hills).
 Janus, Arch of (see under Arches).
 Janus, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Jeremiah, ii, 87.
 Jerusalem, i, 142; ii, 59, 77, 87.
 "Jethro's Daughters," ii, 208.
 Johannes, Pope, ii, 69, 70.
 John the Fifteenth, Pope, ii, 10, 11.
 Josephus, i, 185.
 Jove (see Zeus).
 Judea, ii,
 "Judgment of Paris," ii, 190.
 Jugurtha, i, 168; ii, 44.
 Julia, Basilica (see under Basilicæ).
 Julia Aqueduct (see under Aqueducts).
 Julia, Rostra (see under Rostra).
 Julian the Apostate, i, 266; ii, 76.
 Julian Forum (see Forum of Julius Cæsar).
 Julius the Second, i, 41; ii, 19, 51.
 Julius the Third, ii, 139, 222, 225, 229.
 "Juno Ludovisi," i, 223.
 Juno Moneta, Temple of (see under Temples).
 "Juno Pentini," ii, 190.

- Juno Sospita, Temple of** (see under Temples).
Juno (see also Hera).
Jupiter, Statue of, i, 116.
Jupiter Capitolinus, Temple of (see under Temples).
Jupiter Stator, Temple of (see under Temples).
Jupiter (see also Zeus).
"Jurisprudence," Raphael, ii, 230.
"Justice," Della Porta, ii, 127.
Juturna, Pool of (see under Pool).
Juvenal, i, 204.

Keats, i, 97, 98; ii, 136.

"La Bella," ii, 245.
Lake Regillus, Battle of (see under Battles).
Lamia, i, 29.
Lanciani, i, 111, 164.
"Laokoön," The, i, 202; ii, 166, 169, 170, 173, 234, 250.
"La Plata," The, i, 55.
"Last Communion of St. Jerome," Domenichino, ii, 238, 249.
"Last Judgment," Michelangelo, ii, 225.
"Last Supper," Leonardo, ii, 218.
Lateran, Church of (see under Churches).
Lateran Museum (see under Museums).
Lateran Palace (see under Palaces).
Latin Gate (see Porta Latina).
Laurentum, ii, 7.
Lentulus, i, 168.

Leonardo da Vinci, ii, 214, 217, 218, 245, 249.
"Christ Bestowing His Blessing," i, 234; ii, 217.
"Last Supper," ii, 218.
"Sforza, Equestrian Statue of," ii, 217.
"St. Jerome," ii, 217.
Lepida, i, 18.
Leo the Eleventh, ii, 127.
Leo the First (the Great), ii, 5, 91, 127.
Leo the Fourth, ii, 104, 234.
Leo the Fourth, Wall of (see under Walls).
Leo the Second, ii, 127.
Leo the Tenth, ii, 84.
Leo the Third, ii, 9, 127.
Leo the Thirteenth, ii, 27.
Leo the Twelfth, ii, 129.
Liberius, Pope, ii, 69, 76.
Linus, ii, 3, 31, 116.
"Lion of Lucerne," Thorwaldsen, ii, 256.
Livy, i, 75.
Loggie of the Vatican, i, 201, ii, 237-238.
Lollia Coin, The, i, 171.
Lombards, The, ii, 8, i, 37.
Lombardy, ii, 20, 22, 24, 26.
Lorraine, Claude, ii, 255.
Loyola, Ignatius, ii, 20.
Lucullus, i, 16, 22.
Lucullus, Gardens of (see under Gardens).
Ludi Sæculares (Sacred Games), i, 216.
"Ludovisi Juno," The, i, 217; ii, 146, 150.
Luther, ii, 19, 59.
Lysippos, i, 67; ii, 150, 162, 165.

- "Apoxymenos," ii, 162, 174.
 "Herakles," ii, 178.
 Macellum, The, i, 263.
 Macrinus Sossianus, i, 137.
 Maderna, ii, 37.
 "Madonna and Child," Perugino, i, 234.
 "Madonna and Saints," Titian, ii, 244.
 "Madonna di Foligno," Raphael, ii, 238, 239.
 "Madonna with Four Saints," Perugino, ii, 214.
 Mæcenæ, i, 29, 152, 202, 203.
 Mæcenæ, Gardens of (see under Gardens).
 "Mænad" Relief, i, 119.
 "Magdalen," Del Sarto, ii, 249.
 Magenta, ii, 26.
 Mahomet, ii, 49.
 Manius Acilius Glabrio, (see under Acilius Glabrio).
 Manlian Law, The, i, 178.
 Mantegna, ii, 214.
 "Marble Faun, The," i, 38, 111; ii, 157-158.
 "Marble Plan" (Forma Urbis), i, 115, 118, 156.
 Marcellus, Theatre of (see under Theatres).
 Marcian Aqueduct (see under Aqueducts).
 Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, i, 36, 211.
 Arch of (see under Arches).
 Column of (see under Columns).
 Statue of, i, 42, 104, 107, 108, 116, 174, 211.
 Temple of (see under Temples).
 Marcus Barbatus Pollio, i, 132.
 Marcus Curtius, i, 131, 132.
 Marforio, i, 56, 59, 114.
 Maria Clementina, ii, 128.
 Marius, i, 172.
 Marozia, ii, 10.
 Mars, i, 12.
 Mars, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Mars Ultor, Temple of (see under Temples).
 "Marsyas," i, 259.
 Martial, i, 159.
 Masaccio, ii, 207.
 "Mastai Herakles," ii, 189.
 Mater Matuta, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Mausoleum of Augustus, i, 3, 30-32, 35, 41, 54, 117.
 Mausoleum of Hadrian (Castle of St. Angelo), i, 28, 35, 36, 52, 54; ii, 6, 10, 11, 14, 17, 130.
 Maxentius, Emperor, i, 155; ii, 3.
 Maxentius, Circus of (see under Circi).
 Mazarin, Cardinal, i, 225.
 Mazzini, ii, 23, 24.
 Medici Family, The, i, 20.
 Medici, Lorenzo de', ii, 218.
 Mediterranean, The, i, 98, 200.
 "Mercury," Belvedere (see under Hermes).
 Memling, ii, 208.
 Mendelssohn, ii, 244.
 Merivale, i, 17.
 "Merope and Æpytus," i, 217.
 Messalina, i, 16-19.

- Metellus, i, 248, 251.
 Michelangelo, i, 114, 117, 118, 216; ii, 19, 56, 124, 139, 181, 214, 218, 222, 225-229, 237, 239-243, 245, 249, 252, 258.
 "Captives" Louvre, ii, 222.
 "Christ," ii, 84, 221.
 "Creation of Adam," ii, 226.
 "Delphic Sibyl," ii, 227.
 "Last Judgment," ii, 225.
 "Moses," ii, 50, 221, 222.
 "Pietà," ii, 128, 218.
 Milan Cathedral, ii, 4.
 Milan, Duke of, ii, 20.
 Milestone, Golden, i, 172.
 Milvian Bridge, ii, 3.
 Minerva, i, 208.
 Minerva, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Minerva Campensis, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Minerva, Forum of (see Forum Transitorium).
 "Minerva Medica," ii, 190.
 Minucia, Portico of (see under Porticos).
 Mitford, Miss, ii, 16.
 Mithridates, i, 16, 22.
 "Miracle of the Crucifix," Lippi, ii, 211.
 Michael, the Archangel, i, 36.
 Modena, ii, 26.
 "Molossian Hounds," ii, 190.
 "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre, ii, 217.
 Monte Cavallo (see Square of the Quirinal).
 Monte Citorio, Palace of (see under Palaces).
 Monte Testaccio, i, 91, 92.
 Moses, i, 25, 26; ii, 208.
 "Moses," Michelangelo, ii, 50, 221, 222.
 Mount of Olives, ii, 46.
 "Mourning Penelope," ii, 190.
 Mouth of Truth (see Bocca della Verità).
 Mt. Parnassus, ii, 229.
 Municipal Building, i, 113, 114, 120, 151.
 Museo delle Terme, i, 216.
 Muses, The, ii, 229.
 Museums:
 Boncompagni, ii, 146.
 Capitoline, i, 113, 114-117, 156; ii, 157, 170, 182.
 Chiaramonti, ii, 112, 153, 182.
 Christian (Lateran), i, 260.
 Conservatori, i, 113, 117-120, 141; ii, 246.
 Egyptian, ii, 174, 177, 208.
 Kircherian, i, 192.
 Lateran, i, 258-263; ii, 161, 201.
 Profano, (Lateran), i, 259.
 Myron, "Disk-thrower" ("Diskobolos"), ii, 144, 145, 161.
 Mysæ, i, 47.
 Naples, ii, 20, 26, 149; ii, 178, 181.
 Napoleon the First, i, 1, 21, 59; ii, 21-23, 112.
 Napoleon the Third, ii, 25, 27.
 Narcissus, i, 18.
 National Gallery of Modern Art, ii, 257.
 "Navicella," Giotto, ii, 203.
 Neptune, i, 230; ii, 169.
 Neptune, Temple of (see under Temples).

- Nero, i, 27, 28, 191, 195, 197-201, 251, 263-265; ii, 1, 2.
 Aqueduct of (see Claudian Aqueduct).
 Baths of (see under Baths).
 Circus of (see under Circi).
 Colossus of (see Colossus).
 "Nerva," ii, 189.
 Nerva, Forum of (see Forum Transitorium).
 Nicholas the First, ii, 91.
 Nicholas the Pisan (Niccolo Pisano), ii, 203.
 "Niger Lapis" (see "Black Stone").
 Nile, The, i, 26, 55, 97; ii, 139, 174.
 Normans, The, i, 252; ii, 13.
 Numa, i, 138.
 Nymphæum of Acilius, i, 25.
 Octavia, Portico of (see under Porticos).
 Octavius, i, 26.
 "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," ii, 36.
 Odeum, The, i, 30.
 Ogulnii (the Ædiles), i, 119.
 Olimpia Maldachini, i, 59.
 Opimius, i, 169.
 Oppian Spur, The, i, 199.
 Oratory of St. Venantius, ii, 55.
 "Orestes and Electra," The, i, 217.
 Orsini Family, The, i, 68, 179; ii, 17, 21.
 Ostia, i, 17, 93, 245.
 Ostian Gate (see Porta San Paolo).
 Otho, i, 1, 172.
 Otto the Great, i, 107; ii, 11.
 Otricoli (see Zeus of Otricoli).
 Padua, ii, 214.
 Pædagogium, The, i, 192, 195.
 Palaces :
 Acilian, i, 25.
 Barberini, ii, 72, 250.
 Cæsars', i, 152, 178, 182-197; ii, 196. (See also under Houses.)
 Cancellaria, i, 63.
 Cenci, i, 63, 64, 66.
 Corsini, i, 63.
 Doria, i, 103.
 Farnese, i, 63, 251.
 Farnesina, i, 63; ii, 251.
 Lateran, i, 107, 258; ii, 3-5, 10, 12, 14, 17, 27, 30, 51, 55, 69, 107.
 Margherita, i, 220.
 Monte Citorio, i, 38, 42.
 Quirinal, i, 223-224; ii, 27.
 Rospigliosi, i, 225; ii, 250.
 Sciarra, ii, 245.
 Spada, i, 60, 63.
 Vatican, i, 1, 4, 12, 52, 56, 201, 223, 247; ii, 17, 19, 22, 27, 28, 107, 108, 111, 112, 130, 140-190, 203, 204, 217, 228, 229, 255.
 Palatine Hill (see under Hills).
 Palestrina, i, 229.
 Paliano, Duke of, i, 224.
 Palmyra, i, 225.
 Pantheon, The, i, 30, 48, 51-54, 76, 155; ii, 38, 83.
 Papal Villa, ii, 107.
 Parrhasius, ii, 195.
 Parthenon, ii, 145.
 Paschal the First, ii, 37.

- Paschal the Second, i, 27.
 Passeggiata del Pincio, i, 20, 28, 235.
 Passionist Fathers, The, i, 265.
 Pasquino, i, 52, 56, 59, 114.
 Paul the Fifth, ii, 69.
 Paul the Fourth, ii, 85.
 Paul the Third, ii, 124.
 Peace, Forum of (see under Fora).
 Peace, Temple of (see Basilica of Constantine).
 Pearl Dealers, Arcade of (see Arcade).
 Pergamon, School of, ii, 170, 174.
 "Perseus," Canova, ii, 255.
 Pertinax, i, 218.
 Perugia, ii, 213, 214.
 Perugino, ii, 213, 214.
 "Christ," ii, 85.
 "Madonna and Child," i, 234.
 "Madonna and Four Saints," ii, 214.
 "Resurrection," ii, 214.
 "St. Sebastian," i, 234.
 "Three Saints," ii, 214.
 Peter the Prefect, i, 107.
 Petrarch, ii, 17, 18.
 Pharaoh's Daughter (in Pincian Gardens), i, 25.
 Pheidian Age, ii, 150, 165, 181.
 Pheidias, ii, 258.
 "Athena of the Parthenon," ii, 146.
 "Zeus," ii, 145, 146, 150.
 Philæ, Island of (see Island).
 Philip the Fair (of France), ii, 15.
 Philippi, Battle of (see Battle).
 "Philosophy," ii, 229.
 Phocas, Emperor, i, 125.
 Phocas, Column of (see under Columns).
 Phocian, Statue of, ii, 189.
 Phryne, ii, 154.
 Piale, the Bookseller, i, 102.
 Piazze :
 Barberini, i, 76, 212, 230, 236; ii, 76.
 Bocca della Verità, i, 90.
 Campidoglio, i, 104.
 Cinquecento, ii, 63.
 Colonna, i, 38, 42, 45.
 Farnese, i, 76.
 Montanara (Forum Holitorium), i, 69, 70, 72, 102; ii, 86.
 Navona (Circo Agonale), i, 55, 56, 76, 241; ii, 74.
 Pietra, i, 47.
 Popolo, i, 26, 28, 29, 38, 76, 233.
 Porta San Giovanni, ii, 55.
 Rotonda, i, 47, 76.
 Spagna, i, 76, 102; ii, 199.
 Trinità de' Monti, i, 9.
 Terme, i, 212; ii, 66.
 Tribune, ii, 31.
 Trinità de' Monti, ii, 139.
 Venezia, i, 104.
 Pierleoni Family, The, i, 68.
 "Pietà," Michelangelo, ii, 128, 218.
 Piety, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Pilate, ii, 59, 60.
 Pilate, House of (see under Houses).
 Pincian Gardens (see under Gardens).
 Pincian Gate (see Porta Pinciana).

- Pincian Hill (see under Hills).
 Pincio, The (see under Hills, Pincian).
 Piombino Palace (see under Palaces).
 Pippin the Short, ii, 7, 8.
 Pius the Eighth, ii, 127.
 Pius the Ninth, ii, 24, 27, 65, 71, 93.
 Pius the Seventh, ii, 21.
 "Pius the Sixth," Canova, ii, 123.
 Pius the Tenth, ii, 28.
 Plato, ii, 161, 229.
 Pliny, i, 116, 124, 204.
 Plutarch, i, 60, 81.
 Plutei, The, i, 174.
 "Poetry," Raphael, ii, 229.
 Pollajuolo Brothers, ii, 127.
 "Polyhymnia" (Statue) i, 119.
 Polykleitos, ii, 149, 150, 181, 190.
 "Diadumenos," ii, 149.
 "Doryphoros," ii, 149, 182.
 "Hera," ii, 150.
 Pompey, i, 16.
 Portico of (see under Porticos).
 Senate House of, i, 60.
 Statue of, i, 60.
 Theatre of (see under Theatres).
 Pons Æmilius (see Ponte Rotto).
 Pons Triumphalis, i, 216.
 Ponte Ripetta, i, 32.
 Ponte Rotto (Æmilian Bridge) i, 81, 82.
 Pool of Agrippa, i, 229, 230.
 Pool of Juturna (Curtian Lake) i, 126, 131, 132, 177.
 Porte (Gates) :
 Appia (see San Sebastiano).
 Asinaria, i, 257.
 Flaminia (see del Popolo).
 Latina (Latin Gate), ii, 40, 43.
 Pia, ii, 73.
 Pinciana (Pincian Gate), i, 220.
 Del Popolo (Flaminian Gate), i, 27, 233.
 Romana, i, 185.
 San Giovanni, i, 257.
 San Lorenzo, ii, 63.
 San Paolo (Ostian Gate), i, 72, 93, 94, 101; ii, 86, 102.
 San Sebastiano (Porta Appia), i, 245, 247; ii, 32.
 Santo Spirito, ii, 104.
 Porticos :
 Argonauts, i, 199.
 Danaids, i, 191.
 Margaritaria (see Arcade of the Pearl Dealers).
 Minucia, i, 71.
 Octavia, i, 30, 66.
 Pompey, i, 30.
 "Posidippus and Menander," ii, 190.
 Poussin, i, 120; ii, 182, 255.
 Prætextatus, i, 170.
 Praxitelean Age, ii, 165.
 Praxiteles, i, 116; ii, 150, 154, 190. 153.
 "Aphrodite," ii, 153.
 "Cupid" (see Eros).
 "Eros," i, 67; ii, 154.
 "Faun," i, 115; ii, 154, 157, 158, 170.
 Prefect of Public Supplies, i, 79.
 Pretorian Camp, The, i, 218.

- Pretorian Guard, The, i, 172, 178, 218.
 Princess Pauline Borghese, Statue, Canova, i, 234.
 Priscilla, ii, 32.
 Priscilla, Catacombs of (see under Catacombs).
 Protestant Cemetery, The, i, 97.
 Protogenes, ii, 195.
 Psammetik the First, i, 41.
 Ptolemy Philadelphus, ii, 140.
 Pudens, ii, 2, 31.
 Pyramids, The, ii, 141.
 Pyramid of Gaius Cestius, i, 94, 97, 102.
 Pythagoras, ii, 229.

 Quattro Fontane, ii, 73.
 Quintus Catulus, i, 114, 182.
 Quirinal Hill (see under Hills).

 Rabonius, L, i, 129.
 Rameses, i, 26; ii, 140.
 Raphael, i, 53, 201; ii, 19, 38, 73, 112, 139, 196, 213, 214, 228, 229, 234, 237, 239, 240, 243, 245, 250.
 "Bible," ii, 238.
 "Deliverance of St. Peter," ii, 234.
 "Disputa," ii, 230.
 "Entombment," i, 234; ii, 228.
 "Fire in the Borgo," ii, 234.
 "Heliodorus," ii, 233, 234.
 "Jurisprudence," ii, 230.
 Loggie, ii, 237-238.
 "Madonna di Foligno," ii, 238, 239.

 "Philosophy," ii, 229.
 "Poetry," ii, 229.
 "Sistine Madonna" (Dresden) ii, 239, 252.
 Stanze, ii, 228-237.
 "Theology," ii, 230.
 "Transfiguration," ii, 100, 238-240, 249.
 Regia, The (House of the High Priest) i, 118, 138, 141, 151.
 Rembrandt, ii, 252.
 Remus, i, 181, 190; ii, 102.
 Renaissance, The, i, 63, 64; ii, 17, 18, 77, 103, 140, 211, 213, 214, 228.
 Reni, Guido, i, 64; ii, 250, 252.
 "Aurora," i, 225; ii, 250, 252.
 "Beatrice Cenci," ii, 73, 100, 250.
 "St. Michael," ii, 76.
 "Republic," The, Cicero, ii, 111.
 "Resurrection," Perugino, ii, 214.
 Reynolds, ii, 255.
 Rhea Sylvia, i, 181.
 Rhodes, School of, ii, 170, 174.
 Rienzi, i, 80, 104, 115, 179; ii, 16, 17, 52.
 Rienzi, Statue of, i, 104.
 Ristori, i, 32.
 Romagna, The, ii, 26.
 Roman Circus (see Circus Maximus).
 Roman Forum (see Forum Romanum).
 Roman Ghetto (see Ghetto).
 Romano, Giulio, ii, 237.

- Roman Senate House (see Senate House).
 Romulus, i, 108, 122, 143, 155, 181, 190; ii, 102.
 Romulus, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Romulus, Tomb of, i, 164.
 Romulus, Wall of (see under Walls).
 Romulus Augustulus, ii, 6.
 Roselli, ii, 212.
 Rospigliosi Family, The, i, 225.
 Rospigliosi Palace (see under Palaces).
 Rossetti, ii, 211.
 Rostra, The, i, 171, 172, 173, 177.
 Rostra Julia, i, 129.
 Rubens, ii, 252.
 Ruskin, i, 215.
 Russia, ii, 25.
- Sabine Hills (see under Hills).
 Sabines, The, i, 108, 122, 143, 181.
 "Sacred and Profane Love," Titian, ii, 233, 243.
 Sacred Way, The (see Via Sacra).
 Sæpta Julia, i, 30.
 Sala Rotonda (Vatican), ii, 145, 182, 185, 186, 189.
 Sallust, Gardens of (see under Gardens).
 Salvini, i, 31.
 Sammonicus Serenus, i, 161.
 San Adriano, Church of (see under Churches).
 Sant' Agnese, Church of (see under Churches).
 Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura, Church of (see under Churches).
 Sant' Andrea della Valle, Church of (see under Churches).
 Ss. Apostoli, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Clemente, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Constantia, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Francesca Romana, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Giorgio, Cardinal, ii, 208.
 San Giorgio in Velabro, Church of (see under Churches).
 Ss. Giovanni e Paolo, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Giovanni in Fonte (Baptistry of the Lateran) ii, 52.
 San Giovanni in Oleo, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Giuseppe de' Falegnami, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Lorenzo fuori le Mura (see under Churches).
 San Lorenzo in Lucina, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Lorenzo in Miranda, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Marco at Florence, Monastery, ii, 207.
 Santa Maria Antiqua, Church of (see under Churches).

- Santa Maria della Navicella, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Maria del Popolo, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Maria in Cosmedin, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Maria Maggiore, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Maria sopra Minerva, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Martina, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Paolo fuori le Mura (see under Churches).
 San Pietro, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Pietro in Montorio, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Pietro in Vincoli, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Prisca, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Pudenziana, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Sebastiano, Church of (see under Churches).
 San Stefano Rotondo, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santa Trinità de' Monti, Church of (see under Churches).
 Santo Spirito Gate (see Porta Santo Spirito).
 Saracens, The, ii, 13.
 Sardinia, ii, 26.
 Sardinians, The, ii, 25.
 Sassoferrato, ii, 251.
 Saturn, Hill of (see Capitoline Hill).
 Saturn, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Savelli, Family, i, 68.
 Savoy, ii, 26.
 Scala Santa (Holy Stairs) ii, 59.
 Schnaase, ii, 173.
 Sciarra Palace ii, 245.
 Scipio, i, 246.
 Screens, Marble (Plutei) i, 174.
 "Seated Mars," The, i, 217.
 Secular Games (see Ludi Sæculares).
 Senate, The, i, 204.
 Senate House, Pompey's, i, 60.
 Senate House, Roman, The, i, 162, 167 ; ii, 56.
 Seneca, i, 144.
 Septimius Severus, i, 87, 182, 216.
 Arch of (see under Arches).
 Baths of (see under Baths).
 House of (see under Houses).
 Septizonium, The, i, 197.
 Serapis, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Servius Tullius, i, 75, 80, 203.
 Servius, Wall of (see under Walls).
 Seti the First, i, 26.
 Sette Sale, i, 202.
 Suetonius, i, 199, 200.
 Severn, i, 97, 98.
 Sforza, Statue of, ii, 217.
 Shelley, i, 64, 97, 98, 101, 239.
 "Shepherd Martius" (Sculpture), i, 120.

Shrine of Vesta, i, 191.

Sicily, ii, 27.

Sienkiewicz, ii, 39.

Signorelli, ii, 212.

"Life of Moses," ii, 212, 213.

"Silenus and Bacchus," ii, 190.

Silius, i, 17.

Silversmiths, Arch of, The, (see under Arches).

Sistine Chapel, ii, 108, 208, 212, 213, 225, 227, 229, 237.

"Sistine Madonna" (Dresden), Raphael, ii, 239, 252.

Sixtus, Bishop, ii, 35.

Sixtus the Fifth, i, 223; ii, 21.

Palace of (see Quirinal Palace).

Sixtus the Fourth, ii, 129.

Sixtus the Third, ii, 52.

Skopas, ii, 150, 153.

"Sleeping Ariadne," ii, 190.

Socrates, ii, 161, 229.

Solferino, ii, 26.

Sophocles, ii, 161.

"Sophocles," The (Lateran Museum), i, 259; ii, 161, 165.

Soracte, ii, 133.

Spada Palace (see under Palaces).

Spanish Stairs, The, i, 9, 28, 76, 102, 104; ii, 135, 139, 141.

Spiridon, ii, 257.

Spurius Cassius, i, 79.

Square of the Quirinal (Monte Cavallo), i, 223, 236.

Stadium, The (see Hippodrome).

Stadium of Domitian, i, 30, 56; ii, 74.

Stanze of Raphael, ii, 227-237.

"States of the Church," ii, 8, 27.

Stephen, Pope, ii, 7, 8.

Steps of Cacus, i, 190.

Stilicho, ii, 63.

Story, the Sculptor, ii, 111, 139.

Street of the Tuscans (Vicus Tuscus), i, 124, 125.

St Agnes' Church (see under Churches).

St. Ambrose, ii, 124.

St. Andrew, ii, 120, 212.

St. Angelo, Bridge of, i, 36, 37; ii, 3.

St. Angelo, Castle of (see Mausoleum of Hadrian).

St. Anthony, ii, 244.

St. Athanasius, ii, 124.

St. Augustine, ii, 123.

St. Boniface, ii, 7.

St. Calixtus, Catacombs of (see under Catacombs).

St. Catherine, ii, 84.

St. Cecilia, ii, 36, 37, 99.

St. Cecilia, Church of (see under Churches).

St. Chrysostom, ii, 124.

St. Clement, ii, 51.

St. Clement, Church of (see under Churches).

St. Constance, Church of (see under Churches).

St. Cosmus, i, 156.

St. Cyriaca, ii, 64.

St. Damianus, i, 156.

St. Francis, ii, 239, 244.

St. Helena, ii, 23, 120.

- "St. Jerome," ii, 217, 239.
 St. John, ii, 43, 239.
 Sts. John and Paul, Church of (see under Churches).
 St. Justin, ii, 65.
 St. Lawrence, ii, 63, 65, 66, 204, 207.
 St. Longinus, ii, 120, 123.
 St. Luke, ii, 46, 60, 71, 72.
 St. Mary, ii, 69.
 St. Matthew, ii, 70.
 "St. Michael," by Guido, ii, 76.
 St. Nicholas, ii, 244.
 St. Onofrio, Convent of, ii, 103.
 St. Paul, i, 63, 168, 251; ii, 2, 31, 32, 43-45, 56, 63, 64, 86, 87, 93, 94, 98.
 Church of (see under Churches — San Paolo).
 Statue of, i, 36, 42.
 St. Peter, i, 1, 68, 211; ii, 2, 3, 31, 39, 43-45, 49, 50, 56, 63, 64, 98, 100, 102, 111, 120, 124, 212, 214, 244.
 Church of (see under Churches — San Pietro).
 Statue of, i, 36.
 Tomb of, ii, 15, 87, 91, 116, 124, 133.
 St. Praxedes, ii, 38.
 St. Pudentiana, Church of (see under Churches).
 St. Sebastian, ii, 39, 244.
 "St. Sebastian," Perugino, i, 234.
 St. Stephen, i, 264; ii, 65, 204.
 St. Thomas, ii, 211.
 St. Veronica, ii, 120.
 Sublician Bridge, i, 82.
 Subura, The, i, 56, 117, 203, 204.
 Sulla, i, 16, 29, 172, 248.
 Sulpicius Maximus, G., i, 119.
 "Sweating-goal," The, i, 144.
 Sylvester the Second, ii, 92.
 Symmachus, ii, 69.
 Syria, ii, 1.
 Tabularium, The, i, 3, 113, 169, 170.
 Taine, M., ii, 237.
 Tarpeia, i, 108.
 Tarpeian Rock, The, i, 108, 111.]
 Tarquin, i, 4, 88, 112.
 Tarquins, The, i, 21, 81.
 Tarentum, ii, 178.
 Tarsus, ii, 1.
 Tasso, i, 224; ii, 103.
 Tatius, i, 122.
 Temples :
 Æsculapius, i, 82.
 Antoninus and Faustina, i, 151, 156.
 Apollo, i, 191.
 Augustus, i, 135.
 Castor and Pollux, i, 121, 126, 129, 131, 170, 177.
 Claudius, i, 265, 271.
 Concord, i, 3, 168, 169.
 Cybele, i, 189.
 Fortuna Virilis, i, 80.
 Hercules, i, 31.
 Hope, i, 71.
 Isis, i, 31.
 Janus, i, 71, 159.
 Juno Moneta, i, 112, 113.
 Juno Sospita, i, 71.
 Jupiter Capitolinus, i, 29, 108, 111-113.
 Jupiter Stator, i, 143.

- Marcus Aurelius, i, 38.
 Mars, i, 247.
 Mars Ultor, i, 204.
 Mater Matuta (Vesta, Round Temple of Hercules), i, 54, 75, 85.
 Minerva, i, 207.
 Minerva Campensis, i, 55.
 Neptune, i, 31, 47.
 Peace (see Basilica of Constantine).
 Piety, i, 71.
 Romulus, i, 151.
 Sacred City, i, 115, 116.
 Saturn, i, 121, 123, 124, 170, 172.
 Serapis, i, 31.
 Sun, i, 225, 226.
 Twelve Gods, i, 168, 170.
 Venus and Rome, i, 141, 147, 148, 151, 198, 199.
 Vespasian, i, 121, 168, 171, 178.
 Vesta (in the Forum), 126, 135, 137, 138, 152.
 Vesta, in Forum Boarium (see Mater Matuta).
 Temple-tomb of Julius Cæsar, i, 129, 151, 178.
 Templum Sacræ Urbis (see Temple of the Sacred City).
 Tepula Aqueduct (see under Aqueducts).
 Terence, ii, III.
 Theatres:
 Balbus, i, 30.
 Marcellus, i, 30, 67, 70.
 Pompey, i, 30, 60, 63.
 Theodora, ii, 10, 49.
 Theodosius, Emperor, ii, 4.
 "Theology," Raphael, ii, 230.
 Thorwaldsen, ii, 127, 255, 256.
 "Lion of Lucerne," ii, 256.
 "Tomb of Pius the Seventh," ii, 256.
 "Three Saints," Perugino, ii, 214.
 Three Taverns, The, i, 252.
 Thucydides, ii, 161.
 Tiber, The, i, 12, 28, 32-37, 51, 72, 81, 85, 103, 142, 151, 155, 179, 181, 211, 216; ii, 86, 130, 213, 260.
 Tiberius, i, 31, 169, 182, 185, 186, 189, 218.
 Arch of (see under Arches).
 Palace of (see House of).
 Tiburtian Gate (see Porta San Lorenzo).
 Tintoretto, ii, 245, 246.
 Titian, ii, 214, 243-246.
 "Doge of Venice" (Andrea Gritti), ii, 244.
 "Madonna and Saints," ii, 244.
 "Sacred and Profane Love," i, 233; ii, 243.
 Titus, Emperor, i, 142, 201, 252.
 Arch of (see under Arches).
 Baths of (see under Baths).
 Tivoli, i, 21, 115, 116; ii, 63, 66, 70.
 Tomb of Cecilia Metella, i, 54, 248.
 Tomb of Clement the Thirteenth, Canova, ii, 129, 255.
 Tomb of Pius the Seventh, Thorwaldsen, ii, 127, 256.
 Tomb of Romulus, i, 164.
 Tomb of "The Last of the Stuarts," Canova, ii, 255.
 Tor di Selce, i, 253.

- "Torso" Belvedere, ii, 178, 181, 187.
 Tower of the Monkey (see Hilda's Tower).
 Trajan, i, 201, 211.
 Arch of (see under Arches).
 Bath of (see under Baths).
 Column of (see under Columns).
 Forum of (see under Fora).
 Tramontana, The, i, 31.
 "Transfiguration," Raphael, ii, 100, 238-240, 249.
 Trastevere Quarter (Trans-Tiberim), i, 37, 85, 86, 93, 99.
 Treasury Building, The, i, 218.
 Tre Fontane, ii, 94, 97, 98.
 Trevi, Fountain of, i, 226, 229.
 Trinità de' Monti (see Church of Santa Trinità de' Monti).
 Tullia, i, 203.
 Tullianum (see Mamertine Prison).
 Tullus Hostilius, i, 122, 162.
 Tusculum, Count of, i, 31; ii, 12.
 Twelve Gods, Temple of the, (see under Temples).
 Uffizzi Gallery (Florence), ii, 153, 177.
 Umbilicus, The, i, 173.
 Umbrian School, ii, 213.
 Urban VIII., i, 52, 93; ii, 72, 124.
 Valentinian the Third, ii, 49.
 Valerian, ii, 35.
 Valerius Asiaticus (see under Asiaticus).
 Vandals, The, i, 142.
 Van Dyck, ii, 252.
 Van Eycks, The, ii, 208.
 Varro, i, 164.
 Vasari, ii, 84.
 Vatican Library, ii, 111.
 Vatican Museum (see under Museums).
 Vatican, The (see under Palaces).
 Vecchio, Palma, ii, 245.
 Velasquez, ii, 252.
 Venetia, ii, 23, 26, 27.
 Venetian School, ii, 214, 243.
 Venice, ii, 20, 243, 246.
 Venus (Aphrodite), i, 37.
 "Venus Callipyge," i, 240.
 Venus de Medici, ii, 153, 177.
 Venus of Knidos, ii, 153.
 Venus of Melos, ii, 177.
 Venus of the Capitol, i, 116; ii, 154.
 Venus Crouching, ii, 177.
 Venus and Rome, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Veronese, Paolo, ii, 245, 246.
 "Dream of St. Helena," ii, 246.
 "La Bella," ii, 245.
 Verres, i, 22, 125, 129.
 Verrocchio, ii, 212.
 Vespasian, Emperor, i, 156, 266.
 Vespasian, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Vesta, Shrine of, i, 191.
 Vestals, House of the (see under Houses).
 Vesta, Temple of (see under Temples).
 Vestal Virgins, The, i, 135-138, 273.
 Via Appia (Appian Way), i,

- 54, 144, 247, 251; ii, 3, 32, 39, 40, 44.
 Via Appia Nova, i, 253.
 Via Bonella, i, 163.
 Via Cavour, i, 1.
 Via Condotti, i, 46, 103.
 Via de Pietra, i, 47.
 Via de San Lucia in Selci, i, 203.
 Via della Salara, i, 90, 102.
 Via dell' Arco della Ciambella, i, 54.
 Via del Babuino, i, 28.
 Via delle Quattro Fontane, i, 28.
 Via del Quirinale, i, 223, 236.
 Via Flaminia (Flaminian Way), i, 28, 29.
 Via Labicana, i, 200.
 Via Latina, i, 229.
 Via Leonina, i, 203.
 Via Leopardi, i, 203.
 Via Margutta, ii, 256.
 Via Marmorata, i, 90, 102.
 Via Merulana, i, 203.
 Via Nazionale, i, 3; ii, 257.
 Via Nomentana, ii, 3, 73.
 Via Nova, i, 135.
 Via Ripetta, i, 28, 32, 35.
 Via Sacra (Sacred Way), i, 121, 144, 147, 151, 152, 155, 163, 164, 177, 179, 198.
 Via San Giovanni, i, 263; ii, 51.
 Via San Gregorio, i, 144, 267.
 Via San Martino, i, 218; ii, 139.
 Via San Stefano, i, 263.
 Via Sistina, i, 11, 28; ii, 73.
 Via Tor di Nona, i, 28.
 Victor Emmanuel, i, 36, 53; ii, 25, 26, 27, 93.
 Vicus Jugarius, The, i, 124, 173.
 Vicus Sceleratus, i, 203.
 Vicus Tuscus (see Street of the Tuscans).
 Vigna Barberini, i, 197.
 Vigna Casali, i, 94.
 Villas:
 Borghese, i, 21, 230, 233; ii, 217, 243, 246, 249.
 Colonna, i, 224.
 Doria Pamphili, ii, 115.
 Field, i, 201, 202.
 Hadrian, i, 115; ii, 70.
 Ludovisi, i, 219, 220.
 Massimo, i, 219.
 Medici, i, 20, 220; ii, 130.
 Negroni, i, 217.
 Papal, ii, 107.
 Publica, i, 30.
 Viminal Hill (see under Hills).
 Virgil, i, 202, 203; ii, 111.
 Virginius, i, 130, 177.
 Virgo Aqueduct (see under Aqueducts).
 Volterra, i, 118; ii, 249.
 "Descent from the Cross," ii, 249, 251.
 Von der Weyden, ii, 208.
 Von Uhde's "Christ and Apostles," ii, 212.
 Walls:
 Aurelian, i, 21, 93, 218, 257; ii, 60.
 Leo the Fourth, i, 93.
 Romulus, i, 4, 92, 185, 190.
 Servius Tullius, i, 92, 182, 202.
 "Wolf of the Capitol" (Bronze), i, 119, 120.
 "Wounded Amazon," ii, 190.

"Young Italy," ii, 23.

Zenobia, i, 152.

Zeus (see also Jupiter).

"Zeus of Olympia," Pheidias,
ii, 145, 146, 150.

"Zeus of Otricoli," ii, 145.

Zeuxis, ii, 195.

Zmaragdus, i, 125.

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